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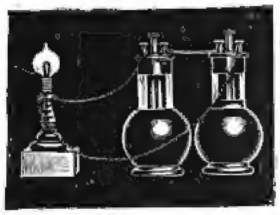

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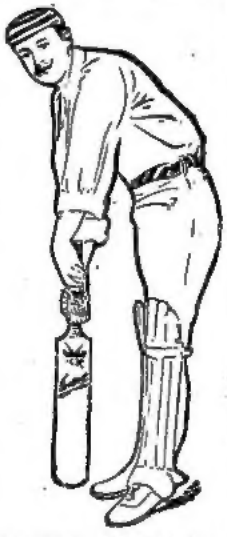

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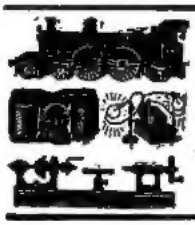

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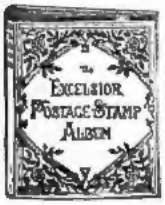

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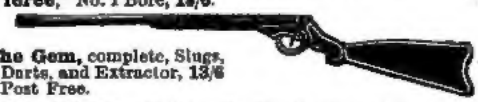

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THE CAPTAIN.

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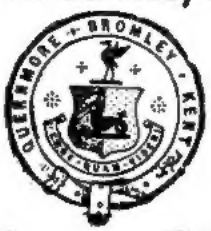

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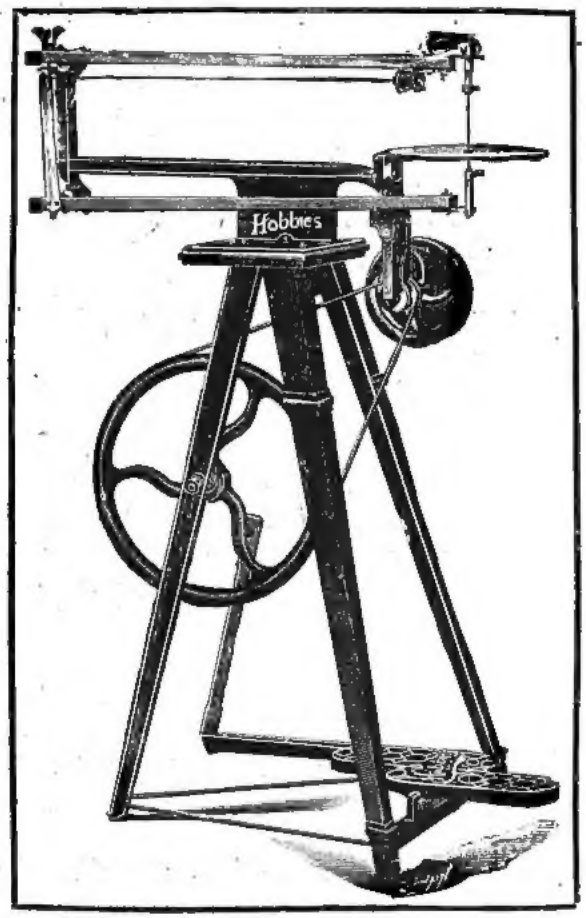

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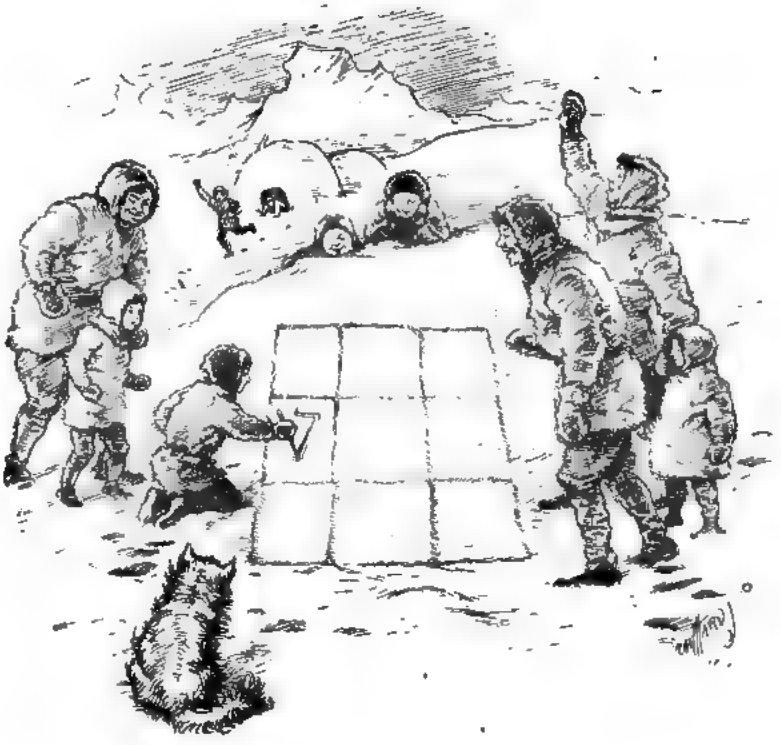

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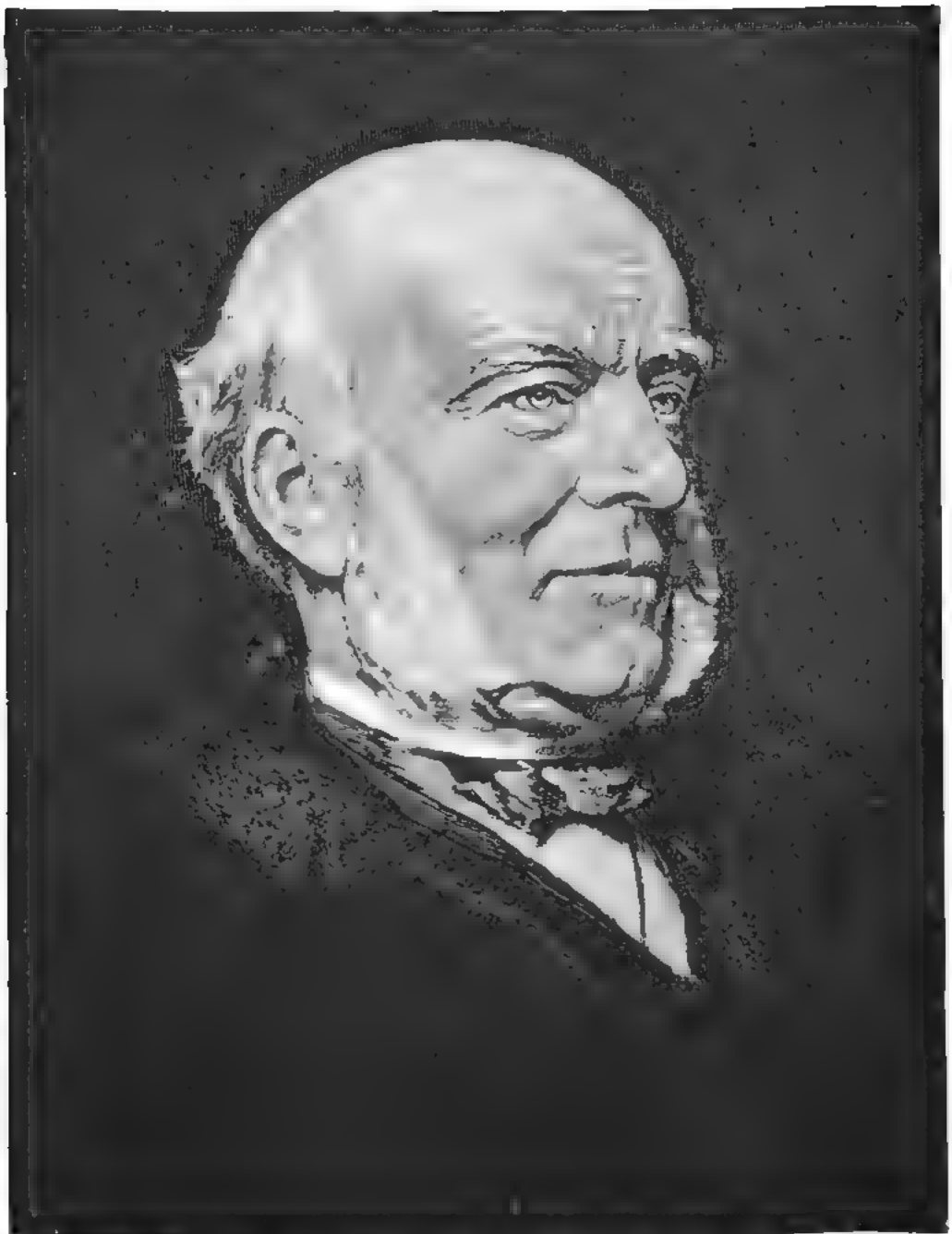

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HIS HONOUR THE LATE JUDGE HUGHES, Q.C

Author of "Tom Brown's School Days."

[This poem was written by "Tom" Hughes when he was at Oxford "in humble imitation of T. B. Macaulay, Esq.,"—to quote his manuscript. He purposely omits the name of his brother George (. . . .), who was one of the Oxford crew. The Henley Cup was won by *seven* Oxford men, against *eight* Cambridge, June 24th, 1843.—ED. CAPTAIN.]

CHEER, cheer! ye Oxford gownsmen,
Loud let your voices be!
Wave, wave your scarfs, fair ladies,
Who love brave men to see!
And you, ye men of music,*
Your liveliest measure play,
For to-day our boat has conquered—
The cup is won to-day!

Full brightly rose the morning
O'er Henley's cheerful town,
Full brightly on the river
The King of Day looked down;
Though rarely now he gladdens,
That day he shone right plain,
To witness such a contest
As he scarce shall see again.

Then blithely rose each gownsman
And sought the river-side
To see our gallant crew row down
In all their strength and pride;
Far other cheer, I trow, was there
Ere noon, for then we knew
That our captain on a sick-bed lay
And the sad news was true.†

Then out and spake our rivals
(A bitter word they spake)
"No other man his place this day
In your good boat shall take."
And long and loud we murmur'd
For then we thought foul shame,
'Gainst odds so great as seven to eight
To risk our rising fame.

But up and spake our captain,
"From you I nothing ask,
To get good wine from sour grapes
I trow's a hopeless task.
But you, my seven good men and true,
Go, race them as you may.
And a right good crew their *eight* must be
To beat *my seven* to-day."

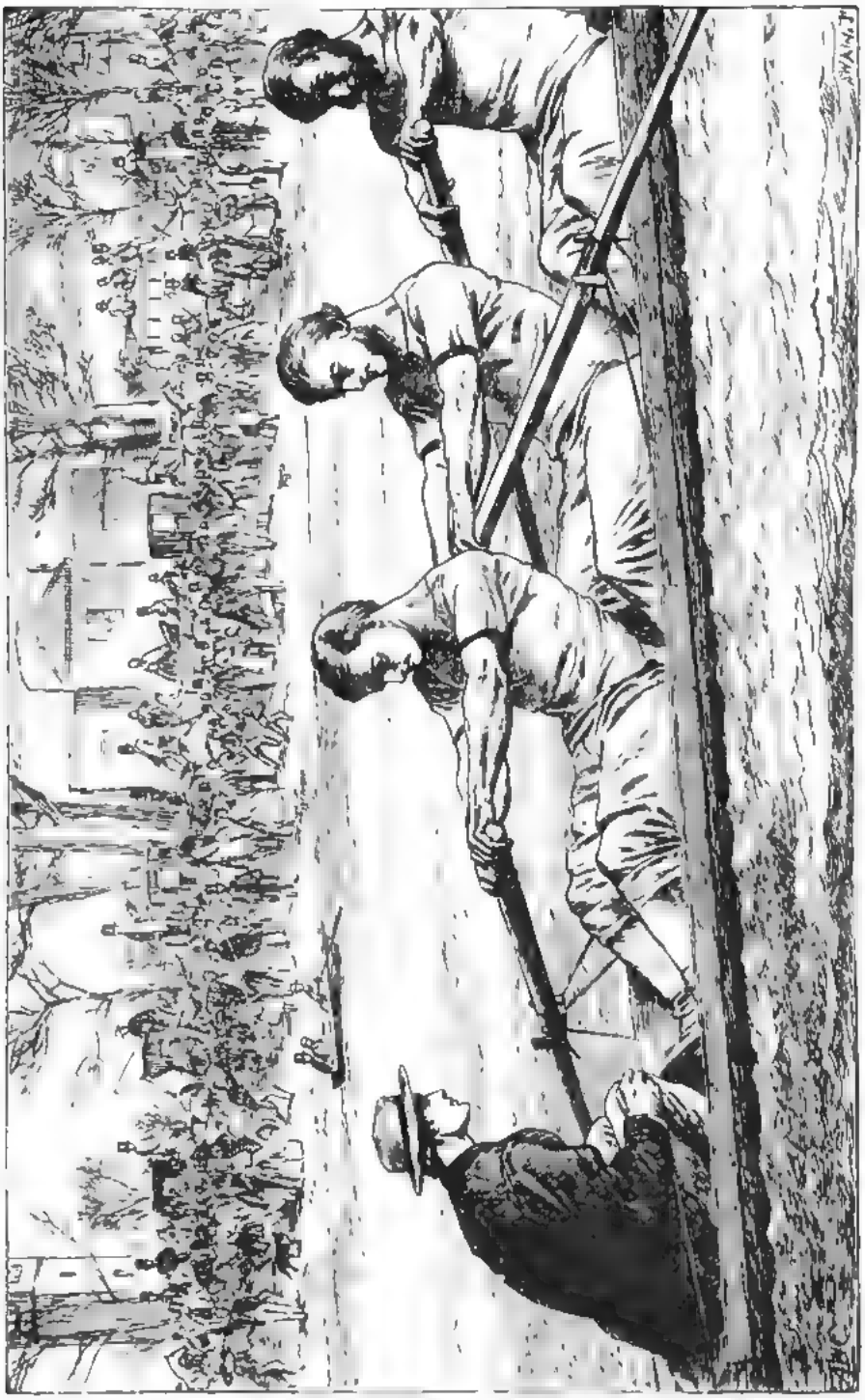
See! see! the seven are launching!
Now all who love fair play,
Ye *Dons* and *Masters* who have row'd
Good races in your day;
Ye *Grads* whose eager faces
Line thickly either strand;
Ye ladies, whose bright eyes look down
From the noble steward's stand; ‡

Ye jolly Berkshire yeomen—
Good people one and all—
One cheer for them whose courage
No chances can appal!
Tho' it prove a hopeless contest,
As sadly now I fear,
For such good British courage
Let's give one hearty cheer.

Then spake a new-made Baccalere§
A . . . man was he,
The steersman of the racing-boat
Of University.
"'Twill be a noble struggle
As e'er a man shall see,
But the true blue flag a-head of them,
By two boats' length shall be.

---

* "Men of Music"—the band from Windsor. † Menzies, stroke of the Oxford boat, was taken ill just before the race, and could not pull. The Cambridge crew would allow no one to pull in his place. ‡ The steward—Lord Camoys.
§ "Baccalere"—a Bachelor of Arts, i.e., who had just taken his degree.—[T. H.]



"THE BACKS THAT BEND TOGETHER, THE STRAIT STROKE AND LONG,
NOW LIFELY ON THE FEATHER, NOW THROUGH THE WATER STRONG."

"The backs that bend together,
The steady stroke and long,
Now lively on the feather,
Now through the water strong;
The wind that lasts for ever,
The pluck that never dies,
Will last them through the struggle
And bear away the prize."

Hark! 'Tis the starting signal,
Whose echoes roll along,
Now, gentles, are you ready?
"OFF!" Steady, men, but strong!
See where the crowd comes rolling,
With a deep and deafening roar—
The boats, midway, right bravely
Are striving, oar to oar.

Within a darken'd chamber,
Wrapped in his tartan plaid,
Fevered in mind and body,
Our captain brave is laid.
To keep him from the river
They've ranged stout waiters four,
And they've barred the windows firmly,
And firmly locked the door.

But hark! To that still chamber
The shouts now faintly rise,
And louder yet and louder—
"They near the bridge!" he cries.
"Oh, for a moment's freedom,
To lick those waiters four!"
But stay, a step is on the stair,
A hand is on the door.

"Hurrah! The race is over,
Our boat has won the day!"
Then blithely smiled our captain,
When thus he heard them say,
And calmly on his pillow
He laid him down once more,
And, in his joy, forgot his wrath
Against those waiters four.

Upon the bridge I stood me,
On rolled the mighty throng
That bare with shouts of triumph
Our gallant crew along.
But as I turned to follow
A voice was in my ear,
I knew it—'twas the . . . man,
That new-made Baccalere.

"Now spake I not quite truly?
Through life the same you'll see—
Courage and temper win the day,
Whate'er the race may be.
And may all who snarl and squabble,
To gain advantage mean,
Get just as sound a thrashing,
To help digest their spleen."

Now fill the cup; drink, all true men,
As you dip your noses in,*
A fair field and no favour,
And may the best man win.
May boating ever flourish,
And may its annals tell
Of crews as good as ours that day,
And races rowed as well.

And while Old Thames rolls onward
His waters to the main,
May crews as good at Henley
The challenge cup still gain.
As our good oarsmen were that day,
So may they ever be,
Such races may there oft be rowed
And I be there to see.

And in the nights of winter,
When Tom's old clock is down,†
And proctors and policemen
Patrol the sleeping town.
When the porter dons his night-cap,
When the scouts no more we see,
When at Christ Church men eat suppers
And at Oriel men drink tea.

While the freshest eggs are boiling,
When the longest pipe is lit,
When jokes are cut on nothing,
And laughter counts for wit,
The happy men who saw it
Oft shall the story tell
Of the *seven* good men at Henley
Who pulled the boat so well.

Now for his name whose verses
These noble deeds do tell,
He pulleth in the racing-boat
Of *Little Oriel*.‡
He saw the race, and told the tale,
And was bored a precious time,
'Till for his saucy sister
He put it into rhyme.

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* "Dip your noses in."—From the peculiar form of the prize cup, it is necessary to immerse one's face before one can get at the contents. † The Bell yclept "Tom" ringeth at Oxford to call men to their colleges. ‡ "Little Oriel"—The men on the bank at Oxford persist in calling our boat *Little Oriel*, although we are the heaviest crew on the river.—[T. H.]

THE 'VARSITY BOAT RACE
ITS ORIGIN & PROGRESS

BY WILLIAM SIDEBOTHAM

With some Notes on the Building of this Year's Boats.

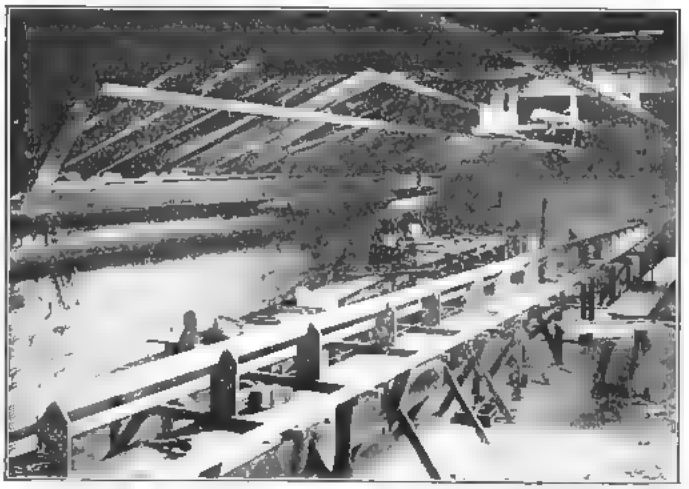
It has been truly said that there is nothing new under the sun, and this trite old adage is singularly appropriate in regard to the art of rowing. In the dawn of civilisation the ancients not only practised the art as a pastime, but its usefulness soon became apparent; for it is well known that at certain epochs of the world's history rowing has played a prominent part in the destinies of those countries which have so materially contributed to the progress of mankind. It is, however, a remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the proficiency they attained in the art, the records of their successes are so scanty; but it is interesting to recall the circumstance that not only were the Phœnician letters of civilisation to Greece taken in boats propelled by oars, but that it was also by the same means that the Hellenic fleet proceeded to Troy, and further, that rowing at one time occupied the foremost place among those athletics which contributed to the glory of Athens. In the "Journal of Hellenic Studies," Dr. Gardner has shown that boat-racing was common among the Greeks; while the art of rowing was also familiar to the ancient Britons, Saxons, Danes and Norwegians; and, as time went on, the highest nobles in the land warmly patronised what eventually became to be regarded as a form of sport.

Photograph by *George Newnes, Ltd.*

MR. GEORGE KING.
Builder of the Oxford and Cambridge Boats.

The first authentic record of boat racing in this country was in connection with the establishment of the coat and badge, instituted in 1715, in honour of the House of Hanover, by the comedian, Thomas Doggett, "to commemorate the anniversary of King George I.'s happy accession to the throne of Great Britain" — a contest which has ever since been held annually on the Thames. From that time forward, boat racing grew in public favour, as is evidenced by the establishment of regattas and public school competitions. Nearly ninety years have elapsed since the universities issued challenges to one another, although there were college boats on the river for some time previously. The records of the Oxford and Cambridge bumping races are very incomplete, but it is generally agreed that the

first contest took place at Oxford in 1815, when Brasenose was "head of the river," and Jesus their chief opponent. These competitions did not, however, excite much attention, except among the undergraduates. Things remained in this condition until 1829, when the Cambridge University Boating Club was founded. In February of that year, at a meeting of the committee, the president, Mr. W. Snow, of St. John's, was authorised to write to an old friend and oarsman with whom he had rowed at Eton—Mr. T. Staniforth, of Christ Church—challenging the Oxonians to an eight-oared race against a representative Cambridge crew. This challenge, being at once accepted, was the *fons et origo* of a contest which was subsequently destined not only to arouse the enthusiasm of all classes of the community, but to engender a healthier moral tone, which eventually had most beneficial results on the national life. There has never been the shadow of a suspicion in regard to any improper practices being resorted to in the conduct of the race, and it is a remarkable fact that many of England's most illustrious personages during the last half-century were at one time "rowing Blues."



Photograph by *George Newnes, Ltd.*

OXFORD BOAT: FIRST STAGE OF BUILDING.

The first race took place from Hambledon Lock to Henley Bridge on the evening of Wednesday, June 10th, 1829, the distance being about two and a-quarter miles. The boats were in-rigged, wall-sided gigs—unsightly to the eye, and hard to pull. The contest seems to have attracted considerable attention, for it was estimated that over twenty thousand people were assembled on the riverside, and various amusements were organised for the delectation of the crowds prior to the race. After a foul, which necessitated a fresh start being made, Oxford won by nearly six lengths. It would be impossible in the course of one article to discuss in detail the various races which have since taken place. Suffice it to say that it was not until 1836 that the representatives of the universities of Oxford and Cambridge competed again, and that the contests took place at intervals, with varying success, until 1856, since which time they have been held annually. It may be mentioned that the earlier races were rowed from Westminster to Putney, then from Mortlake to Putney, and afterwards from Putney to Mortlake; but in 1864 the last-named course was definitely selected, and it has not since been changed. Up to the present there have been fifty-six contests, of which Oxford has won thirty-two, Cambridge twenty-three, while one — that in 1877 — resulted in a dead heat. In 1859, owing to the rough water, the Cambridge boat sank, and Oxford rowed over the remainder of the course alone.

In the early 'forties public interest in the race seemed to flag, for, although there were fairly large crowds on the bridges along the line of route, there was no enthusiasm among the general public, except sporting men — in fact, rowing for a time seemed to have gone out of fashion. But the improvements in the boats which were gradually introduced caused the tide of popular favour to again turn, and each year the "battle of the oar" was looked forward to with increasing eagerness, until it now occupies the foremost place in athletic competitions. As showing the widespread interest which, at the present day, is taken in the contest, it may be pointed out that it has been estimated that more people assemble annually on the banks of the river between Putney and Mortlake than visit Epsom Downs on the occasion of the great classic race—the Derby.

One of the most important changes in the character of the boats took place in the year 1846, when, for the first time, the old gigs were discarded, and the out-riggers, as perfected by the late Mr. H. Clasper of Newcastle, were introduced. The boats, too, at this time began to assume a better shape, although for some

Photograph by THE "SKIN" BEING PUT ON THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT. *George Newnes, Ltd.*

time afterwards, comparing them with those at present in use, they were clumsy and heavy. The competition among the boat-builders became increasingly keen, when it was recognised that the rowlocks were out of date, and that to produce a "fast" boat it was necessary to decrease the width and depth as much as possible, in order that there should be little resistance offered to the water. At length the keel was dispensed with, and the riggers, which at first were only about 8ins. long, were gradually lengthened. The development in the science of construction now became more rapid, and the symmetry of the craft was regarded as an important factor. Modern rounded oars and sliding seats were eventually introduced.

Despite the immense interest which is taken in the 'varsity race, it is remarkable how little the general public know of the manner in which the boats are constructed. This is chiefly due to the fact that there are in this country comparatively few builders of racing craft, and that, as a general rule, they decline to give the slightest information as to the way in which the work is carried out. But a short time ago I succeeded, on behalf of THE CAPTAIN, in interviewing Mr. W. Sims, a member of the firm of Messrs. G. Sims & Sons, of March's Place, Putney, who last year built the boat for the Cambridge crew. It will be remembered that in nine consecutive contests — from 1890 to 1898—the Light Blues had suffered defeat, but last year they were steered to victory, the result being that Messrs. Sims are building both boats for the present race. The length of each of these boats is 63ft., and 23ins. on the beam. The depth forward is 6½ins., and 5½ins. at the stern, it being a speciality of the firm to have the boat slightly deeper fore than aft. The beam width is carried well forward, so as to afford as much comfort as possible to the crew. Each boat costs between £50 and £60, and the method of construction is as follows :—

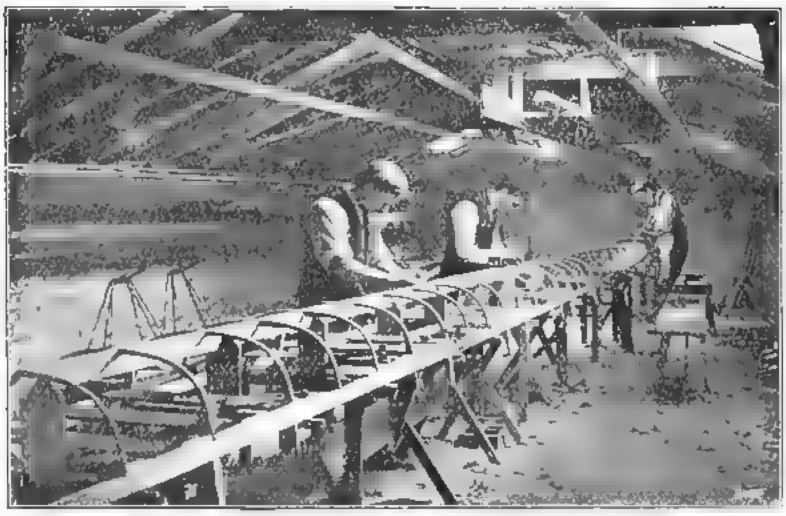
The side-lines are first placed parallel on the bench. These are narrow strips of pine, and they may be said to form one half of the basis of the framework, the keel-line, or, as it is sometimes called, the backbone—a similar long piece of pine—being the other half. The ribs of sycamore are cut out of "the solid," and two of them placed end to end form a semi-circle—the shape of the boat. One end of each rib is fastened to the side-line, and the other to the backbone, and after several pairs have been fixed in various parts, so as to keep the framework in position, the workmen, of whom there are generally four, proceed to fill in the remaining ribs. These are arranged about a foot apart,

the total number used being 112—fifty-six on each side. This is one of the most important operations in connection with the work of construction, for great care has to be taken to keep the keel-line perfectly straight, as the slightest deviation would tend to lessen the speed. The boat in its skeleton form, as will be seen from the accompanying illustration, has a remarkable appearance, and shows the great amount of work which has to be done, the large number of pieces of wood used, and the frail character of the whole of the structure.

After the foundation on which the seats rest has been fixed—there are eight seats for the oarsmen and one for the cox—the "skin" of the boat is put on. This is composed of cedar about 3-16ths of an inch in thickness, which has previously been planed. The width of each strake corresponds exactly to one side of the craft—that is, the distance between the side-line and the backbone; but, owing to the impossibility of getting one piece to go the whole length on account of the boat tapering to a point at the ends, three joints are made on each side, and the various pieces are fastened together by means of fine copper nails. In order to bend the "skin" to take the form of the curved ribs, hot water is used. The boat is carefully scraped and made smooth, and then turned over on its keel so that it may be covered fore and aft with canvas, which is afterwards varnished to resist the water.

The sliding seat next demands attention, and in this connection it may be mentioned that, although its value is now universally recognised, it was only in 1873 that it came into use. It was invented by an American oarsman in 1857, but it took him thirteen years to master the principles sufficiently to discover how much was gained mechanically or physically. The sliding seat, as is well known, works backward and forward according to the movements of the oarsman. It moves to and fro on rollers made of steel, wood, or brass, and in the case of racing craft travels over a distance of about 16ins. After these seats have been carefully adjusted and fixed, the riggers are placed in position, the side linings having previously been strengthened to support them. These riggers are made of the best steel tubing, similar to that which is used in the construction of bicycles. The average length from the centre of the sliding seat to the thowl of the rigger is 2ft. 7ins. To the keel is affixed a fin and countervale to counteract the effect of the wind at the stern. When the stretchers and straps for the feet—the necessary concomitants of the sliding seats—have been fastened, the boat is varnished, and, the rudder having been attached to the craft, the latter is then ready for the race. The boats are approximately the same, only a very slight variation being made on account of the difference in the weight of the respective crews. The total weight of each

Photograph by THE CAMBRIDGE BOAT READY FOR VARNISHING. *George Newnes, Ltd.*



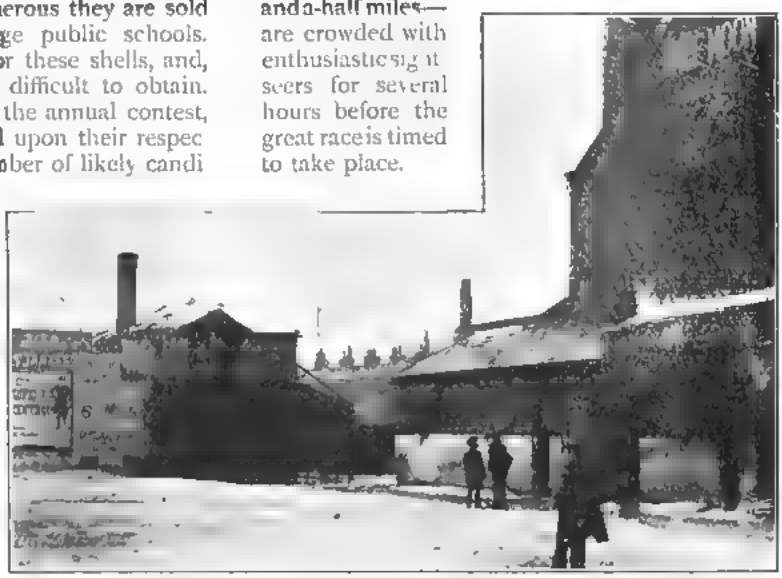
Photograph by *George Newnes, Ltd.*

FIXING THE RIBS ON THE OXFORD BOAT.

"ship" when completed is about 240lbs. The oars, the making of which is a special trade in itself, are usually obtained from "rough," or "aylin." For further particulars see page 71. The blades of each set are painted respectively light and dark blue.

As new boats are built every year, what becomes of the old ones? This is a question which is frequently asked. The boats, after each year's race, are taken back to the university towns and are used for training purposes. When they become too numerous they are sold to various colleges and large public schools. There is a good demand for these shells, and, as a consequence, they are difficult to obtain. For several months prior to the annual contest, the men are carefully trained upon their respective home waters, and a number of likely candidates are selected, and their qualifications put to a rigorous test. These men are eventually brought to the Thames to undergo their final coaching after the crews are chosen, and there is invariably an odd, or "spare" man, as he is termed, in case of illness. Their trials at first take place in the previous year's boats, and towards the close of the training the new ones are called into requisition. It does not, however, necessarily follow that the latter will be used in the race, for instances are on record showing that the new boats have been discarded for the old ones, either because of some defect in construction, or because they were not in all respects suited to the requirements of the crews.

The Oxonians take up their quarters at the London Rowing Club boat-house, while the Cantabs proceed to that belonging to the Leander Club, both of which adjoin. The representatives of each university, for several days before the great race, have "dusts up" with scratch crews of the Thames, Leander, or London, and as a record is carefully taken of each trial by experts, it follows *à natura rei*, that either the Light or Dark Blues become favourites. The practice of the crews creates considerable interest, and large numbers of people witness it from day to day. So great is the interest manifested in the final contest that special trains are run from all parts of the country; and the banks of the river, from one end of the course to the other—a distance of over four and a-half miles—are crowded with enthusiastic sightseers for several hours before the great race is timed to take place.



Photograph by *George Newnes, Ltd.*

THE SHED ON THE LEFT OF PHOTOGRAPH IS WHERE THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOATS WERE MADE.

THE THREE SCOUTS

by Fred Whishaw

Illustrated by George Soper.

CHAPTER I.

LOVE AND DUTY.

THE shadow of war lay like a black cloud over the southern portion of the great African continent. There was both depression and elation at Johannesburg at the prospect of the war—perhaps equally divided; but among those who regarded the future with unmixed feelings of delight were two brothers, Geoff and Bernard (generally known as "Bunny") Bigby, aged respectively twenty and eighteen. Of these, Geoff was at this time quite an old stager in the Boer country, having left his English school four years since in order to join his father, who had lived in and helped to create Johannesburg almost from the first moment of its uprising from the wonderful gold-earth upon which it stands. His children had been born at Cape Town, but Mr. Bigby had moved with his family to the goldfields, foreseeing profitable employment there. He was an engineer of some standing, and had done well in the country of his adoption, so well, indeed, that he had judged it to be the wisest and best thing he could do for both Geoff and Bernard to allow them to follow his example and make their career—if they could—in the place which had proved a profitable residence for himself.

Thus Geoff—the elder of the two brothers—had already lived in Johannesburg four years, while Bunny, having remained at Cubberly School for two years after the departure of his brother, left that educational centre for South Africa about two years since.

By a strange concatenation of circumstance it fell out that a school-fellow of theirs—another Cubberly boy—had drifted to the golden city as well as Geoff and Bunny Bigby. This was one Guy Bunsen, Geoff's opponent in the Cubberly days in many a classical encounter behind the fives courts.

Bunsen had come to Johannesburg but recently, scarcely a year before this time, and had certainly not done so for the pleasure of meeting his old friend, or enemy, there; as a matter of fact, he hated the Bigbys with all his soul. He had failed in his efforts to pass those examinations, military or other, for which he had been specially trained; after which he tried indigo-planting in India for a short while, but had reappeared at his father's house quite unexpectedly scarcely a year after his departure under mysterious circumstances—including something more than a misunderstanding with his employers—which were never fully explained. After this misfire he had "sampled," as he called it, mercantile work in the city of

London, but had soon dropped it; he had then attempted to learn farming with an enterprising farmer who advertised for pupils, but had not stayed long in his Wiltshire home, where, it is believed, his departure was a distinct relief to those who had for a time been his companions. Finally, he had come to Johannesburg "to find employment," and here—since his father wisely refused to keep him longer in idleness—he was obliged to work for a living, though he would have greatly preferred to find it without working—and was employed as a clerk in one of the banks at a salary just about sufficient to keep body and soul together.

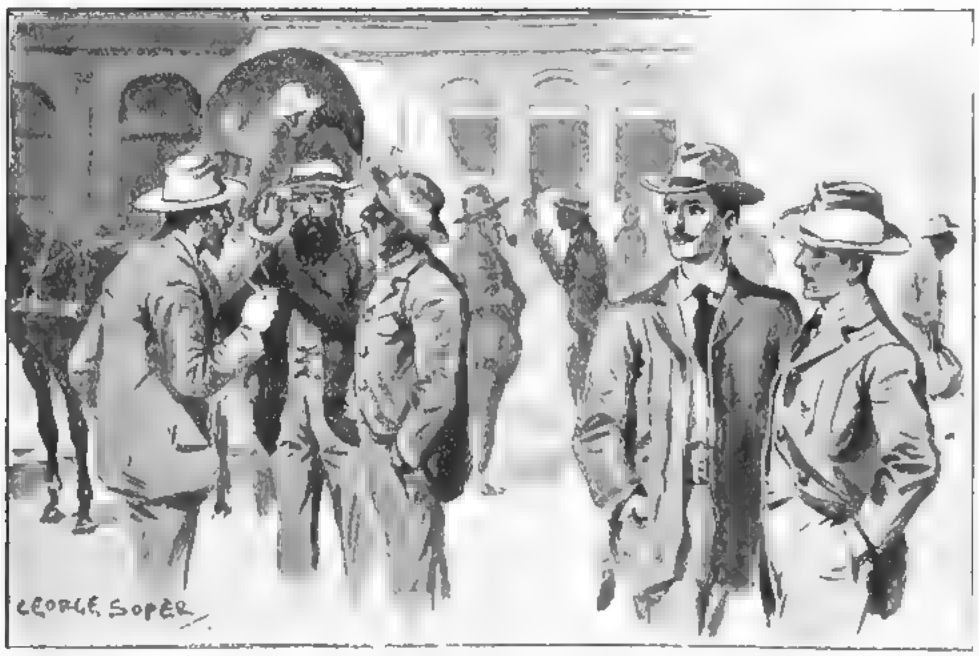
War was not yet declared, though everyone knew that the declaration could not now be long delayed. Many of the English inhabitants of Johannesburg had already made the necessary arrangements and departed. The elder Mr. Bigby was away at Kimberley on business, but his wife and sons had received their instructions to remain, if possible, until the last moment; for Mr. Bigby was an optimist, and though he believed that war would necessarily, in the end, greatly improve the status of English residents in the Transvaal—"Uitlanders" or "Outlanders," as the Boers called them—he still hoped that so serious a step might somehow be avoided.

But the outlook grew blacker and blacker, and Geoff had little doubt that within a few days it would become necessary for him to lock up everything lock-upable here, and take his departure, together with his mother and Bunny, for the South.

"And then, hey! for a look in against the rascals!" said Bunny, joyously. "Jove, Geoff, we've something to wipe off, eh? My fingers itch to punch a few Boer heads—the beggars grow more impudent every day. I can scarcely keep my hands off them!"

"Yes, it will be fine," said Geoff, "and yet——" Geoff did not finish his sentence. The fact was that, now his departure had become so imminent, Geoff had realised that there were circumstances, or rather a circumstance, which would throw a shadow over the otherwise unclouded prospect of delight which the approaching war seemed to offer.

The "circumstance" in question was nothing less than a very charming girl, so charming—in spite of the fact that she was a Boer girl—that he must not altogether be blamed for his unfortunate frame of mind. This was the daughter of a rich Dutch banker—a very highly-respected burgher, and member of the Raad or Council of State. If Geoff had not been faced by the sudden necessity of leaving the town, it is possible that he would not have become aware just yet that



"MY FINGERS ITCH TO PUNCH A FEW BOER HEADS."

he was in love; but the prospect of imminent separation opened his eyes to the lamentable fact.

It was, therefore, with a somewhat heavy heart that he turned his steps one afternoon, shortly before the declaration of war, towards the house of Burgher van Krygkraft, the father of the fair Vesta van Krygkraft. He had determined, since this was the last time he would see her, or nearly the last, to say something which would at least reveal to her the state of affairs at present existing within his bosom. Vesta was alone in the drawing room. She looked pleased when he entered, which was encouraging.

"I've come to say good-bye, Vesta," said Geoff. "I'm afraid it's all up—we shall have to go—my mother and we."

"Yes," said Vesta; "I think there will be war; it is God's will."

"When it is over you will hate all things English," continued Geoff; "and that will be a great calamity."

"But why should that be?" said Vesta. "My father, as you know, is a good friend of the English; if it depended upon my father there would be no war. I shall not hate that which is English any more afterwards than now."

"I am glad of that," said Geoff faintly, "because I——" he paused, unable to finish what he wished to say, which was something to the effect that he would like Vesta to remember him rather particularly when he was away.

"And you intend to volunteer, and will fight against my people?" sighed Vesta. "It is very sad! I suppose I ought to wish you ill; but, on the contrary, I say, God keep you from all harm!"

"Thank you," said Geoff. "Of course, I shall volunteer—I should be a cad if I didn't do that; since England is fighting for us Outlanders and our rights, it is the least we can do to lend a hand."

"That is true—I am not so narrow-minded that I do not see it," said Vesta; "you are right to side with your own country. I——I shouldn't like to think you had not done so. There is Mr. Bunsen, too," continued Vesta; "I suppose he will go also, to fight for his country. My father must find a new clerk," she added laughing; "unless the bank is closed during the war."

"He may leave Johannesburg, but I bet he won't fight more than he can help," said Geoff bitterly; "it would not be like him."

In the midst of their conversation the last subject of it was suddenly shown into the room—Mr. Guy Bunsen.

Guy's manner towards Vesta greatly infuriated Geoff at all times. He chose to assume the air of having a private understanding with her, and when he was present in Vesta's company, Geoff had some difficulty in keeping his hands off his old enemy, though they had never actually quarrelled since they met, after four years, in Johannesburg. Geoff had quite forgotten that they had been deadly foes at Cubberly, and it would certainly appear that Bunsen had forgotten it also, though at the time he had vowed more than once that he would have his revenge one day, sooner or later, for the many lickings he had suffered at Geoff's hands behind the fives courts.

This afternoon, since Guy had interrupted what would probably be his last interview with Vesta, and one, too, which he had intended to make a tender and memorable one for both, Geoff was not inclined to be extra civil to the other, though up to now he had never erred on the side of incivility.

"We were talking of the war, Bunsen," said Geoff. "We shall volunteer—both Bunny and I—and my brother Hugh's coming over from Sydney to join us at Durban; you'd make a good mark for the Boer bullets, you'd better join, too!"

"Pooh! I bet you'll not get taken on," said Bunsen; "they want soldiers, not amateurs."

"There's one thing pretty certain," retorted Geoff, "and that is that *you* won't fight in any case, because you'll be too jolly careful of your skin to risk it."

"Maybe I shall be quite as ready to serve the Queen as those who talk loudest about volunteering, knowing that there's no chance of their getting taken at their word," Guy sneered.

"Oh, come, Bunsen, you usen't to be so confoundedly conspicuous for your valour at Cubberly," retorted Geoff, laughing. "You may have forgotten that we were at school together, and that I saw something of your ways there."

"Oh, no, I haven't forgotten," said Bunsen, glancing at Geoff with eyes that looked green and curious; "I have a very good memory."

"You usen't to like fighting much then," continued Geoff, who was growing angrier and more inclined to be rude as the conversation proceeded. "Now, I'll tell you what I've been thinking you'll do when war's declared, and you take the hint like a wise man and do it: sham ill and stay in Johannesburg; old Paul won't turn out a sick man. He'll keep his eye on you, though, remember that, and hang you if he suspects you of staying behind to act the spy."

Bunsen laughed unpleasantly.

"You're uncommonly funny and witty to-day, Bigby," he said, "isn't he, Vesta? Vesta and I were talking about you the other day, and we agreed that you had about as good an opinion of yourself as any chap your size and weight under the sun, didn't we, Vesta?"

"That wasn't it at all," said Vesta, flushing; "we said—at least, I said—that you had plenty of self-reliance, Geoff; but I didn't mean it as Mr. Bunsen says. I think I said I liked self-reliance—at any rate, I do."

"Thanks, Vesta," said Geoff, gratefully; "I daresay I have too good an opinion of myself, but I can't help thinking the authorities wouldn't refuse the services of two fellows like Bunny and me, who know the country and the language, and who can shoot and ride pretty well besides, just because we haven't been drilled in some regimental barrack yard."

Vesta's eye passed from the long and gawky figure of Bunsen to Geoff's well-knit and sturdy frame, lingering on the latter, and ending with a kindly look in Geoff's eyes which was ample indication to him that Bunsen's speech, intended to damage, had not injured the object of its venomous attack, so far as she was concerned. But she said nothing.

"OH, COME, BUNSEN, YOU USEN'T TO BE SO CONFOUNDEDLY CONSPICUOUS FOR YOUR VALOUR AT OUBBERLY."

CHAPTER II.

THE MOCKING BOER.

On the following day war was declared by the two Republics against Great Britain, who, with singular patience, thus allowed herself to be attacked unprepared, and her possessions invaded, rather than seem to push forward a war which she did not desire, and which—up to the last moment—she hoped to avoid.

Once all hope of peace was abandoned, Johannesburg began to empty itself quickly of the thousands of English "Outlanders" still remaining in the town. The last few trains were densely crowded with passengers. These did not enjoy the conveniences we are accustomed to in England of first, second, and third class carriages, but travelled for the most part in goods and coal trucks, and were glad enough to get away, even thus accommodated, from the ill-mannered jeers and remarks of the Boers watching their departure.

The Bigbys waited for the last possible train, having promised their father to do so in the hope of a tardy patching-up of the quarrel, and the avoidance, at the last moment, of actual hostilities.

But now the moment had come for departure, and they had locked up the house and drawn the shutters, and had come to the station with as little luggage as possible, having taken only such things as were absolutely necessary for an absence of a few months. Vesta—to Geoff's huge delight—was at the crowded station in order to see the Bigbys off, and in the jostle of the mob he contrived to possess himself of her hand, and to hold it a little while in his own.

"Do you think you will be able to let me

hear, now and then, how you are?" he whispered. "I shall long to know."

"I will do my best," she whispered back, smiling cheerfully, though her eyes looked wistful and a little dim. "If you don't hear, you will know that my letters have miscarried, for I shall write in any case."

"Oh!" exclaimed Geoff joyously, "thank you ever so much, Vesta. Now I shall go away with a lighter heart. I was miserable to think that I should neither see nor hear of you for Heaven knows how long. May I tell you a secret, Vesta?"

"Yes," she murmured.

"It is that I love you," said Geoff, making a dash.

Vesta looked up in his face, smiling very sweetly. "I think I know that already," she said. "It is very wrong to love the enemies of your country."

"At any rate, you are not angry?" whispered Geoff.

"I could hardly be that, because——" she paused, blushing and smiling.

"Because what? Tell me, Vesta."

"Because perhaps I am an equal offender myself," she replied very low.

Her hand tightened a little in the grasp of Geoff's, who was certainly at this moment the very happiest young man in all South Africa, in spite of wars and crowded trains and separations and everything else.

Bunny Bigby had been talking to a friend meanwhile, and suddenly turned from him to speak to his brother.

"I say, Geoff," he said, "d'you know what Hellings has just told me? Our friend Bunsen is laid up and has to stay behind."

Geoff, in the joy of his heart, laughed aloud.

"Why, I declare, I'm one of the minor prophets!" he exclaimed. "I told him he would do this very thing, didn't I, Vesta?"

"You *advised* him to," said Vesta. "There was no prophesying about it."

"What's his game?" laughed Bunny. "He's up to something, you may bet."

"To keep out of mischief, I should say," said Geoff, laughing also, "and to save his skin."

"Perhaps he wants to keep an eye on you, Vesta," said Bunny, with the frankness of eighteen. "He always seems to me a bit tender your way, and he wants to see you don't come to any harm when we all march into Johannesburg about Christmas time, eh?"

Vesta blushed, but said nothing. Geoff frowned—this aspect of the matter had not presented itself to him—and said that if that were the case he should recommend Bunsen to clear out of Johannesburg before the rest marched in.

Then the train drew up, and the crowding and pushing began, amid mock cheers from many Boers standing about; and eventually poor Mrs. Bigby was hoisted by her sons into a coal truck, and made as comfortable as possible upon and among the Gladstone bags and rugs they had brought with them. Geoff had had the forethought to include a couple of pillows among the rest of the *impedimenta*, so that his mother was better off than many other ladies during that most memorable and unspeakably uncomfortable journey. But discomfort was not the worst feature of their retirement towards the frontier—more than once the party were menaced with actual danger of personal injury, or even death.

The nights were bitterly cold at this time, while the days were almost unbearably hot, the sun baking down upon the open and overcrowded trucks in a manner which was extremely distressing for the travellers, who suffered greatly from want of water, the supply the Bigbys had brought with them having been exhausted in a very short while, thanks to the generosity with which they shared it with many others who had none.

At last the need for water became so acute that when the train stopped once, at a wayside station, Bunny declared that at all hazards he would take the bottles and run across a field, at the farther end of which he saw a small running stream, in order to refill them.

"Well, find out first how long we are to wait here," said Geoff. "It wouldn't do to be left behind."

There were numbers of armed Boers standing about the platform chaffing, and in some cases even threatening, the passengers. Bunny climbed out of the truck, and addressing one of them—choosing one who seemed to be taking no part in the prevailing ill-mannered conduct—asked him civilly whether he knew how long the train would stand here. Bunny spoke Dutch fluently, though perhaps not quite so perfectly as Geoff, who really spoke it like a native.

The Boer eyed him cynically for a moment.

"What is that to you, you redneck pup?" he said. "You may thank the Almighty if it ever goes on again to carry your English carcase out of reach of Boer whips."

This sally provoked roars of mirth from the fellow's companions standing around.

"Oh, never fear!" retorted Bunny boldly. "You shall soon have us back, but when we do come you'll take good care we are not within reach of your hide."

"Shut up, Bunny!" said Geoff, in English. "This isn't the time or place for getting up a row; wait until we come back, we shall have plenty of opportunities of returning such compliments with interest."

"That seems a good reason for taking care so saucy a gamecock does not get the chance of returning among us," said the Boer, continuing the conversation. "What think you of this now, my redneck chicken?" He placed a revolver close to Bunny's face, and held it there. Bunny flushed but did not flinch; Mrs. Bigby uttered a shriek. The Boers standing around laughed aloud.

"All right, mother, he wouldn't dare!" said Geoff, who looked, however, very stern, and held his own revolver ready in the side pocket of his Norfolk jacket.

"Shoot if you dare, you Boer coward," said Bunny.

"Don't shoot, Jan, though he deserves it," cried some Boer, apparently in authority. "The Commandant's train may come in at any moment."

The fellow lowered his revolver. "The youngster stands fire pretty well," he laughed. "Probably he is *slim*, and knows I didn't mean to shoot."

"You didn't dare!" said Bunny.

"Shut up, Bunny," said Geoff again, "and let well alone."

"If the Commandant's train is expected, ours will have to wait till it has gone on, since there's only a single down line," suggested someone in the truck, "so there's plenty of time to get water."

Several young fellows jumped out of the truck upon hearing this obvious and convincing remark, Geoff among the rest. They took all the receptacles that could be collected, and tramped across the field towards the stream.

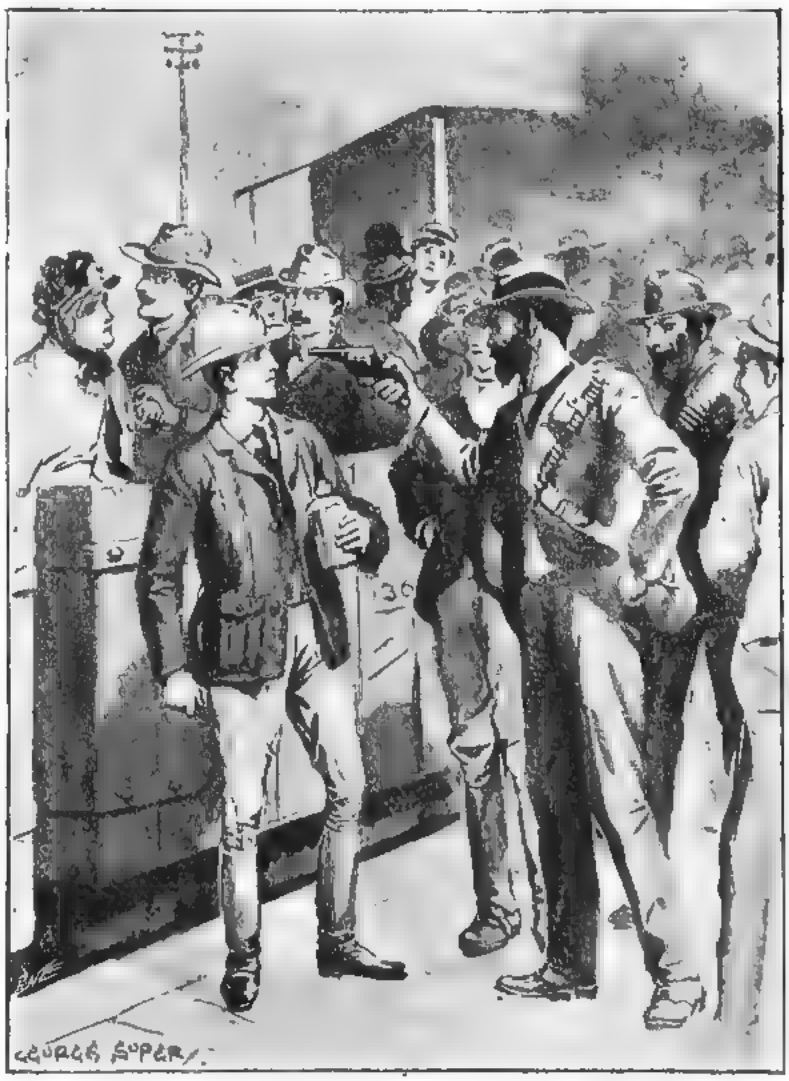
"Where are those fools going to?" shouted the Boer in authority, a field cornet. "Someone jump on his horse and whip them back again."

Someone jumped on his horse as desired, and rode after the parched travellers, whose only offence was that they required water and had left the train to get it. The mounted Boer flourished a *sjambok*, or whip of raw thongs, threatening the travellers with it.

"Go back, you English fools!" he cried, "or I'll drive you there like cows; your business is to get out of the country as quickly as you can; we don't want you here."

Some ran back to the station, either alarmed at the prospect of being *sjamboked*, or frightened lest the train should move off without them. A few went as far as the stream and filled their water bottles—among these Geoff and Bunny.

"Come, bustle up, you there!" cried the Boer, cracking his whip. The lash touched an Englishman's shoulder; he swore loudly at the fellow,



HE PLACED A REVOLVER CLOSE TO BUNNY'S FACE, AND HELD IT THERE.

who retaliated by aiming a vicious cut at him. The Englishman was helpless to protect himself; he had a revolver in his pocket, but dared not use it, for, undoubtedly, if he should, he would at once be mobbed by Boers, and nothing could then save him from being overpowered and probably murdered; he knew that well enough. All he could do was to curse the man very heartily in English, vowing that if ever they should meet on the battlefield or elsewhere he would exact a terrible vengeance.

"If the blackguard touches me with that thing," said Bunny, "I'll shoot him."

"Do nothing of the sort, Bunny," said Geoff. "This is not the moment for resistance, we must go with the stream."

"I can't!" said Bunny. "If the scoundrel whipped me I should want to strangle him."

"So should I, but I wouldn't do it. I should think of mother sitting there unprotected in the coal-truck, and that would help me to restrain myself."

"Go on quicker, you redneck hounds!" cried the Boer, riding behind them and cracking his whip. The lash all but touched them. Bunny's face flushed scarlet, and Geoff saw his hand steal to the pocket of his Norfolk jacket. That was where Bunny's revolver reposed.

"Easy there, Bunny," he said; "keep cool!"

"Quicker!" cried the Boer, "run!" He cracked his whip again. This time the end of the lash twisted itself round Geoff's ankle. Geoff looked closely at the man, his face pale with suppressed rage. The Boer laughed.

"You'll know me again, I daresay," he said.

"Undoubtedly," said Geoff, "I shall remember that scar over your left eye and the shape of your nose. You'll have to look out, my friend, if we come to close quarters one day, for when we do I may remind you of this afternoon."

"What, going to volunteer against us?" laughed the Boer. "Better wait until you're a little older—they won't want boys."

Geoff took no notice of this remark. The station now reached, he handed up the water-bottles and climbed into his truck, followed by Bunny. Presently a Boer came walking down the platform, threatening here a woman there a man, as he went along, with a whip which he carried. As he passed the carriage in which the Bigby party sat, he made a grimace at Mrs. Bigby and flourished his whip in her face. Instantly, before Geoff could interfere to prevent it, Bunny's fist shot out and the Boer measured his length on the boards, falling like an ox, so sudden and so violent was the blow.

"Great Scott, Bunny, you've done it now!" said Geoff.

CHAPTER III.

GENTLEMAN JOUBERT.

The discomfited Boer rose quickly to his feet, swearing horribly. He sprang back to the side of the truck and laid hold of Bunny, who quickly jumped out, followed by Geoff. Other Boers came rushing down the platform, shouting excitedly—all things seemed ripe for a serious quarrel.

"Keep cool, for Heaven's sake, Bunny!" said Geoff. "You've made one terrible mistake—don't make another!"

The field-cornet strode up.

"What is it?" he cried. "What has happened?"

The discomfited Boer explained that he had been suddenly struck and knocked down by "one of these *verdomte* Outlanders." He was still describing—according to his own version—the occurrence, when there were shouts that the General-Commandant's train approached.

"Keep the whole train under arrest until further notice," said the field-cornet, hurrying off to greet his superior. "We shall see to this later."

"Get back into the train, you whelps of mischief," said the Boer.

"Oh, no!" replied Geoff boldly; "if the Commandant is coming, he shall judge between us."

"Get into the train, I say, you whelp of a *rooinek!*" shouted the fellow; both Geoff and Bunny absolutely refused to move.

"If this is General Joubert, he will see that we are not brow-beaten by these bullies, mother,' said Geoff, explaining his obstinacy for his mother's benefit. "It will be safer to put the matter before him, if one can, than to leave it."

General Joubert alighted from his train to speak to the field-cornet. He saw the group of men upon the platform, alongside of the Outlander train.

"What is the matter? Has anything happened there?" he asked. The field-cornet began to explain, as the two moved down the platform towards the place of disturbance.

Geoff stepped forward as he approached.

"If you are General Joubert," he said, "I should like to give my version of this matter. I speak the truth. My father is Conrad Bigby, the engineer——'

"Yes," said the General; "I know him well——"

"This lady is his wife—my mother, and the Boer there, with the brown hat, threatened many English women with the whip he holds, having received no provocation; when he threatened my mother, my brother, who is young and quick-tempered, struck at the man, as, of course, he deserved, and——"

"Yes, yes," said the old General. "I ask your pardon, madam; this is a dangerous and difficult time, and our people are not easily controlled when in presence of the English, with whom, from this day, we are unfortunately in a state of war. Get into the train, young gentlemen; you do right to protect your mother. Let them be, field-cornet, and tell these fools to behave like men, and not like beasts!"

General Joubert bowed courteously and passed down the platform.

Presently his train departed, carrying with it both the field-cornet and all those Boers who had taken a hand in the game of bullying the passengers; and right thankful were these to see them go. Geoff saw his friend of the scarred face looking out of a window as the train passed. The Boer laughed and jeered, and stretching a hand out of the window, cracked the *sjambok* that he held.

"For next time that we meet!" he shouted.

"All right, my friend; I shall remember your ugly phiz!" Geoff shouted back.

Thus ended an incident which looked at one moment as though it might finish less happily for the Englishmen concerned.

Here and there, until the frontier was reached, such episodes were repeated, and the passengers bullied and insulted to the heart's content of such Boers as happened to desire the opportunity of enjoying a fling at the "escaping" English. It was a miserable journey, and though neither Geoff and Bunny, nor their mother, were implicated in any further disturbances of the peace, all were thankful and relieved when the frontier was passed and Natal reached.

The Bigbys travelled as far as Pietermaritzburg, where they had friends, and here Mrs. Bigby remained, in order to take up her permanent quarters during the time of exile from Johannesburg.

Geoff and Bunny went on to Durban. Their brother Hugh was not due from Sydney for a week or two, at least; but they were anxious to enrol themselves in some corps of Outlanders as soon as it should please the General commanding the forces in Natal to organise such a regiment.

But to their immense surprise and disgust, they learned that there was no intention to form any such corps.

"What!" exclaimed Geoff, "not employ *us*, who know the Boers and their ways, and speak the language, and can shoot and ride as well as most? Why not?"

The gentleman interviewed shrugged his shoulders.

"I fancy the C.O.'s like to employ regular drilled troops," he said. And at that it remained.

Geoff and Bunny held a council of war.

There would surely be an opportunity to enlist before very long, for the authorities could scarcely ignore for ever such obviously useful material as was here to be had for the asking. But what was to be done in the meanwhile?

"Hang about and kick one's heels here or at Maritzburg, hoping for better times, while all sorts of fun is going on almost under our very noses," said Geoff; "or——"

"Or what?" echoed Bunny, rather dismally.

"Or go right up north, and see what the Boers are going to do?"

Bunny jumped up from his seat.

"What! act on our own hooks?" he exclaimed, joyously. "That's a splendid notion, Geoff—only should we do any good that way—be of any use, I mean, to our side?"

"We should act as kind of amateur scouts," said Geoff, smiling at his own idea, which pleased him immensely.

"It's simply the grandest notion possible!" said Bunny. "Geoff, you're a genius! I wish to goodness old Hugh were here to go up with us."

"He'll be here in less than a month. Meanwhile we needn't waste our time. When he's about due we'll come back and fetch him, and then we'll all three act together—that is, if the generals still refuse to employ us."

So the brothers went up to Maritzburg, and dutifully informed their mother of their intentions; and when Mrs. Bigby offered no opposition to their enterprise the two young men did not wait to ask anyone else, but set themselves to arrange preliminaries without further delay. It would be impossible to take luggage, therefore they must be content with the few things they could carry on their backs—a suit of yellowish-brown corduroy, a slouch hat, a good rifle and plenty of cartridges, a large, flat flask for water, a tin of condensed meat, and a blanket. This constituted the whole of the kit of each brother, and with this they set their faces northwards and started upon their enterprise—which was, to put it clearly, to hang about as near as they dared to the fore-foot of the enemy, and to report back to the British camp anything sufficiently important to be so reported.

During the first few days of the war Geoff and Bunny Bigby, being new to the work of scouting, acted very cautiously indeed. They scouted up the neck of Natal, however, until they came in touch with the advance patrols of the enemy, who did them the honour to fire a couple of shots at them. This was north of Newcastle, the inhabitants of which town had mostly already gone south, the authorities having warned them that

Newcastle could not be held, and that no attempt would be made to save it.

When those shots were fired, actually the first in the war, Geoff and Bunny felt a pardonable pride in having been the very first target for Boer bullets, which, however, came close enough to be unpleasant.

"Look here," suggested Geoff, "why not wear Boer dress? We shall get less shot at."

"Certainly," Bunny agreed. "But where's the dress?"

"We must catch—or kill—a couple of Boers," said Geoff. "That should be easy enough."

It proved the simplest matter in the world; for the very next day they stalked a pair of fellows, scouting like themselves. They saw them coming along from afar, and, by creeping like snakes through the grass, and taking advantage of every particle of cover, contrived to conceal themselves in a spot which the men were bound to pass. As they passed, each of the two Boers was suddenly borne to earth by a fairly heavy Bigby springing upon his back from behind, as a lion might upon an unsuspecting antelope.

"Here are our two cheap suits of clothes," said Geoff, as he tied his man's wrists together with his own strap. "They aren't extra clean," he added, "but the more like Boers we look the safer we shall be."

"But won't our own chaps shoot us?" said Bunny, pertinently.

And Geoff replied that there was certainly that danger, only that every Tommy would surely know a live spy was more valuable than a dead one—if only for the pleasure of getting him hung. And in case of real danger there was always the white flag. "When in danger," said Geoff, "wave your pocket-handkerchief."

"Jove! mine won't be white long at this rate," said Bunny, producing one which would have caused pain to any respectable laundress even in its present condition.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTURE OF BUNNY.

THE two scouts marched their prisoners into the English camp outside Dundee, where they were complimented by General Symons on their *coup*. The General contrived to gather some information from the fellows, whether true or false, as to the numbers and disposition of the Boer forces now invading Natal. Geoff acted as interpreter, and was obviously so expert at speaking the Boer language that General Symons suggested that he should remain in camp in the capacity of permanent interpreter.

But this, though kindly meant, and a compliment to his linguistic talents, was not at all in accordance with Geoff's temperament. He wished to fight, not to hang about "waiting to give prisoners a kind of *vivâ voce* exam!" as he afterwards expressed it. And until he could be taken on to act as trooper he preferred to act as scout. "Very well," said the General, "but don't get yourself captured, or if you do, take care to have plausible answers ready for any awkward questions they may ask you!"

"We are going to take the liberty of exchanging clothes with these two fellows," said Geoff, "and as I can talk Dutch as easily as English, I hope to escape capture."

"If you take my advice you will not do that," said the general, "for if caught and identified as English, you would probably be shot or hanged. These prisoners of yours have given useful information. I should be obliged if you could confirm the truth of it by your own observations."

When our two scouts presently left the camp, they did so with light hearts, for they now enjoyed from the General a kind of informal commission to carry out certain important work for him. They were no longer "on their own hook." They were to learn all they could and presently report upon the disposition of Joubert's forces.

And while busy upon this enterprise they met with the adventure which is the pivot upon which this history turns.

The brothers had had a hard day's work scouting on the flank of Yule's retreating column. They had obtained invaluable information this day, at no little personal risk, and at the price of great personal weariness. They had carried their news into the temporary English camp about noon, having cleverly stolen a couple of Boer horses in order to do so the quicker, and had afterwards ridden out once more, to stampede their horses presently, and creep out upon the flank of the retiring army in search of further information. When darkness fell they were still far from the English force, between them and a large commando of burghers which was too discreet to come within touch of the claws of the sullen British lion. Bunny was tired to death, and Geoff not much fresher, so that when they stumbled straight into an empty farmhouse, probably vacated but this day or yesterday by some poor colonist who suddenly found his home surrounded by contending foes, they were glad enough of the shelter, and prepared to occupy the building for the night.

There were a few remnants of food in the larder and even some kaffir beer, which they annexed to their own use, and having supped, half asleep, lay down upon two beds, when Bunny quickly

exchanged his state of half-asleep for that of total and log-like unconsciousness.

Geoff rose from his bed with a sigh.

"I suppose I ought to try and keep awake and watch," he thought, "but I'm afraid it'll be a failure."

It was a failure. Poor Geoff walked a hundred times up and down the room and out of the house and in again, but in spite of every heroic attempt to keep them open, his eyes would close; and at length he was obliged to recognise the inevitable.

"I can't help it—it's no use! I must sleep!" he said. "It's a most unprofessional and 'unscout-like' thing to do, but I'll be hanged if I can keep awake another minute!"

Geoff lay down, and in one half of the very narrow limit he had given himself for remaining awake he was snoring as loudly as Bunny.

Now, most unfortunately, a small advance party of Boers, but an hour or so later, stumbled upon this farm building just as Geoff and his brother had done. They came to search for supper and a bed. The supper they found not, for the two Englishmen had made other arrangements for the disposal of the provisions left behind by the late occupant, but the beds they found, and—what was more—a snoring *rooinek* upon each.

This was very good luck, and the Boers—half a dozen in number—took care that it should not slip through their fingers. They removed the rifles from beside their sleeping owners, and the revolvers from their pockets. Then, having thus extracted the fangs of the serpents, they awoke them with difficulty and, having locked them into a small, windowless room, occupied the beds they had vacated.

Geoff and Bunny made but a short struggle. They were too dead-weary to realise until too late that they were caught. By the time they realised this stunning circumstance they had been overpowered and were being half-carried, half-shoved into their temporary dungeon.

"Great Cæsar, Bunny!" exclaimed poor Geoff, almost weeping in his helpless misery. "What have we done? We're caught like rats in a trap!"

"Will they hang us?" said Bunny.

"Oh, no, they daren't do that; but they won't let us go. We've seen the last of the war, Bunny, my poor chappie!" ended Geoff, speaking with more than a break in his voice, "and oh, what fun we were having!" he ended.

"Cheer up! We may get out yet," said Bunny. "Let's kick the confounded door down. We were asleep when they bagged us, but now we're awake."

Bunny suited the action to the word. He kicked at the door with all his force. It rattled and showed signs of splitting.

A voice instantly came from the other side:—

"Stop that *verdomte* noise, or you'll have your kop broke," it said.

"Open the door and let us out, you mottled-faced Dutch scarecrow!"

This was a very rude speech of Bunny's, and the only possible apology for it is that he was extremely angry.

"When the door is open you get a Mauser bullet in your stomach!" said the Boer. "I am here on purpose to wait for you to come out."

"It's no good, Bunny. If you break the door open he'll shoot you at sight. Come and lie down and rest, and we'll think of some plan of escape."

So the brothers lay on the floor and talked in a whisper.

"What if one of us should escape and not the other?" said Bunny.

"If you were carried off and I escaped, I would not rest till I got you back again," Geoff replied.

"Let's stick together if we can, though," said Bunny. "I don't think it would be so easy to effect a rescue supposing one of us were carried off to Pretoria, or some other town."

"I should devote myself soul and body to getting you back," said Geoff. "Remember this if anything happens, Bunny!"

"I will; and you remember the same thing," said Bunny.

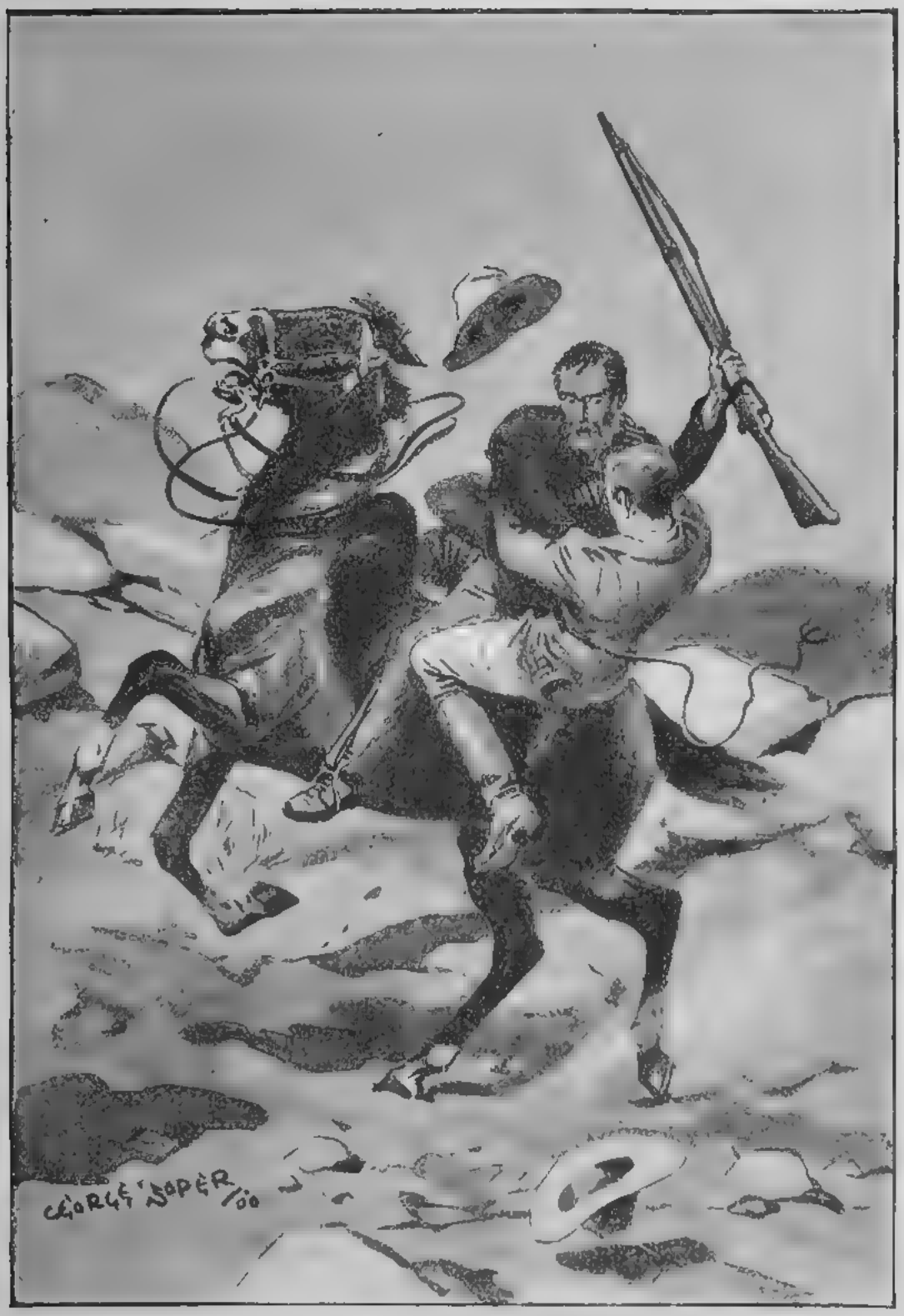
Then the two captives discussed all possible ways of giving their enemies the slip; and, having reviewed every likely eventuality, and the best course to be taken under each possible set of circumstances, they both fell asleep, hoping to gather strength for whatsoever effort or enterprise the morrow might have in store for them.

It was daylight when they were awakened and told to come out of their prison. It had been agreed between them that no attempt to escape should be made at this point, therefore they came quietly forth and acquiesced in all they were called upon to do.

There was no breakfast either for captors or captives, but Geoff saw, with a glow of pleasure, that things were apparently about to shape themselves somewhat favourably for his hopes of a speedy escape. For four of the Boers presently mounted their horses and rode away south, probably to join their own commando; while the remaining two, having fastened a rope securely about the waist of each of their prisoners, mounted also, and bade the *rooinecks* run.

"All you English can run," said one of them; "you showed us that at Majuba."

Neither of the brothers made any audible reply to this, considering it wiser to remain silent until the right moment should come for speech or for action. But both ground their teeth,



GEOFF'S ANTAGONIST CAME TO EARTH WITH SCARCELY A STRUGGLE

and perhaps made a few remarks inwardly, of a nature neither complimentary nor peaceful towards the speaker.

Fortunately for both prisoners the road presently lay over so rough a piece of ground that their captors were obliged to pull up and walk their horses. Geoff and Bunny were both completely pumped for the time being; for the Boers had taken care neither should be allowed to preserve any more breath than was absolutely necessary to support life. There was no knowing, they reflected, what the rascals might not do, if they were not dead beat!

This was, as it presently turned out, a wise precaution, for no sooner had Geoff recovered sufficient breath to justify the attempt which should be made, he knew, now or never, than he caught Bunny's eye and winked. Bunny's lips moved in response, forming the words, "One—two—three!" and at the last syllable each man suddenly sprang upwards at his gaoler, seized him round the waist, and pulled with desperate energy.

Both Boers were unprepared. Geoff's antagonist came to earth with scarcely a struggle, and Geoff's hands seized his throat in an instant, as the two men rolled on the ground, pinching it so tightly that the Boer dropped his rifle in order to relieve the pressure at his neck by gripping Geoff's hands.

This was Geoff's opportunity. Seizing the rifle, he sprang in an instant to his feet and presented it at his opponent's head. The Boer promptly begged for mercy. Keeping the rifle at his shoulder, Geoff looked about to see what had happened in Bunny's little affair during the few seconds which he had occupied in arranging his own business. To his horror, Bunny and his man had disappeared. Moreover, to make matters still worse, the horse which his own antagonist had ridden, was gone also—scared, doubtless, by the sudden storm of fighting and struggling upon his back and under his feet.

"Bunny!" shouted Geoff, with all his lung power, "where are you?"

Getting no reply, Geoff ran quickly to the top of the stony kopje upon which the struggle had taken place, and looking thence, he was in time to perceive two things: Bunny's Boer, still mounted, galloping madly over the broken ground, and still, apparently, struggling with Bunny himself, who clung with one foot thrown over the animal's back behind the saddle, and the other dangling, while his arms were firmly clenched round the body of the rider. The other horse followed but a few yards behind. So they went for a hundred paces, then the entire group was lost to view.

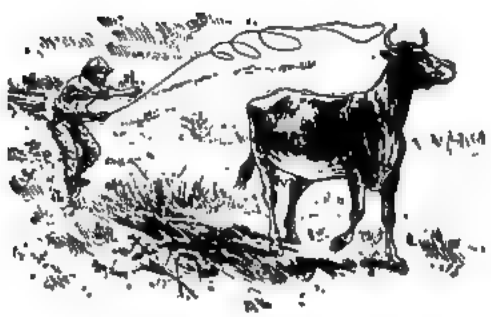
Geoff's first instinct had been to raise his rifle and send a shot in support of his struggling brother; but the danger of hitting the wrong man appalled him; he might shoot the horse, but that, too, was a dangerous thing to attempt, and he dare not try it. Then poor Geoff sat down upon a boulder and cried aloud in his anguish.

"Oh, Bunny, Bunny!" he groaned, "I have lost you, and it was my fault!"

Presently he added, "I will fetch you back, Bunny; I will not rest until I have done it, not if I have to follow you to the ends of the earth!"

(To be continued.)

Fred Whishaw.



BRONCHO PETE CATCHES THE COW.

THE COW CATCHES BRONCHO.

By H. St. John Seamer. Illustrated by E. F Skinner.

DR. CANHAM, as he leant back in his easy-chair, was in a particularly pleasant frame of mind. The cup of tea, with which he was accustomed to refresh a brain wearied with a day of teaching, had performed its office well, and he felt at peace, not only with all men, but—a far harder achievement—with all boys, even those particular specimens committed to his care, and subject to his benevolent despotism. The new school-year had opened with a gratifying increase of numbers, and, so far as it had gone, he had every cause for gratulation in the conduct and intelligence of his pupils. The scholastic machine had already ceased the creaking and groaning incidental to the "commencement" of a new term after the seven weeks' rust and idleness of the summer holidays, and he was conscious that if, on the whole, the life of a schoolmaster, like that of Mr. Gilbert's policeman, is "not a happy one," yet there are moments when it will bear comparison with the life of any other professional man under the sun, and that moreover the present was one of those rare and beatific intervals.

He was engaged in communicating these facts and sentiments to Mrs. Canham, who, from her seat by the occasional tea-table over which she was presiding, listened with an interested and sympathetic ear to her husband's recital, when a tap came at the door.

"Come in," said the Doctor genially, while his wife expressed her wonder as to what might be the cause of the interruption.

In response to the invitation the door opened, and Mr. Ussher, the house-master, entered, with a worried look upon his middle-aged and care-worn features.

"Can I speak with you one moment, Doctor?" he asked nervously, with a glance in the direction of Mrs. Canham.

"Certainly, Mr. Ussher," replied the Doctor. "What do you want?"

"Have you given Chivers leave of absence this afternoon?"

"Chivers?" echoed the Doctor. "That was the boy to whom I was compelled to administer personal chastisement yesterday, I believe. No. I have not given him leave."

"I hoped that perhaps you might have done so," continued the house-master. "He was absent from the tea-table, and apparently he has not been seen since the conclusion of afternoon school."

"Dear me!" exclaimed the Doctor, rising from his seat in consternation. "Are you sure that he is nowhere about the premises? He is a new boy, and possibly may not have heard the tea-bell."

Even as he spoke he felt that his suggestion was a mere forlorn hope, and he was fully prepared for Mr. Ussher's reply.

"Pateman and the boy swept and locked up the class-rooms as usual. I have despatched two boys to search the out-buildings, and meanwhile thought it best to come and ascertain from you that he was not absent on leave."

"I do hope," interposed Mrs. Canham with motherly anxiety, "that nothing has happened to him."

"My dear Lucy," said her husband irritably, "what in the world could have happened to him?"

"I didn't know——" began Mrs. Canham, when the Doctor interrupted her.

"Then don't expose your ignorance!"

It was an automatic and crushing retort, delivered in his most professional manner. Lucy subsided. As the headmaster's wife, she was aware that he was accustomed to adopt this tone towards the sixth form—or, for the matter of that, towards any class which he chanced to be gently guiding in the paths of knowledge—but, as a rule, he left it behind him when he passed through the green baize door which separated the school proper from his private house. She felt sure that its use on the present occasion could only be due to a very grave disturbance of his mental equilibrium, and she was willing to make every allowance for it under the circumstances.

"What further steps shall I take?" inquired Mr. Ussher, by way of diversion. "In the event of our search ending in failure——"

"You anticipate failure, then?" said the Doctor, unwilling to acknowledge even to himself the tendency of the evidence before him. "What theory have you formed to account for Chivers' absence?"

Mr. Ussher smiled uncomfortably.

"He is a new boy, Doctor; he has as yet hardly had time to recover from his natural home-sickness, and I thought that perhaps after his punishment yesterday he might have taken it into his head to—er—to——. His parents live only twenty miles down the line, you know," he added, himself not anxious to draw the inevitable conclusion from his own premises.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Doctor aghast. "You surely cannot imagine for one moment that the fact that I have been compelled, with evident reluctance, to administer corporal punishment—and that well-deserved—to any boy would lead him to attempt to run away?"

Mr. Ussher shrugged his shoulders. "Boys do stranger things than that, Doctor."

"I have always said, Arthur," put in Mrs. Canham, "that you are inclined at times to be too severe."

"My dear Lucy, you are absurd. The suggested motive is altogether inadequate. There is no wrong about the boy. He was perfectly convinced of the justice of his chastisement, and, I think, heartily sorry for his offence. But we are wasting time, Mr. Ussher," he added, looking at his watch. "Summon the boys to the usual room, as though for preparation—it is already the regular hour—and I will speak to them there."

The two masters left the room, and when the boys presently assembled, they wondered much to find the Doctor at the desk, in addition to Mr. Ussher. The presence of the Doctor in unexpected places, and on unexpected occasions, was a portent of considerable significance, and now produced great searchings of heart among those of his flock whose conscience was not absolutely clear—and where is the school-boy to be found in possession of such a treasure?

It was not a rule with the Doctor to beat about the bush. As soon as every boy was seated he went to the point at once.

"Has any boy seen or heard anything of Chivers since afternoon school?" he asked, glancing keenly along the rows of faces before him.

There was no reply, but an ill-suppressed sigh of relief rose from the assembly. Each boy realised that his turn was not yet.

"I regret to say," the Doctor went on, "that he has disappeared, and there is reason to fear that the misguided boy has left the protecting shelter of these walls—in other words, that he has run away."

He paused to allow this announcement to have its full effect, and then proceeded: "I need not dilate upon the heinousness of his crime, the bitter ingratitude of this rash action. Suffice it for the present to say that every possible step will be taken to bring him back to this house, where he has always enjoyed the comforts of a home, and fatherly care and guidance."

At this point the boys who had been sent to search the premises returned, and delivered a whispered report to the effect that the runaway was nowhere to be found. The Doctor had already decided upon a plan of action, and now lost no time in carrying it out.

"There will be no preparation to-night," he announced, whereupon a smile broadened on the faces of his audience. "The younger boys will remain in charge of the matron; those in Forms V. and VI. will scour the town in pairs, returning to the school by supper-time; Mr. Ussher will take cab to the railway station forthwith; while I myself will repair to the telegraph office, and communicate the sad news to the unhappy parents of the miserable boy. You are dismissed."

The elder boys required no further bidding, but set off on their errand at once. They were overjoyed at the prospect of a visit to that forbidden land, the town at night, which their imagination had invested with all the glamour of romance. Moreover, their quest appealed to the primitive hunting instinct which lies deep down in the hearts of each one of us, ready to spring forth at the first opportunity, though we keep it chained and caged never so closely

Meanwhile Mr. Ussher had hired a cab from the stand at the corner of the road, and given the order: "The railway station, quick!"

"Right y'are," said the cabman, climbing to his perch with irritating deliberation. "No 'urry, sir. Plenty of time to catch the down train, sir."

These well-meant observations, far from calming Mr. Ussher's excitement, as they were intended to do, only served to rouse his ire.

"You insolent fellow!" he cried, "there is hurry. I do not desire to catch the train, but to prevent someone else from catching it."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the cabman obsequiously. "Very sorry, sir," and, whipping up his horse, drove the master rapidly through the now gathering dusk in the direction of the railway station

The cab pulled up with a jerk. Mr. Ussher bounced out of the vehicle, flung a coin to the driver, and made a rush for the main line down platform. Here he met with an unexpected check. No one was allowed upon the platform without a ticket. A train steamed in as he reached the barrier, and he fancied he saw a boy very like the missing Chivers dash from the half concealment of a pillar into one of the foremost carriages.

"Can I go on the platform?" he asked the ticket collector.

"Ticket please, sir," stolidly returned that official, holding out his hand.

"I haven't one," he replied. "I——"

"Then I can't allow you, sir."

"But I am not going by train. I am looking for——"

The collector thrust him on one side.

"Stand away, *if* you please," said he, and busied himself with snipping bits out of the tickets of intending passengers, who were now streaming towards the platform in increasing numbers.

Mr. Ussher raged inwardly at the rebuff. He had often used the very same phrase to his boys, but never before had he realised how peculiarly irritating the words could be.

Someone at that moment pushed roughly past him, and got between him and the barrier. A raucous voice shouted: "What d'yer mean by it, guv'nor?" He looked up. It was the cabby.

"TWO BOB BE BLOWED!" SAID THE MAN, "THIS 'ERE'S WOT YER CHUCKED ME!"

"What is the matter, my good man?" inquired the master, backing away.

"Matter?" roared the irate Jehu. "I want my fare."

"Your fare? But I have already paid you. I gave you a two-shilling piece—sixpence more than your proper fare."

"Two bob be blowed!" said the man with great contempt. "This 'ere's wot yer chucked me, afore yer bolted, trying to do a bilk. I've nabbed yer now, though."

He displayed a penny in his not over clean palm. Mr. Ussher, scenting sharp practice, was firmness itself.

"Nonsense, my good man," he said. "I threw you a two-shilling piece."

"I tell yer you're a liar," observed the cabby bluntly. "I'll summon yer. 'Oo are you, anyway?"

Mr. Ussher began to have misgivings. To satisfy himself he drew a small handful of silver and copper (mostly copper) money from his trousers pocket, and began rapidly to count it. A vivid blush overspread his face. The man was right after all. In his hurry, and owing to a careless habit of keeping all denominations of money in the same pocket, he had flung the man a penny instead of a two-shilling piece. He selected two shillings, and adding a sixpence to them, offered the coins to the angry cabman.

"I am afraid that I have made a slight mistake," he confessed.

The man grinned as he accepted the half-crown. His anger vanished at once. "Right y'are, sir," he said, spitting deliberately on the money before pocketing it. "Pleasant journey," he added politely, touching his hat, and moving off.

Mr. Ussher felt that to have got rid of the cabman thus easily amply repaid him for the extra expenditure that it had involved. He was free to make another attempt to reach the platform. Turning, therefore, to the collector, who was still engaged in his ticket-snipping, he again preferred his request.

"I am looking for a boy——" he began.

"Birmingham? Quite right, sir. Train now in," said the collector, irrelevantly.

"Looking for a boy who has——"

"Coventry? Yes, sir, no change. Kidderminster? Wrong platform. No. 3, in five minutes."

"Who has run away from school."

"Hi, Bill! hurry up with that luggage. Now, sir, what did you say you wanted?"

The question was sufficiently annoying, but Mr. Ussher, feeling that there was no help for it, sighed wearily, and began his explanation over again. He told the man how that he had, as he thought, seen the boy enter the train, and that he only wanted permission to go upon the platform to make sure. He was a master, he said, and had been commissioned to bring the culprit back.

"All right, sir," said the collector, when he had finished, stepping aside to let him pass. "Why couldn't you say so at first?"

WITH A WARNING CRY OF "NO, YOU DON'T, SIR!" THE PORTER BROUGHT HIS WILD CAREER TO AN ABRUPT CONCLUSION.

Mr. Ussher was about to make some angry retort, but alas! what with interruptions and repetitions, not to mention his interview with the cabman, before he could do so the guard's whistle sounded. The engine gave an answering shriek, the train began to gather way, and the master found himself compelled to break into a run, if he desired to catch a glimpse of the occupants of that carriage already, with rapidly increasing speed, nearing the end of the platform. Now it so happens that railway companies, with a paternal regard for the lives and limbs of their passengers, have laid down a bye-law forbidding anyone to enter a train while in motion, and the porter who saw Mr. Ussher charging down the platform may be pardoned for fancying that he was about to infringe this salutary regulation. He dexterously collared him (he was a prominent back in the local Rugby football team) with a warning cry of "No, you don't, sir!" and brought his wild career to an abrupt and somewhat painful conclusion.

"Confound you, sir!" exclaimed the ruffled master, stooping to pick up his hat, which the collision had sent flying. The language was

hardly magisterial, but perhaps excusable under the circumstances.

"All right, sir?" inquired the grinning porter. "No harm done, I hope, sir. Sorry you missed your train. A slow follows in half-an-hour, sir."

"I did not wish to catch the train," said Mr. Ussher with all the dignity at his command, and turning away, he stalked off towards the barrier, where fresh humiliation awaited him.

The friendly ticket-collector who had allowed him upon the platform had disappeared, and his place was taken by another official, who knew not the master.

"Ticket, please, sir," he said, in the usual formula, as Mr. Ussher endeavoured to brush past him.

"I—I haven't one," stammered that gentleman, greatly disconcerted by this unforeseen request.

"Then pay up," returned the ticket-collector gruffly, pulling out a sort of pocket-book from which to give a receipt. "Where have you come from?"

"I haven't come from anywhere," replied Mr. Ussher, half-conscious of the absurdity of his answer.

"Well, if you won't tell me where you've come from I must charge you from the starting-place of the train. London's a pretty long way from here," he added, significantly.

"But I did not come from London," objected the unfortunate master. "I came from here."

"That's a likely story," observed the collector with biting irony. "What are you doing on the platform without a ticket? None of your larks here, guv'nor."

"It's true—it's perfectly true," declared Mr. Ussher in agonised tones. "The—er—the—er *gentleman* who was taking tickets five minutes ago admitted me upon the platform."

The ticket-collector smiled—a cold, sarcastic smile.

"You're a 'cute 'un," he exclaimed, his voice distinctly tinged with admiration. "You watched him off duty, did you? It won't wash, my friend. You must pay up, otherwise it's a case for the police."

"The police!" ejaculated Mr. Ussher, breaking into a cold perspiration. "There's a porter who can vouch for the truth of what I say. That's him!" he cried, oblivious of grammar in his excitement, and pointing with his umbrella to his late antagonist.

"Hi, Jim!" shouted the collector.

And Jim hied accordingly.

"This person says you know that he did not come by train. He hasn't got a ticket, you know."

But Jim was not going to be betrayed into any rash statements.

"I don't know nothink about that," he said, cautiously, and his eye twinkled, "but I can swear as 'e didn't go off by train, 'cos I stopped 'im."

"There you are. It's no use," decided the collector. "The game's up. Now what's your name and address?"

To Mr. Ussher it all seemed like some dreadful nightmare, and hope died within him. Once his identity was known the school would inevitably be involved in another scandal. Eventually, of course, it would be proved that he was in the right, but oh, the shame of it!

"My name is Ussher," he replied, slowly, as though the words were being dragged from him.

"Christian name?" remorselessly continued the collector, making a note of the surname in his pocket-book.

"Thomas."

"Address?"

"The Grammar School."

"Oh, you're a teacher, are you?" observed the collector, writing down the address.

To be so designated made Mr. Ussher writhe, but it loosened his tongue.

"I am an assistant-master to Dr. Canham," he corrected, with much dignity. "A boy has run away from the school, and I have been sent here to stop him if possible. I arrived just as the down-train was on the point of starting; and, thinking that I saw the boy enter it, ran to make sure, when I was seized by that porter there, and forcibly detained."

The ticket-collector closed his pocket-book with a snap, and stepped aside.

"Why on earth" (he didn't exactly say "on earth," but, doubtless, that was his meaning) "couldn't you say so at once," he demanded, roughly, "instead of wasting my time like this?"

It was the second time that Mr. Ussher had had the question put to him, but he was no nearer a retort than before.

He stumbled automatically through the barrier with all the sensations of a reprimanded schoolboy, and sat down on a luggage truck in the booking hall to recover himself.

It was some minutes before he could collect his thoughts. The mischief was that he could not be absolutely certain that the boy whom the train had borne away really was Chivers. It was probable, but nothing more. Supposing that the boy, knowing that he would be missed, and the express watched, had cunningly determined to wait upon the up-platform—where he might be sure no search would be made—until the hue and cry had passed, and then take the later train.

Full of this idea, Mr. Ussher rose, and, satisfy-

ing himself by a glance at the time-table that he had ample time before the next train was due, made his way round to the opposite platform.

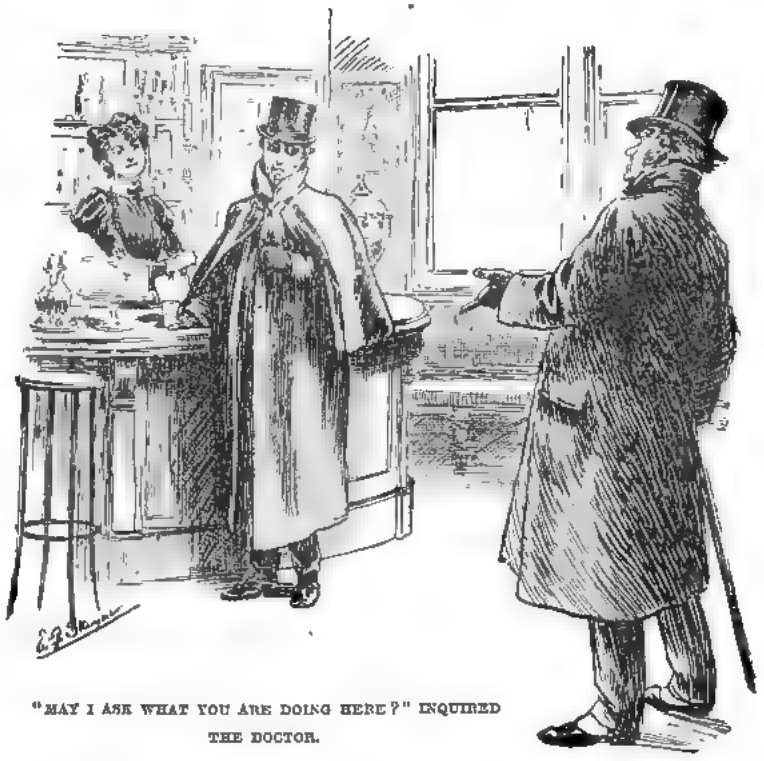
To his relief he found that there were no officials there to be faced. He examined the various waiting rooms without success, and was on the point of leaving, when he suddenly bethought him of the refreshment room. It was the very place where he might expect to find a boy sufficiently abandoned to attempt to run away from school. Moreover, a little stimulant would do himself no harm in the present shattered condition of his nerves. He retraced his steps, and passed through the swing doors into the brilliantly-lighted refreshment bar. A curly-haired damsel rose as he entered. No other person was visible.

Meanwhile Dr. Canham had despatched his telegram, and was now walking in the direction of the railway station with the object of meeting Mr. Ussher and ascertaining whether he had succeeded in discovering any traces of the wretched Chivers. On the way, now that the first excitement had passed, he became painfully aware that he had overstayed his dinner hour, a discovery which did not serve to improve his temper. He came across one or two pairs of boys aimlessly wandering about the streets, and, learning that they had seen nothing of their missing school-fellow, he promptly sent them back home.

Arriving at his destination, he was unable to find Mr. Ussher anywhere about the down-line booking hall, and came to the rash conclusion that he must have returned to the school, a conclusion strengthened by the fact that he was not to be seen upon the platform. The pangs of hunger grew more and more insistent, and he determined to stave them off temporarily by recourse to—say a bun and a glass of milk. The refreshment room on the down platform was barred to him by the same ticket collector whose acquaintance Mr. Ussher had made not many minutes before, and who was now engaged in snipping tickets for the slow train which followed the express. Accordingly he crossed to the up platform, and made his way to the refreshment bar there.

His hand was already on the door, when he perceived, through the glazed upper panels, his assistant master, apparently engaged in an interesting conversation with the curly-haired damsel behind the bar. It was too late to retreat, for Mr. Ussher looked up at the sound, and had seen him; so, crushing down his feelings, he pushed open the door and entered, his face a mask of cold displeasure.

"I was told," he said, in freezing tones, "that you had crossed to the up platform." (After all, it was only a white one.)



"MAY I ASK WHAT YOU ARE DOING HERE?" INQUIRED THE DOCTOR.

"Yes, Doctor," said Mr. Ussher, confusedly. This unexpected apparition had taken him completely aback.

"May I ask what you are doing here?" inquired the Doctor, with a comprehensive wave of his hand.

"Not finding Chivers on the other platform, I thought that perhaps he might be hiding on this, and so I was making inquiries——"

"So I see, Mr. Ussher."

This chilling interruption reduced the unfortunate Mr. Ussher to silence. An uncomfortable pause ensued.

"Come with me," said the Doctor at length.

The curly-haired damsel, who had been an amused spectator of the scene, emitted a giggle, and Mr. Ussher brokenly followed his chief without the station. For some minutes the pair strode along in silence. The master felt that appearances were against him, and the Doctor appeared disinclined to give him any encouragement towards making an explanation. The silence became intolerable. He volunteered a brief, and, it must be acknowledged, somewhat incoherent account of his adventures on the down platform, and expressed an opinion that the boy whom he had watched entering the train was really Chivers, giving as his reason the fact that that errant youth was nowhere else to be found.

The Doctor received the story without comment, but Mr. Ussher considered that it had made a proper impression upon him. At all events, he was content to ignore the circumstances attending his meeting with his assistant master—though he may have had other reasons for adopting that course.

"We can do nothing now, I fear," he remarked abruptly, as though in continuation of some train of thought. "If he has left by rail, I have already prepared his parents, and we can only await their notification of his arrival. Will you, Mr. Ussher, walk through the town and send home any boys you may meet? Of course, I can trust my boys anywhere," he hastened to add, with conscious pride, "but it is already nearing the supper hour, and, now that they can be of no further use, the sooner they are at the school the better."

By this time they had reached the square, where their ways parted. Mr. Ussher was glad of the opportunity of escaping from company so embarrassing to him under the circumstances, but he had barely left his chief's side when he was recalled by a smothered exclamation.

"What is the matter, Doctor?" he asked, anxiously.

"Matter?" cried the Doctor, his face purple with rage. "Look there, sir!"

"Where?" asked Mr. Ussher, staring vaguely in the direction indicated by his chief's umbrella.

"There—in that shop, sir."

"That shop" was a pastry-cook's. At a small table in full view of the door sat two pairs of boys devouring with much gusto various confections of greater or less degree of indigestibility, and washing them down with copious draughts of lemonade. No wonder the Doctor was filled with righteous indignation; besides, the cravings of his own inner man still remained unsatisfied.

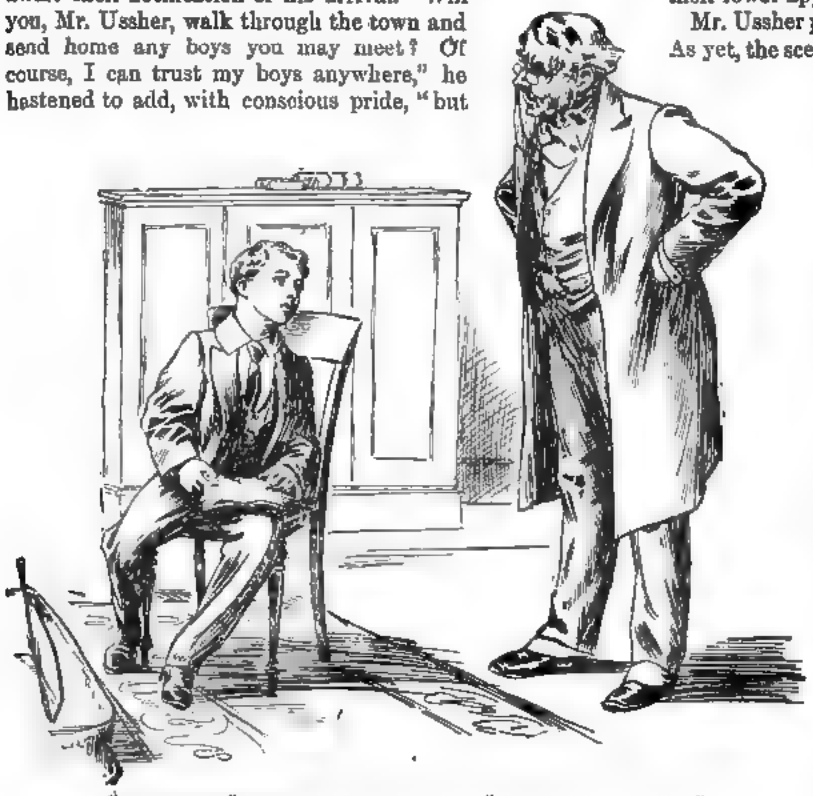
"To think," he groaned, "that I cannot permit boys to go up town without their proceeding at once to gormandize and guzzle, and give rein to their lower appetites!"

Mr. Ussher preserved a discreet silence. As yet, the scene in the refreshment room was too fresh in his memory.

"Send them to me, Mr. Ussher," the Doctor continued. "Send them to me immediately."

Mr. Ussher ran to obey the order of his chief. The banquet was rudely interrupted, and its partakers issued forth sadder, if not wiser boys.

The Doctor began to read them a lecture on the spot, but a crowd quickly collected, and after dismissing his assistant master to shepherd home the rest, he drove the four culprits ignominiously before him to the school. With his batch of prisoners he entered the boarders' room. There was Chivers calmly reading before the fire, as though nothing had happened!



"PLEASE, SIR," PIPED CHIVERS, BLUSHING, "I HAVE BEEN SHUT UP."

"Chivers!" he roared, when he had recovered his power of speech, "where have you been, sir?"

"Please, sir," piped Chivers, blushing, "I have been shut up."

"Shut up? What do you mean, boy?"

Chivers, nothing loth, proceeded to tell his story. In the course of some horseplay after school, his cap had flown in at the window of the ink-room (a sort of large cupboard, where the stationery of the school was stored, opening out of the Sixth Form Room, and lighted by a small glazed loop-hole). The impression that he conveyed to his hearers was that the cap had maliciously performed this feat of its own volition, and, although the Doctor may have held other views on the subject of the habits of the common cap, he did not press the point. Chivers, it appeared, had run round to recover his tiresome head gear, and while he was engaged in searching for it among the piles of books and paper that encumbered the floor, the door had swung to, and been locked upon him. At first he had imagined that a practical joke had been played upon him, and had waited patiently for the joker to release him, but as time went by it gradually dawned upon him that it must have been Pateman locking up the premises for the night. He had made as much noise as he could, which was not a little, without attracting attention, since the ink-room overlooked the Doctor's private garden, and, at last, despairing of release by ordinary means, he had climbed up to the loop-hole, and, at considerable personal inconvenience and the loss of a button or two, had succeeded in squeezing himself through, only arriving where he now was too late to prevent the hue and cry which had already been raised.

The Doctor was filled with furious annoyance and impotent wrath. The boy Chivers was innocent of all offence, and merely the victim of an unfortunate series of accidents, and he felt bound to accept his explanation. It was the Fates, the Fates who had conspired to make him appear ridiculous, and he conceived a personal grievance against them, the more bitter that they were intangible, and beyond reach of his anger, and the might of his strong right arm.

However, the four boys whom he had caught at the confectioner's were none of these things, and doubtless proved admirable and efficient substitutes.

"THE CAPTAIN" CHESS CORNER.

THE prizes in the February competition are awarded as follows:—

Class I.—J. K. MACMEIKAN, Repton School, Burton-on-Trent.

Class II.—N. J. CHIGNELL, "Dundrennan," Hadley Road, New Barnet.

Class III.—(Divided) F. A. H. POWELL and H. F. BEATTIE, both of Maze Hill School, St. Leonards.

The marks the prize-winners obtained are now cancelled; many other competitors have now marks to their credit. Each competitor adds to his score until he is successful. Several solvers ask if there is any advantage to be gained by sending in as soon as possible. I can assure them that there is none at all. On receipt of a stamped post-card I shall be pleased to answer any question as to score, etc.

The British Chess Co., Stroud, Glos., wishes to make public the fact that a wall-sheet of the "Laws of Chess" will be sent gratis to any school club on application. Here is a chance for secretaries.

I wish solvers would send their answers on post-cards only; for instance, the mate in eight with king and queen could easily be arranged on a post-card, yet one competitor favoured me with fifty-five lines of foolscap, closely written!

The game for this month's competition is subjoined:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P—K4	P—K4	7. KtxP	KtxKKt
2. Kt—KB3	Kt—QB3	8. RxKt(ch)	B—K2
3. B—Kt5	Kt—B3	9. Kt—Q5	Castles
4. Castles	KtxP	10. KtxB(ch)	K—R1
5. R—K1	Kt—Q3	11. Q—R5	P—KKt3
6. Kt—B3	KtxB	12. Q—R6	P—Q3

Question A.—By move 11 White threatened mate in two. How?

Question B.—After Black's 12th move White mates in two. How?

Two marks for each question.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. P. B.—The notice refers to solutions of problems only. As regards method of awarding prizes take this illustration: In September (say) the scores up to date of A, B, C, are 36, 35, 34. A gets the prize, and his score becomes 0. B and C start next time with 38 and 35 respectively to their credit. So that you see everybody must get a prize in time if he sticks to the comps.

THE CHESS EDITOR.

SCHOOL SPORTS: Some Hints.

By C. B. Fry.

I.

In the April, 1899, number of The Captain you will find some general advice about how to train for sports.

II.

There is no royal road paved with tips leading to success in athletics. Every boy starts with a certain build and a certain muscular equipment; he cannot alter his build, but he can develop and improve his muscles by judicious education.

III.

No one can hope to increase his muscular power unless he has and maintains a sound, healthy condition; this, by obedience to the laws of health. There is no need to state these laws; school life is such that you cannot transgress them without going violently out of your way.

IV.

A moment's thought will convince you that it is unwise and unprofitable to start developing a particular set of muscles until the muscular system as a whole is at least fairly well developed and in good general working order. But all boys who play games regularly may safely take this general condition and development of the muscular system for granted.

V.

Running is simply muscular action of a particular kind; that is to say, to run very well you must, in addition to good general muscular condition, have the running muscles well developed and very efficient.

VI.

A boy, then, who wishes to train for sports need not trouble about anything but educating the muscles which are required by the events he is going in for. Experience proves that the best education for muscles consists in a careful and very gradual training, under which the muscles do a little work every day or so, and do that little each time as well as they possibly can.

VII.

The amount of daily work should be very small at first and gradually increase, but never beyond a certain limit. It is absolutely useless in muscular education to attempt any form of cramming. If you do too much work you are simply so much to the bad.

VIII.

The kind, as distinguished from the amount, of work depends entirely upon the ultimate object. If you are going in for several events of different kinds, you naturally ought to train for each separately in so far as it differs from the rest. But since the amount of work you can do per diem with good effect is limited, you cannot devote as much time to each event as you would be able if you were going in for one event only; at least, not unless you spread your preparation over a proportionately longer time.

IX.

Now what a boy usually does is this. He decides to go in for, say, four events; he begins training for them a month before the day, and tries to do as much work per diem at each of the four as he ought if only going in for one of them; that is, he does four times too much work per diem and is thoroughly stale and over-trained at the end of a fortnight: which is absurd. If you must practise several events every day, you ought to do less work at each in proportion to the number of events; so that your daily amount of work is the same, whether you are in for one or a dozen.

X.

It is really no use training at all unless you give yourself at least a month; better, six weeks. My advice is this:—

Begin training, that is, practice for your events, six weeks before your race day.

Do not practise every day, but, more or less, every other day, *e.g.*, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday. On the off-days you should do some walking, or play games; but if you are in hard training and need no work, or if you are inclined to be stale, by all means rest.

Do not attempt more than two events on any one day. If your programme includes more than two you should distribute your work at each over several days.

Half, or at most three-quarters, of an hour is quite enough per diem on the running-ground. And you will not spend all that at work.

XI

For school sports, all boys may be divided into short and long-distance runners. The quarter-mile is common ground; all distances under it are short; all beyond are long. Jumpers and

hurdlers are, for training purposes, sprinters, because the only flat running they need do is sprinting.

XII.

The problems before the short-distance runner are: How to cultivate his pace to the highest pitch of which he is capable, and how at the same time to acquire enough stamina to last his distance (or, if several, the longest) at that pitch of pace all through. Inasmuch, however, as short distances are tests of pace rather than of stamina, pace may be regarded as the essential requisite.

XIII.

Pace is simply the rate at which you can repeat your stride continuously: roughly, it depends on how fast the muscles that move your legs in the required manner can do their work. The best way to increase this muscular power of rapid movement is by running short spurts of from thirty to forty yards, trying each time to go faster, as it were, than you are able.

XIV.

For the sake of stamina, you should supplement this spurt practice by occasionally running from half to three-quarters of the full distance, and, more occasionally, the full distance. If you are in for several distances you must mix up your practice work accordingly.

XV.

As it is supremely important in sprints to be steady on the mark and to start quickly, you should start to a pistol-shot (if only a percussion cap) every time you run a spurt or a trial race. And as it is supremely important to acquire the habit of not slackening before you are well past the finish, you should have a tape up at the end of your distances even in practice. It will also pay you to make second nature of a habit of concentrating your mind from the moment you toe the mark on one thing, and one thing only, viz., the tape, regarded as something to be reached and passed in the shortest possible time.

XVI.

The maximum day's work for a sprinter is four or five pace-spurts and one stamina distance. Rest a few minutes between each item.

XVII.

The long-distance runner should make stamina his first consideration, as his races are tests of this rather than of pace. But he has also to cover his distances at the highest uniform pace of which he is capable.

XVIII.

His method of training is on somewhat different lines from that of the sprinter. His work will be of three kinds: Fast work over distances varying from a quarter to a half of the full distance; slow, easy work over distances varying from the full distance to somewhat beyond it; and, perhaps, trial races over distances varying from half to the full distance. He should be careful not to do too much a day, and not to crowd days of heavy work together.

XIX.

Appended are two maps of training work. They are mere suggestions, but may help you. If you take them as they are you will most likely go wrong, but if you think out the requirements of your own case you ought to be able to make out a map to suit it that will keep you right. At first sight the work will look heavy, but on scrutiny and reflection you will not think it so. If you do in practice find it heavy, cut it down. Trust your own judgment.

XX.

Every hurdler should master the three-stride method. It is quite easy, and when once you have mastered it you will wonder how you ever attempted any other. The method consists in taking three strides after alighting over a hurdle, and clearing the next hurdle in your fourth stride, and so right down the course. You always take off from the same foot and alight on the other. The strides should be your normal sprinting strides. Take off about five feet from the hurdle, and land a similar distance beyond it. Don't say you cannot do this; you can. Train as a hurdling sprinter. Let your spurts be over three or four flights of hurdles, your fast work over about eight flights, and run twice a week the full distance. Do a certain amount of sprinting on the path.

XXI.

Long jumping consists in the combined use of pace and spring. The golden rules are: Run up at full speed; do not lengthen or shorten your natural sprinting stride on approaching the mark; take off plumb on the mark; jump very high in the air—up and out as it were. To get pace, practise sprinting; to get spring, practise high jumping; to learn to combine them, practise long jumping.

Correct your take-off by noticing how many inches (or feet) you were behind the mark, and starting your next run so much nearer the mark. Do not long-jump more than twice a week, and never take more than four jumps at each practice.

XXII.

High jumpers should do some running and plenty of walking. It is no good to practise more than three times a week. A succession of jumps

over an easy height, great attention being paid to taking off as close as possible under the lath, is almost better for practice than the competition method of putting the lath up as soon as it is cleared at a given height. Practise twice a week the former way, and once the latter.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. A. B.—What you call the American method of starting is good for boys as well as men. But be sure and find out how it is done. You must make a hole in which to put your rearward toe; push off from this as you rise, and make a dab forward with your front foot. A dash of forty yards for the sprint, and a run of four flights for the hurdles is enough preliminary.

Toddles.—A cold sponge-down after exercise, if you like and feel benefited by it, is good for you. What is bad is to allow yourself to cool and then take a cold bath. But you should wait till your breathing is quite regular and normal. I take it your heart is sound. C. B. F.

(N.B.—A large number of Answers held over.)

Maps of Training Work for School Sports.

I.—For short-distance runner, *i.e.*, all distances under and including the quarter.

II.—For long-distance runner, *i.e.*, quarter, and races over it.

NOTES.—(I.) Days 1, 3, 4 and 6 mean: Run four days a week, arranging, as far as the case admits, to run and rest on alternate days; *e.g.*, run Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday.

(II.) Boys under seventeen years of age had better run only three days a week, omitting the 3rd and 4th days' work in alternate weeks. Those who prefer to train for eight weeks, and this is really the wiser plan, should run only three days a week, and distribute the work of the 4th days over the extra fortnight.

(III.) A runner who is not going in for the longer sprints included in I., or for the longer distances in II., should modify his work on the principle that he need never practise a distance longer than the longest he intends racing.

N.B.—(I.) The maps are meant as a guide, not as an absolute model. One table of work cannot suit all cases.

N.B.—(II.) It is taken for granted that you are fit and hard, from playing games, etc., before you start systematic practice as above. If you are not, you must spend a preliminary fortnight in getting into condition.

I.

	Week 1.	Week 2.	Week 3.	Week 4.	Week 5.	Week 6.
Day 1	* 80yds, ¾-speed 4 spurts	4 spurts 80yds., full speed	4 spurts 250yds., ¾-speed	100yds., full speed twice	2 spurts 300yds., full speed	4 spurts 100yds., full speed
Day 3	4 spurts 70yds., full speed	* 3 spurts 220yds., ¾-speed	* 4 spurts 80yds., full speed	* 3 spurts 100yds., ¾-speed	* 4 spurts 150yds., ¾-speed	2 spurts 250yds., ¾-speed
Day 4	* 4 spurts	* 4 spurts	440yds, full speed	3 spurts 60yds., full speed	100yds., full speed 100yds., trial race	* 6 spurts
Day 6	2 spurts 100yds., trial race	2 spurts 150yds., trial race	4 spurts	220yds., trial race	400yds., ¾-speed	100yds., trial race

EXPLANATIONS.

*=be sure to keep the day's work light. *A spurt*=a full-speed dash of from 30 to 40 yards. Object—cultivation of sheer pace. Screw every ounce out each time. *¾-speed*=fast, but well inside power. Object—cultivation of stride, poise, and style. *Full speed*=run as in race, but do not screw quite every ounce out of yourself. *Trial race*=run distance out as in actual race.

II.

	Week 1.	Week 2.	Week 3.	Week 4.	Week 5.	Week 6.
Day 1	* 880yds., easy	* 150yds., sprint 440yds., easy	* 1 mile, easy	440yds., fast	* 1,000yds., easy	* 880yds., easy
Day 3	300yds., sprint	600yds., fast	880yds., fast	* 1,000yds., easy	300yds., sprint	600yds., fast
Day 4	* 880yds., easy	* 400yds., easy	300yds., sprint	200yds., sprint	* 660yds., easy	* 440yds., easy
Day 6	600yds., fast	880yds., fast	1 mile, fast	1 mile, trial race	2 mile, fast	880yds., trial race

EXPLANATIONS.

*=be sure to keep the day's work light. *Easy*=medium pace. Careful not to distress yourself. Object—cultivation of stride and style. *Sprint*=run distance all out. Object—cultivation of sheer pace. *Fast*=racing-pace, without quite the extreme effort. *Trial race*=run distance out as in actual race.

WHEN CHARLIE REIGNED IN HOLYROOD

By Edward Tebbutt.

Illustrated by Sherie.

AND bonny days they were, though of short duration. Even now, when years have fled and the Hanoverians are firmly seated on the throne of Britain, my mind wanders restlessly back to the grey old palace by the hillside, and the boy who stole to the Isle of Eriskay, to wrest the crown of England from him who holds it by no law, nor right, nor heritage. A worthy son of his fathers was this Charles Edward Stuart, whom men term the Young Pretender. Handsome, *débonnaire*, winning; a man with a woman's loving heart, and a faith passing belief. He fought for a destiny which he dreamed was his by law divine, and before his gladdened eyes shone a star of hope, which surely was ne'er wholly shrouded, save when the rock-line of Scotland faded into the shades of eventide, and again he threw in his lot with the world outside—a fugitive; a banished prince; the last of a stock whose wrongs shall be deplored by generations yet unnumbered. We, who fought with him, must fain seek our reward in the Cause and not the consummation. Yet, for my own part, I am more than repaid by the love which his service has carried into my life—the love of the sweetest, truest woman whom God e'er sent to grace the fairyland of His earth. 'Tis of this love that I would tell you, even now.

I was plain Duncan Macintyre in those days, with the sword which my father had swung at Preston, and proud in the tartan of the clan of which I was later to be hailed as chief. I joined Charlie's banner at the disheartening meeting in Glenfinnan, and after our army had swelled to an host, and we had passed the Canon Gate into dear Auld Reekie, I was chosen as captain of the Palace Guard, that I might be near to the young chevalier, who regarded me with more than a passing affection. Thus it happened that I was present in Holyrood Palace at a council which altered the whole tenor of my existence, and which brought me to the side of the girl who, even to-day, is the same bonny lassie as she who tricked the captain of Cope's advance force, and who rode through the night to Edinburgh town to carry her message to the gallant Cameron, whom all should honour as palatine of Lochiel.

I was standing near the window of a small chamber on the western wing, watching the sunlight play over the bracken and crags of Arthur's Seat; watching the mist of the morning rise lightly from valley to hill, and away to the sky above. Lord George Murray was busily writing by the littered table; Charlie and Lochiel were pacing the floor like men demented

"They are traitors, every man of them!", cried Charlie a second time, "and, *mort de ma vie!* the day I come into my own shall be a bad one for these Lowland chieftains."

"Surely there must be one in all Midlothian who hath love for your Highness's cause?" exclaimed Lochiel, halting by my barred window, "though, by my faith, I can recall no likely name at the moment."

"There is Sir Thomas Carnegie, of Scardray, by Hawthornden Glen," said I, making bold to offer my own suggestion, as, indeed, I ofttimes did.

Lord George turned hopefully to Cameron, and Charlie slapped me gaily on the shoulder.

"Good, my Duncan!" he cried. "'Twas to Carnegie my father would ever commend me. See here, Murray, this inactivity is killing me.

I myself will ride to the laird of Scardray to implore his aid and his counsel. Gad's mercy! I'll warrant me he shall sit here by your reverend side ere many another night has flown."

"The errand is fraught with danger," said Murray, cautiously.

"S'death!" cried Charlie, laughing gaily at blue-eyed Lochiel, "was danger ever absent from a wandering monarch such as I?"

"But what force would you take?"

"Force? You forget, Murray, that it is persuasion and not force that can appeal to such men as Carnegie of Scardray. I will ask Duncan Macintyre here to bear me company, and we will ride in humble fashion to this Lowland warrior—as a suitor who comes to woo; and surely to some purpose, Lochiel, for what Stuart e'er pleaded in vain, save 'twere a Parliament whose favour he would court?"

So he advanced his request, and with such effect that the shadows had scarce grown short about the palace, when together we cantered across the Hunter's Bog 'neath Arthur's Seat, striking out into the country lanes as Duddingston Loch was rounded. The Prince was surely in his brightest and happiest mood that day, for naught could he do but sing the praises of the spring-decked country that he was so proud to call his kingdom. As we reached the singing Esk, which seems to lose itself in the silence of Hawthornden Glen, we paused for some moments to admire the arcadian beauty of the wooded hillside, though Charlie's impatience would not permit us to tarry as long as I myself might have desired. So we passed at a gallop through the undulating country beyond, and thence to Scardray Manor, where dwelt Sir Thomas Carnegie, the loyalist.

Slowly we rode up the avenue, with its canopy of rustling beech trees, and a silence fell upon us as we surveyed the sweeping park; the herds of startled deer; the weed-patched lake gleaming dark and motionless beneath the rays of the mid-day sun. Then, at length, Scardray Manor rose grey and gabled in the distance, and on the steps, awaiting our coming, stood a huge, rugged Scotchman, with a pair of loose-tongued boarhounds panting by his side. He bowed courteously as we reached the drawbridge; we, still in silence, returned his greeting. The Prince sprang from his horse and walked quickly towards him.

"Sir Thomas Carnegie," he said in his curious boy's voice, "my name is Charles Edward Stuart, and I bear a message from my father, who was honoured with your friendship." Thus did the chevalier win Sir Thomas Carnegie to his service.

Forgetful of me, as I still bestrode my saddle and held Charlie's charger to my side, the pair conversed in an undertone that none might catch the purport of their words, and mighty impatient had I grown ere Sir Thomas drew towards me with grave apology.

"Your pardon, Captain Macintyre," he said, the Prince nodding favourably to me over his shoulder the while, "I beg you to excuse my rudeness in not summoning my grooms ere this."

He struck a huge bell with the butt-end of his riding whip, and an ostler ran from the stable gate as if he would assist me to alight, though, i' faith, I was too quickly to my feet to need his services; and with Carnegie and Prince Charlie, I stepped into the hall of Scardray Manor. The morning-room, whither we were conducted, commanded a magnificent view of the well-timbered park, with the gaunt Pentland Hills lying long and low in the distance. Seated by the window, was a lady with hair white as the snow-capped summits of the northern bens—Carnegie's mother I learnt

"SIR THOMAS CARNEGIE," HE SAID, IN HIS CURIOUS BOY'S VOICE, "MY NAME IS CHARLES EDWARD STUART."

from our presentation—and by her side, a girl of such surpassing beauty that never since have I cast eyes of admiration upon one other of her sex. Her hair fell in rippling curls upon the whiteness of her forehead; her eyes were bright and steadfast; her little prim mouth lent an air of daintiness to her whole features, which, to a rough Highlander such as I, was all the world more charming than the be-flowered, be-patched artificiality of the ladies who attended the *levées* at Holyrood Palace. Never, I wot, was victory so complete as the victory of this lassie over my heart; no, not even our victory at Prestonpans, when Cope was driven away to whence he came, and Gardner fell to the earth like the gallant soldier that he surely was.

No haughty monarch's role did Charlie play that summer afternoon. He came as a friend, said he, and would feel the more honoured by the reception of friendliness. So we sat round the curving window to chat as the merest country gentlemen might, though after a time the Prince and Carnegie wandered out into the park that they might the more privately converse. Then it was that I begged Mistress Marjorie to show me the beauties of her uncle's estate, and she, nothing loth, led the way under the tinted beech trees to where the lake shimmered green in the distance. As we descended a short, steep brae, she stooped to pluck a sprig of purple heather, and with her own dainty fingers, she pinned it to the breast of my tunic.

"The heather should be Prince Charlie's symbol," she said, "and as you and I are proud to be his servants, you may wear this sprig that you ne'er forget his cause."

"Ne'er could a Macintyre forget the cause he undertakes," cried I, "and that being so, I will wear the heather to remember her who gave it."

"Were I Prince Charlie," she said, laughingly, "I would make bold to hope that Captain Macintyre can better fight than pay a gallant compliment."

"And were I Prince Charlie," I retorted, "I would ask nothing better than permission to remember Mistress Marjorie without e'en the aid of the heather."

"But you are only Captain Macintyre, you see," said Marjorie.

"Yet would I crave the same permission," I replied.

She was silent for a moment, and I feared that my bold words had perchance offended her. Then a wave of colour flashed to her cheek, as she stooped to gather a second sprig.

"The first," she said, as she arranged them side by side, "is for the cause I love."

"And the second?" I exclaimed, eagerly.

A smile of mischief lighted her eyes and carried the dimples to her cheek.

"Were not your chest so broad," she replied, "it might have happened that the first had seemed less lonely by itself." And with this I perforce must be content. So we chatted, until the lengthening shadows told us that the hour approached when I must set out with Charlie to Holyrood Palace, and reluctantly we turned our steps towards the manor again. As we reached the drawbridge, I beheld a sight which filled me no more with amazement than dismay. For there, in the courtyard, stood a score of tethered horses, and by the gate lounged a crowd of soldiers arrayed in some barbarous uniform of the south. The fellows caught sight of me ere I could draw back again, and a shout of laughter rose as one burly trooper sprang to the salute and remained erect in mimic courtesy. The great oak door stood open, so with Marjorie by my side, I strode into the hall, where our footsteps drew Sir Thomas from the library—and with him, a coarse English officer of some considerable size; with a red moustache which curled ferociously to his ears, and a scar running across his left eyebrow, endowing him with a most peculiar squint.

"Captain Macintyre," said Carnegie gravely; "we are honoured with the visit of Colonel Clutterbuck, of the King's 3rd Light Dragoons."

The colonel saluted, and clicked his spurs.

"Your servant, captain," quoth he, "and many apologies for this intrusion. But, you see, in these days of riot and rebellion, we must e'en make shift with the manners of warfare."

I made some suitable reply, though, for my soul, I could not comprehend the situation. We had no suspicion in Edinburgh that English troops were in the district, and yet here was this complaisant colonel assuming the airs of a military armada, and backed by but a score of loud-tongued soldiers. That he was riding in advance of a considerable army was evident, or how account for his presence in a country which he knew to be hostile? And it was equally evident that I must ride to Holyrood at any cost, to acquaint Lochiel with the turn affairs had taken. As I rightly conjectured, Charlie was safe in hiding; for though Clutterbuck had no suspicion of his presence, it was quite possible that he would recognise his features, or that the Prince's appearance might betray his identity in some unlooked-for manner. Truly had Lord George Murray spoken, when he said that our errand was fraught with danger!

"I have mentioned to Colonel Clutterbuck that you only pay me a flying visit," remarked Carnegie in level tones, "and he is good enough to place no obstacle in the way of your departure."

I bowed a second time. In that case, I could

be within the palace ere the night had grown dark.

"Certainly I shall not detain you," protested Clutterbuck, who had the grace to perceive that his presence was a most unwelcome intrusion; "I must merely stipulate that a couple of my troopers attend you, to see that you ride not to Edinburgh."

"I shall be honoured in the company of your troopers," I returned, though I fear me that the sarcasm was wasted. For, after all, their escort would entail but small anxiety. Surely a Macintyre of Macintyre were a match for a couple of English troopers.

Scarcely had I spoken, however, ere a red-coated soldier came spurring across the greensward of the park, and over the iron-clamped drawbridge. He reined up in such haste that his horse's hoofs slid deep into the gravel of the pathway, and he had flung himself to his feet and up the steps into the hall, almost ere we had realised his presence.

"I carry you a message, colonel," cried he, saluting the expectant Clutterbuck. "The villagers at the park-gates tell me that the Pretender rode hither some hours since, and that he has not yet set forth again."

Then I did a thing which, even to the end of my days, I can only count as madness. I swung the colonel to one side of the hall and the trooper to the other, and I rushed from the oak-barred door, closing it with a slam behind me. I sprang to the horse outside, and would have turned its head to the drawbridge again — but in my haste I had forgotten the twenty troopers. They had witnessed the manner of their comrade's coming and the manner of my departure; and, being English and suspicious, they rushed with one accord to seize my bridle. I dashed my fist into the eyes of the nearest, and made vain endeavours to wrench my sword from its scabbard. But my exertions proved futile, for they were upon me in numbers too overwhelming. Had I but planted my horse's hoofs upon the turf beyond, not all the English army should have reached me sooner than I had reached the grey old Canon Gate. Yet, here I was, hemmed in on every side, with the drawbridge itself slowly rising.

Just in the nick of time to save my skin, the hall door opened, and Colonel Clutterbuck appeared at the head of the steps. He burst into hoarse, pot-house laughter as he realised my predicament, and bellowed to his sergeant to bring me hither.

"By my faith, Captain Macintyre," cried he, "had I but your sinews and your courage, 'twere commander of His Majesty's army I should surely be. But had I your diplomacy, too, I fear me I should have swung on a bough ere this."

"I SWUNG THE COLONEL TO ONE SIDE OF THE HALL AND THE TROOPER TO THE OTHER."

"That will you do without my diplomacy," I returned, hotly.

"Nay, sir," said he, in tone less mocking, "you are scarcely wise in your retort. You have made a bold attempt to escape, and—have failed. That you make not such another attempt, I fain must place you on your word of honour."

"You choose the only method which is likely to hold me," I said, coldly.

"Not so," he replied, with significant gesture, "I choose the one which I deem would be most pleasing to a Scottish gentleman. There are

other methods of detention which are not the less more efficacious."

I stepped into the hall again, where Carnegie grasped my hand in silence. He himself was bowed with some illness, which rendered him useless as a man of action.

"I pledge you my word of honour that I will make no other attempt," I said sharply, turning to Clutterbuck.

He bowed with an amused smile.

"There is a certain amount of courtesy usually displayed under the circumstances," he remarked, "which so far I have failed to observe."

"Then I make bold to suggest that you observe it in the future," I retorted, for my anger was hot, and his graciousness was more than I had expected or deserved. He laughed out right this time.

"I refuse to quarrel, Captain Macintyre," said he; "I fear me that I might feel that grip upon my shoulder again." He turned to his sergeant with set face. "Sergeant Grendon," he ordered, "you will file six troopers into the Manor without delay."

Carnegie and I stood by the library door in silence utter and complete. For my own part, I felt sick at heart when I realised that my rashness had perchance sacrificed Prince Charlie to this English colonel. I could only hope that his hiding place—God grant it might be secure!—would remain undiscovered until Lochiel—anxious for our return, sent forth a troop to escort us to the palace again. At any rate—and I gritted my teeth as I thought it—Charles Stuart should only be taken over the body of Macintyre of Macintyre.

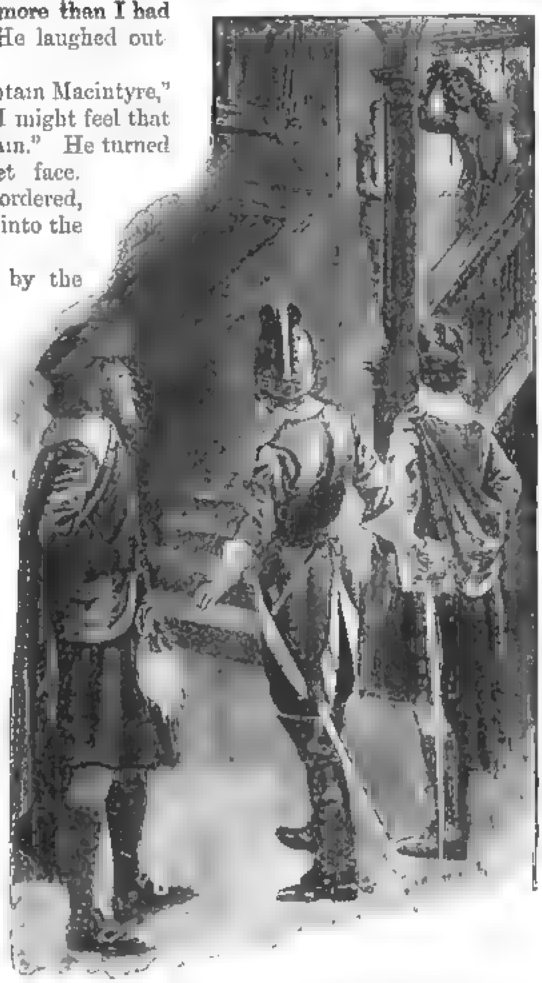
The six troopers, their burnished scabbards trailing over the stone flags of the floor, filed into the hall and stood at attention before us. Clutterbuck drew his sword and faced Carnegie.

"Sir Thomas Carnegie," he said, gravely, "you have heard the message that my sentry carries, and know yourself what truth may be therein. In the name of His Majesty, I ask you, on the honour of a Scotch nobleman, if Charles Edward Stuart be concealed in Scardray Manor?"

"Were it not more to the point to search?" said I, mainly to give Sir Thomas time to consider his reply. Colonel Clutterbuck wheeled round on me, his face paling with anger.

"By my faith!" he cried, "are you bent on making me regret that I have treated you as an officer and a gentleman?"

Then Sir Thomas Carnegie looked across at the officer from England, and in my heart, I knew that he would forswear himself, to save the boy whose father he loved. But ere he could reply, a laughing voice turned all our eyes to the staircase.



BUT ERE HE COULD REPLY, A LAUGHING VOICE TURNED OUR EYES TO THE STAIRCASE.

"Charles Edward Stuart saves you the honour of confessing, Sir Thomas, and places himself upon the leniency of Colonel Clutterbuck, of the King's Light Dragoons."

The troopers stiffened their backs; Clutterbuck's hilt flew to his forehead. For on the topmost stair stood a gallant arrayed in all the finery of his day; with shining silken hose; with powdered hair falling in a queue upon his shoulders. A merry light sprang to his eyes as the colonel raised his sword. He swung his feathered hat to the ground with courtly obeisance.

"Your Highness," said Clutterbuck in low tones, "I beg you to believe that had I been aware of your presence here, I would have marched my twenty men on Edinburgh itself, rather than on Scardray Manor. As it is, fate has thrown you into my hands, and my duty as a soldier points out the only course I may possibly pursue. I must detain

you here for this one night, and deliver you to-morrow morning into the hands of General Cope, who, even now, is marching westward from Dunbar."

"I tender you my sword, Colonel Clutterbuck," came the soft reply, "and am proud to leave it in such good keeping. I would also offer you the word of Charles Edward Stuart, that he place himself upon parole, as Sir Thomas Carnegie and Captain Macintyre have done."

I stood silent in the hall in a state of bewilderment such as I have never experienced before or since. General Cope was marching on Edinburgh six days ere he was expected—probably in haste and taking such precautions as would prevent tidings reaching Holyrood Palace. Yet, even this surprise was rendered as naught by one greater and more totally unexpected; and above it a tender, surging love which had sprung to my heart that very day, and had increased ten-fold in one brief moment. For the gallant on the staircase was Mistress Marjorie Carnegie!

* * * *

Having reached this point of my story, where danger to Prince Charlie was for the moment averted, I feel somewhat loth to proceed, for fear that I may but indifferently relate the part in which I, myself, was not actually concerned, and did not actually witness. For whilst the manor was wrapped in the darkness of the night, and whilst silence reigned supreme, save for the heavy tread of the sentinels below, Marjorie's ready wit had again conceived the only solution to the difficulty in which we were each one placed, and her courage was already putting the idea into execution. For her own part, she will tell me nothing of what occurred, and I fain must imagine how she crept to the unguarded stables below, that she might saddle her horse to ride to Holyrood Palace; how she rounded the whispering, moonlit glen in terror such as man himself need not be ashamed to confess; how the way seemed endless, and the shadows of the roadside yet blacker with grim highwaymen; how she paused, irresolute, as she faced the Hunter's Bog, preferring instead to skirt the Salisbury Crags; and how she arrived, weary and bruised, at the Palace gates, where Fergusson was captain of the guard. To this day, it is my delight to hear Fergusson tell the story of her coming. Bonnet in hand, he conducted her to Murray and Cameron, where, 'tween whispers and sobs, she spoke of Cope's advance, and the danger of Charlie—and Macintyre.

"'Fore Heaven!" roared Murray, "is Macintyre a man, that he sends a woman on an errand such as this?"

Then Marjorie's eyes flashed, and the colour mounted to her cheeks as she told how Macintyre had flung the colonel to the grey flags of the hall, and had made his dash into the midst of twenty stalwart troopers. Murray listened with the grim smile which seems to lose itself in the sternness of his eyes.

"I had sooner be Duncan Macintyre this moment," said he, "than wear the crown of twenty kingdoms."

* * *

HE BOWED LOW AS MARJORIE STEPPED FROM THE LIBRARY.

A flash of silver light was paling the horizon of the east, when the gallant Lochiel, with forty of his chosen clansmen, marched out to Scardray Manor. Despite the fact that Murray would fain have detained her, Mistress Marjorie insisted on accompanying the party, urging that she could

lead them into the park by a little-known route and thus avoid meeting Clutterbuck's outpost-guards. So, with the dawn, the Highlanders came stealing through the trees, and had passed the drawbridge into the courtyard ere the alarm was raised. To this day, I cannot refrain from thinking that Clutterbuck was right pleased to see Cameron take possession, though he blustered mightily, and spoke with jeering tongue of "forty against twenty." His great red moustache curled more ferociously than ever; yet the humorous twinkle in his eyes plainly belied the roughness of his words.

We stood in the hall again; he and I and Cameron, with Carnegie smiling grimly by the doorway.

"His Highness should be down ere now," quoth Lochiel in pleasant tone. Even as he spoke, Charlie sauntered easily from the gallery above, handsome and *débonnaire*, in the uniform of his Guards. We raised our swords to the salute; only Clutterbuck made no sign. He stood towering and erect; his legs extended; his arms folded on his chest.

"Pfaith!" he exclaimed cynically, "Prince Charlies would seem to be as plentiful in Scardray Manor as the berries on the hedgerows outside."

"Yet not so easily plucked," retorted Charlie with a laugh. He bowed low as Marjorie stepped from the library, and she, curtseying in his direction, turned to the colonel with shyness in her eyes.

"Sir," she said in low tones, "I would beg you to forgive my deception, and to remember that it was only enacted to save Prince Charlie, who stands first in the heart of every true Scotchwoman to-day!"

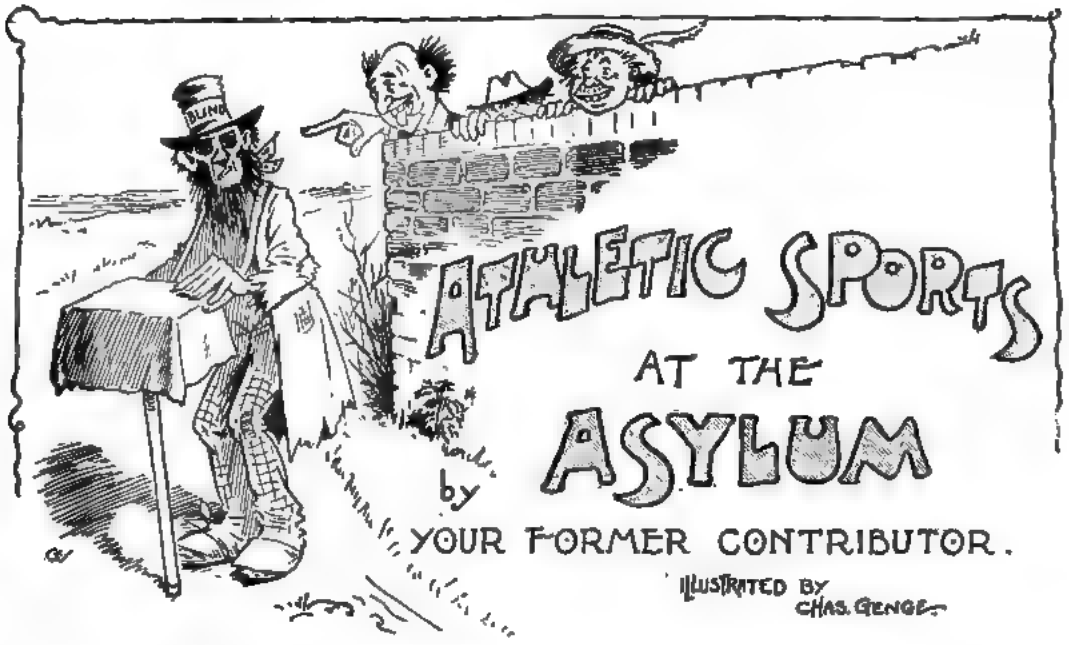
Clutterbuck stared down at her in amazement; then glanced to the staircase again. For a moment he made no reply, so great was his astonishment—and, perchance, his admiration. We, with our points to the raftered ceiling, stood around in silence. I noticed that the smile had even faded from Charlie's eyes, and that the knuckles of his hand grew white as ivory, as he gripped the balustrade by his side. The English officer drew himself to his extreme height. His face was a picture to witness.

"'Fore God!" he said softly; "if Charles Stuart have many adherents so sweet and loyal as Mistress Marjorie Carnegie, then Heaven send him to the throne of England right quickly!"

He drew his heels together with a click, and swinging his sword from its scabbard, he raised it to the peak of his helmet.

"God save the King of Scotland!" cried he.

"GOD SAVE THE KING OF SCOTLAND!"



ATHLETIC SPORTS AT THE ASYLUM

by YOUR FORMER CONTRIBUTOR.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS. GENGE.

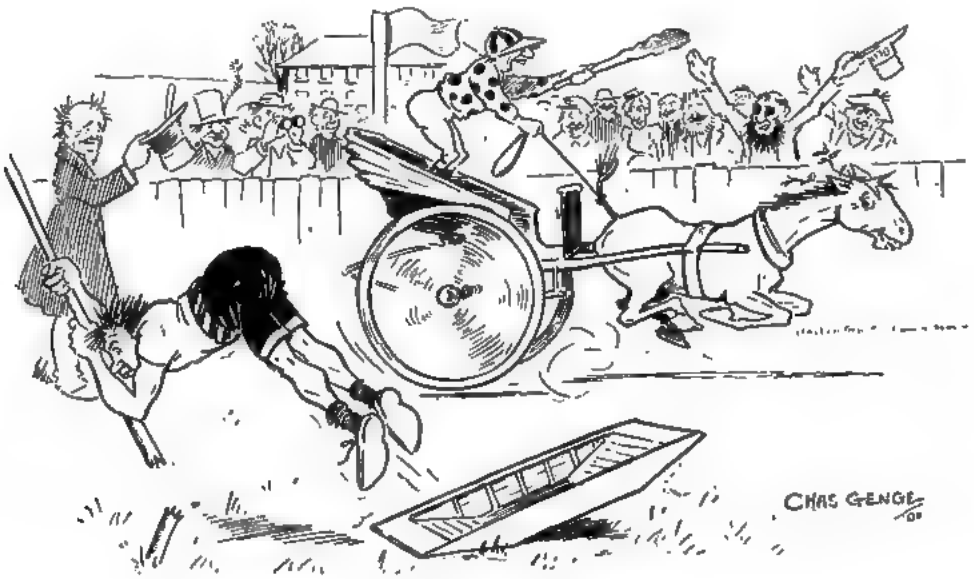
MR. EDITOR,—You published the account of our cricket match, I am glad to see, and a good thing for you that you did. The Sultan of Turkey was going to call on you if you hadn't. Since then we've been having our athletic sports, and I think—mind, I only say I *think*—you would be wise in publishing them too. Anyhow, our old man was sharpening up his brickbat this morning. And let me tell you our athletic sports are far better than any *you* ever saw. They are arranged entirely according to the weather. If it is wet we have aquatic sports, such as washing, mangl'ng, gargling, and so forth (mangling's capital fun), and if dry we have the other kind. This time it was dry, so we had the other kind. It was some time before we could select an umpire on whom we could rely, but a blind beggar with a barrel organ coming along just in the nick of time, we elected him on the ground that he was entirely unbiassed, and could play music all the time. He demanded 10s. 6d. for his services, and we gave him that amount, with 10s. off as entrance fee and 6d. discount. We began with a *High Jump*, but the competition was so keen and the jumping so good that a number of the competitors are still in the air, and we cannot arrive at a verdict until they come down. *Distance Jumping* is a speciality of ours. We go forward by gradations, so as to give everybody a chance. We try them first at the Hundred Yards' Jump; thence we go to the Quarter Mile and then to the Half Mile Handicap, which is so-called because

WHEN THE PISTOL WAS FIRED BEHIND THEIR HEADS THEY ALL STARTED.

the previous winners are handicapped by having weights attached to their legs, by being made fast to trees, and by having their heads encased in bags of lard, etc., etc. When the pistol was fired behind their heads they all started, and it would have made you cry with laughter to see them dodging the stones and brickbats showered upon them by their friends, who likewise encouraged them by the application of sticks to their backs and sides; and what with the shrieks of the competitors, the shouts and cries of the spectators, and the music of the umpire, who was placidly playing "Rock me to sleep, mother" in the very middle of the course, the spectacle was at once soothing and exhilarating.

The Hurdle Race.—A most amusing competition. The great difficulty was to dispose of the hurdles, and we had a display of nearly every style now in vogue among athletes. Some wore them round the neck as collars, others put them on like trousers, while others again held them in their teeth, and thus armed they rushed into the crowd of spectators, scattering them right and left and causing immense havoc. Men fell down and were trampled into the ground, ladies were impaled on the hurdles, and fainted, and all was delirious joy.

The Sack Race was a failure. It took a long



THE GIG AND PUNT RACE.

After this we had an interval of ten minutes, to allow the coroner's jury to arrive at their verdict, which, as usual, was a long way off.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—This also showed capital sport. The umpire was posted with his organ in a remote part of the ground, willingly on his part, on account of his having got mixed up with the last competition, and the competitors, all well supplied with cricket balls, eagerly awaited the signal to begin. At the report of the pistol each aimed his ball with his full strength at the umpire, who notified the various hits in a very loud voice, which could be heard all over the field. During the progress of the competition, which was a very hot one, he stopped playing and began to cry, but it is difficult to make out why. The throwing was so good, and the hits so numerous, that he must have been much pleased.

time to get all the competitors into one sack, and when they were in they could not agree as to what they were to do next. The Sultan of Turkey recommended that they should all be thrown into the Bosphorus, but his suggestion was negatived, and it was agreed that they should stay as they were until our next merry meeting. The proceedings terminated with a *Gig and Punt Race.* This was a very uneven trial. The gig was a high-wheeled affair with a powerful roan horse, and the punt was a very small affair with a powerful rowing man. The horse was started by rattling a stick in a hat, and off he went at full gallop. The man in the punt wasn't in it. This seems odd. The horse won, but the gig was a good second. Next time the committee mean to put the man

in the gig and the horse in the punt, which will make a much better match. After the horse had been caught and presented with the first prize, which was a photograph album, we all left the ground singing "God save the Queen" to the tune of "We won't go Home till Morning" and returned to the asylum, where we supped lavishly and incessantly on a banquet of which I need only say that cockroaches fried in castor oil formed the *pièce de resistance*. It is now late, and, oddly enough, I am far from well.

– HAMILTON WILLIAMS.

UPSIDE DOWN.

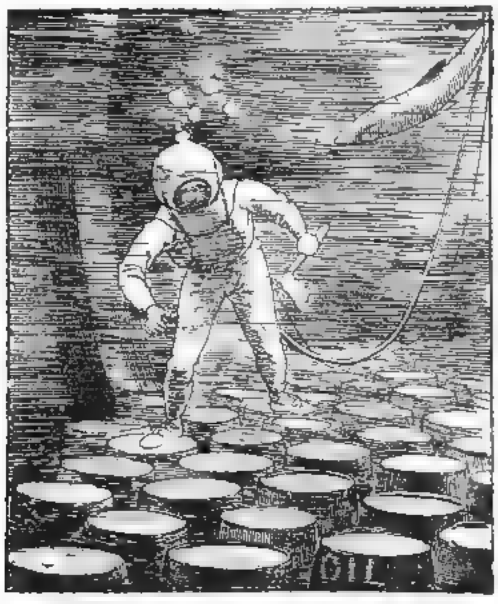
BY AN AMATEUR DIVER.

I BELIEVE, by some remarkable process of Nature, every third male person is born a diver. Anyway, Whitstable is the place where divers mostly grow, and where I caught the temptation to go a-diving myself. I should feel grateful to any obliging Anarchist who would blow up Whitstable to-morrow.

I mentioned my desire to one or two old divers, who had permitted me to make their acquaintance in consideration of a suitable succession of drinks; but met with jeers and suspicion. I believe they were afraid of opposition in the business. But Whitstable never produced a diver that could put me off. I took the royal road. I bought a diving dress for myself—how much I paid I shall not say here, for why should an unsympathetic world measure my lunacy by pounds, shillings, and pence? — especially as that would make rather a long measurement of it. Never mind what I paid. I got the dress, and I also got permission to go down and amuse myself on a sunken coasting vessel, lying off Shoeburyness.

IT WAS A NOBLE DIVING-SUIT.

It was a very noble diving-suit, and the new indiarubber squeaked musically as I moved, and smelt very refreshing. There was a shield-shaped plate, rather like a label on a decanter, hanging on my chest, that would have looked more complete with "Whiskey," or some other similar inscription, on it. There was a noble metal collar—about thirty-two, the size would have been, on the usual scale. I had also a very fetching red night-cap, while my helmet was a terror to all beholders. I don't mind confessing to a certain amount of discomfort while they were building me up in this dress—partly due to a vivid imagination. The helmet made me think of the people in the story who put hot-pots on the heads of strangers, and I seemed stifling at once. What if I were unpacked at last from this smelly integument—a corpse? But this was unmanly and undiverlike. There wasn't much comfort to be got out of the leaden shoes—try a pair for yourself and see—but when all was ready I made a shift to get overboard and down the ladder provided. It was not a great deal of the outer world that I could see through my windows, and I hung on to that ladder with something of a desperate clutch. When at last the water stretched away level around my windows, then, I confess, I hesitated for a moment. But I made the next step with a certain involuntary blink, and I was under water. All the heaviness—or most of it—had gone out of my feet, and all my movements partook of a curiously easy yet slowish character. It looked rather dark below me, and I tried to remember the specific gravity of the human

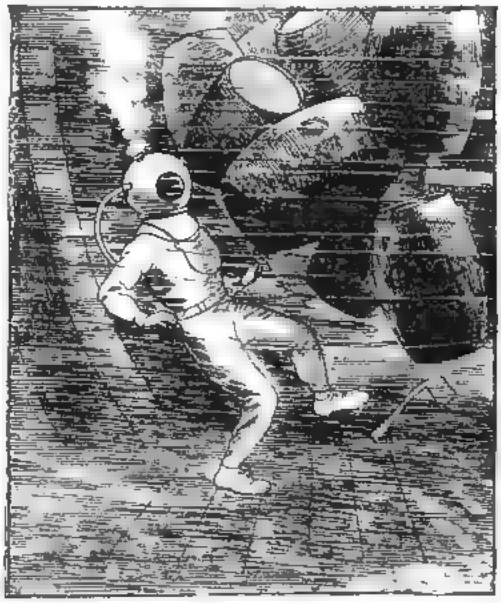


AN IMMENSE NUMBER OF BARRELS ABOUT ON END.

body in figures by way of keeping jolly. At the top of my helmet the air-escape valve bubbled genially, and I tried to think of myself as rather a fine figure of a monster among the fish, with a plume of bubbles waving over my head. You do think of trivial things on certain cheerful occasions. Remember Fagin in the dock, for instance.

It was not as long as it seemed before. I was on the wreck, and down below in the nearest hold. Regular professionals had already been at work, and access to different parts of the ship had been made easy. Now, in this big hold was an immense number of barrels, stood on end and packed tightly together—barrels of oil, to judge from externals. I tried to move one, but plainly they were all jammed tightly together, and not one would shift. I took the light axe, with which I had furnished myself, using it alternately as wedge and lever, and at last felt the barrel move. I had certainly loosened it, and pulled up the axe with the intention of trying to lift the barrel, when I was suddenly engulfed in an awful convulsion, as of many earthquakes in a free fight. The world was a mob of bouncing oil-barrels, which hit me everywhere as I floundered in intricate somersaults, and finally found myself staggering at the bottom of the hold, and staring at the roof whereunto all the barrels were sticking, like balloons, absolutely blocking up the hatchway above me.

What was this? Some demoniac practical joke of friends inhabiting this awful green sea about me? Were they grinning at me from the corners of the hold? or had some vast revolution in the ways of Nature taken place in a second, and the law of gravity been reversed? It was not at all warm down there, but I perspired violently. Then a notion flashed upon me. Those barrels must have been *empty*. Jammed together, they stayed below, of course, but once the jam was loosened, they would fly at once towards the surface. Then I thought more. I had been an ass. Of course, those barrels would do as they had done, even were they full of oil. Oil floats on water, as everybody should know. They might be either full or empty, it didn't matter a bit. I had forgotten that I was moving in a different element from the air I was used to, where barrels of oil did *not* incontinently fly up into space without warning. Obviously, I had made a fool of myself, but I had some comfort in the reflection that there was nobody about to see it. Then it came upon me suddenly that I would rather have someone there after all, for I was helpless! Those horrible barrels were having another jam in the hatchway now, and my retreat was cut off entirely. Here I was like a rat in a cage; boxed in on every side. My communication-cord and my air-pipe led up between the barrels to outer safety; but what of that? I perspired again. Why did I ever make a submarine Guy Fawkes of myself, and thus go fooling about, where I had no business, at the end of a flexible gas-pipe? If I could have dated myself back an hour at that moment, I believe I should have

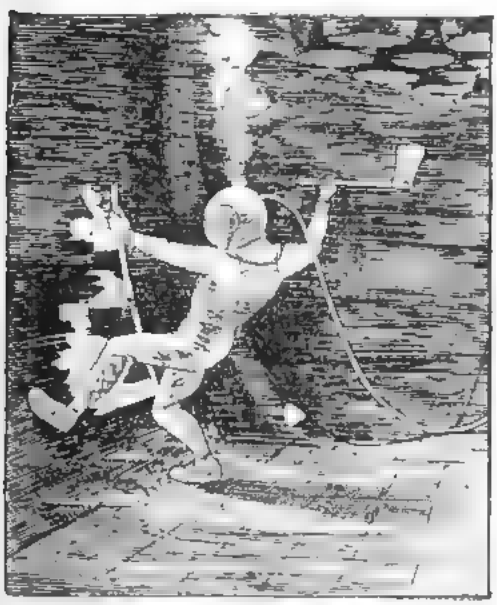


I HAD CERTAINLY LOOSENED IT.

changed my mind about going in for this amusement. At this, I began thinking about trivial things again—how, paraphrasing a certain definition of angling, diving might be described as matter of a pipe at one end and something rather worse than a fool at the other. I determined, if ever I got out alive, to fire off that epigram at the earliest possible moment—so here it is.

I made an effort, pulled myself together, and determined on heroic measures. My axe lay near, and, with a little groping, I found it. I would hew my way out of this difficulty through the side of the vessel. I turned on the inoffensive timbers at my side and hacked away viciously—with, I really fancy, a certain touch of that wild, stern, unholy joy that anyone feels who is smashing somebody else's property with no prospect of having to pay for it. Every boy with a catapult, who lives near an empty house, will understand the feeling I mean—especially if the empty house has a large conservatory.

The timbers were certainly stout. The work was a bit curious to the senses—the axe *feeling* to work with a deal more dash and go than the arm that directed it. At any rate, the exercise was pretty hard. Any millionaire in want of an excellent, healthy, and expensive exercise should try chopping his way through the sides of ships—it will do him a world of good, and will be as expensive as anybody could possibly desire. After a while I found that I had well started a plank, and, once through, chopping away round the hole was not so difficult. Still, when I had made a hole big enough to get through, I did not feel by any means as fresh as I had done when first that horrible copper pot was screwed down over my head.



I HACKED AWAY VICIOUSLY.

I CAME A CROPPER OVER IT COMMUNICATION CORD.

I squeezed through the hole, and at the first step I had ever made on the sea bottom, I came a savage and complicated cropper over my communication cord. I got up, but as I stepped clear of the cord, a frightful conviction seized my mind that I was a bigger fool than I had ever given myself credit for being. What in the world was the good of getting out through the side of the vessel when that communication-cord—my only means of signalling—and that air-pipe—my only means of submarine life—led up through the boat itself and among those execrated oil-barrels? Awful! Awful! I sat down helplessly on a broken rock and stared blankly through my windows. To weep would have been mere bravado, with so much salt water already about me. I tried to signal with the communication-cord, but it was caught somewhere in that congregation of oil-barrels. It seemed to me all up, except myself, who was all down, with no prospect of ever rising in the world again. Shadowy forms came and went in the water about me, and I speculated desperately in how long or how short a time these sea-creatures would be having a dinner-party, with *me* as the chief attraction. I wondered, casually, whether the indiarubber would agree with them, and hoped that it would not. Then I wondered what they would take for the indigestion, and I thought they would probably take each other—

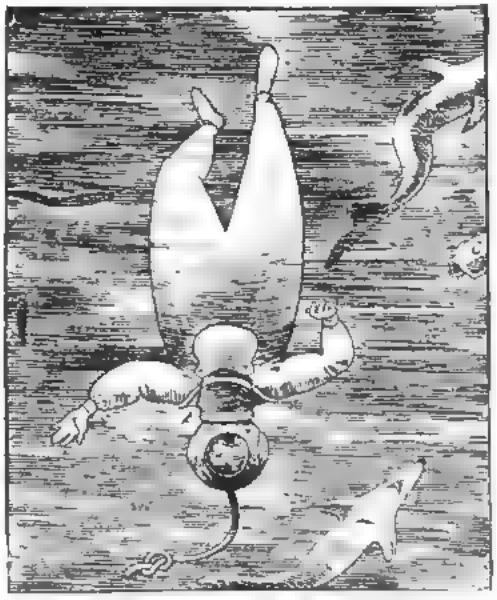
I TOOK OFF MY LEADEN SHOES.

it's their way, I believe. I was wandering on in this way, and had just feebly recollected that there was four pounds eight and something in my pockets above, which was a pity, because I might have spent it first, and that I owed my landlady fifteen-and-six, which was a good job, because it would compensate for that claret she said the cat drank, when an inspiration seized me—a great inspiration. I should probably have called out "Eureka!" as did the venerable discoverer of that principle of specific gravity that had lately (literally) taken a rise out of me, if I had thought of it, but I didn't, which was fortunate, because it is rather a chestnut after all. This was my notion—a desperate one, but still one with hope in it. I would shut off the air-escape valve on my helmet, so that the air being pumped in would inflate my indiarubber dress like a bladder. Then I would cut my air-pipe and communication-cord, stuffing the pipe and tying it as best I could, take off my leaden shoes, and rise to the surface triumphantly, like an air-cushion, or, say, an oil-barrel. Specific gravity having taken a rise—all the rise—out of me, I would proceed to take a rise out of specific gravity—a great, glorious, and effective rise to the upper world. No office-boy on promotion ever looked forward to his rise with more hope than I to mine. It was a desperate expedient certainly; but what else could I do?

I took off one leaden shoe and loosened the other, ready to kick away. I shut the escape-valve. I cut the cord with my axe on the rock I had been sitting on, and then, when the air had blown out my dress to most corpulent proportions, I took the decisive stroke. I chopped through the air-pipe. I stuffed it as well as possible, and tied it in some sort of a knot; it was *very* stiff—in a great hurry, and then—I kicked off the leaden shoe.

Never, never, never—even if I live on Jupiter after this planet is blown to shivers—shall I forget the result of my forlorn dodge. I kicked off the shoe, as I have said, and, in an instant, the whole universe of waters turned upside down and swirled away beyond my head. In sober fact *I* had turned upside down—as I might have known I should do, if only I hadn't been a bigger fool than ever.

Of course, the moment my leaden shoes went, *down* came my copper head-pot, being my heaviest part, and up went my feet. I had a pretty quick rise, certainly, but I prefer not to recall my feelings during the rush. I can quite understand now why a rise in the world makes some people giddy. All that I had before felt of amazement and horror, I now felt multiplied by fifty and squeezed into about two seconds, so that they felt like ten hours. Up through that awful water and those moving shadows I went, feeling that I was in reality held still like a man in a nightmare. When at last I stopped, I felt that it was but a matter of moments, and the air would leak away through that cut tube, and I should go down again, still head under, for the last time, to die in that



I HAD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

grisly combination of mackintosh and copper kettle; also I felt choking, stifling, when—something had me roughly by the ankle, and I was dragged, a wretched rag of misplaced ambition, into a boat. The appearance of my legs sticking out above water caused intense amusement among the boat's crew—a circumstance which probably ought to have gratified me, although it didn't.

I have little more to add, except that I shudder to this day whenever I see an acrobat standing on his head, because it is so remindful. But, if anybody is thinking of going in for diving, by way of placid enjoyment, I shall be delighted to treat with him for the sale and purchase of a most desirable diving-dress in unsoiled condition, cut in the most fashionable style, with a fascinating copper helmet and commodious collar, and a neat label for the chest. The shoes will not be included in the bargain, having been inadvertently left in a damp place.

"CAPTAIN" COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

NOTICE.—As previously announced, we have decided to abolish the coupon system, so that readers may enter for as many competitions as they like. In future, at the top of the first page the following particulars must be clearly written, thus:—

Competition No. ——, Class ——, Name ——,
Address ——, Age ——.

CONDITIONS.—The highest age limit is twenty-five.

Letters to the Editor should not be sent with competitions.

We trust to your honour to send in unaided work.

GIRLS may compete.

You may enter for as many competitions as you like. Each "comp." must be sent in a separate envelope, or, when possible, on a post-card.

In every case the Editor's decision is final, and he cannot enter into correspondence with unsuccessful competitors.

Pages should be connected with paper-fasteners; not pins.

Address envelopes and post-cards as follows:—Competition No. ——, Class ——, "THE CAPTAIN, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, London.

All competitions should reach us by April 12th.

No. 1. — **"Industry."** Three "SWAN" FOUNTAIN PENS will be awarded to the senders of the three best *prose* extracts from any author on this subject. Keep them short.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit. Sixteen.

No. 2.—**"Map of Australia."** Three prizes of 10s. 6d. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best maps of Australia, including Tasmania.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Fifteen.

No. 3. — **"Twelve Greatest Living Englishmen."** Send on a postcard a list, in order of merit, of (what you consider to be) the Twelve Greatest British-born Subjects of Her Majesty the Queen. This comp. will be decided by vote, as the "Cricket Team for Australia," and "Twelve Best Stories," were. Three prizes of 10s. 6d. each will be awarded to the senders of the most correct list.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.

No. 4.—**"Chess."** See "Chess Corner."

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Eighteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit. Fifteen.

No. 5.—**"Handwriting."** We want to print some examples of first-class penmanship, and so we offer THREE HANDSOME BLOTTING CASES to the senders of the three best written copies of the first verse of "A LAY OF BOAT-RACING." The winning copies will appear in THE CAPTAIN.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

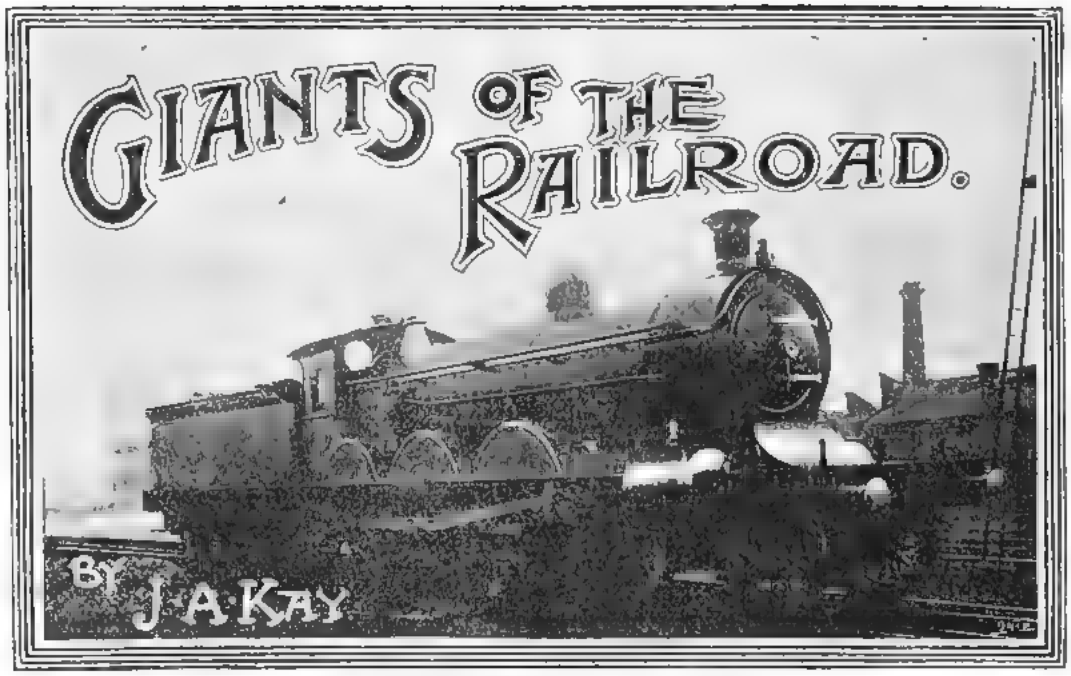
No. 6.—**"Sphinx's Puzzles."** (See back of frontispiece and p. 89.) Three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the three best sets of solutions to these puzzles.

Class I. ... ... Age limit: Twenty-five.
Class II. ... ... Age limit: Sixteen.
Class III. ... ... Age limit: Twelve.

Over Age.—The first volume of THE CAPTAIN will be sent to the competitor, over 25 years of age, who sends in the most correct solutions of these puzzles. Mark envelope "Over age."

NOTE.—As a number of Competitors seem hazy on this point, let them understand, once and for all, that a Competitor may enter for (say) an age limit, 25 comp., so long as he has not actually turned 26. The same rule applies to all the other age limits.

GIANTS OF THE RAILROAD.

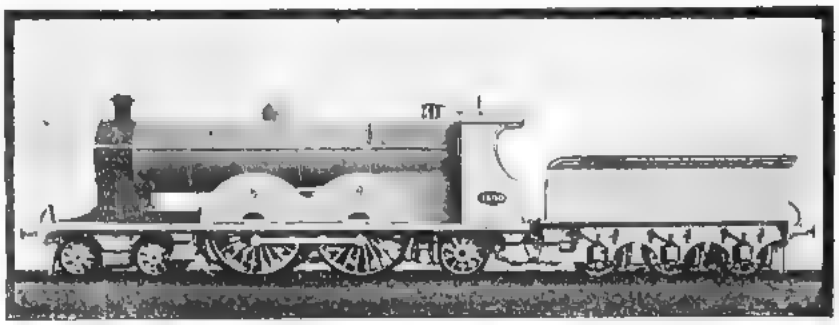


THE BIGGEST ENGINE ON THE NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

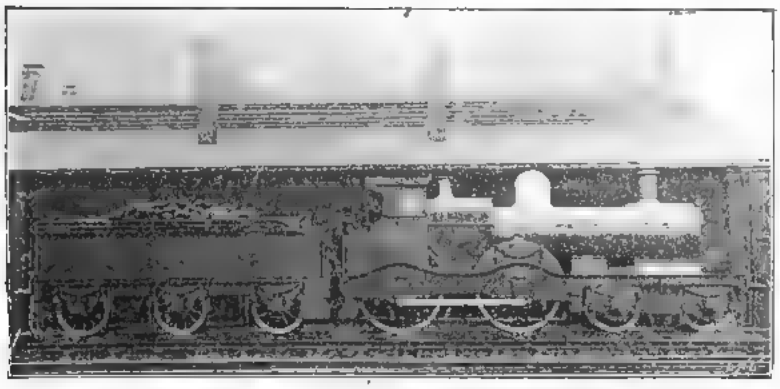
The Photographs by F. Moore.

THE engine shown in the illustration at the top of this page is one of the North Eastern Railway Company's biggest iron steeds, this and the Highland Railway being the only lines in Great Britain that at present use engines with six coupled wheels for hauling fast passenger trains. Of course, the North Western Company employ engines having no less than eight coupled wheels to work some specially heavy goods trains, but then it must be remembered that these do not run at anything like the speed attained by the huge North Eastern fliers. In the United States, however, six and even eight-wheels-coupled passenger expresses are considered nothing out of the ordinary. These fine N. E. R. giants, weighing, in working order, over a hundred tons, are the heaviest engines in the country, but in spite of their huge size they can show a very clean pair of heels, so to speak. The ten engines of this class work some of the heaviest trains in this country, and think nothing, as it were, of hauling twenty-two loaded carriages, weighing from 350 to (sometimes nearly) 400 tons for over a hundred miles without a stop, at a uniform speed of fifty-three miles an hour. All these engines have cylinders 20ins. in diameter, with a 26in. stroke, and were built at Gateshead works from the designs of Mr. Wilson Warsdall, the locomotive superintendent of the line.

If you look carefully at the pictures at the top



"NO. 1,400" AND HER SISTERS WORK SOME OF THE HEAVIEST TRAINS ON THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY.



A POWERFUL COUPLED EXPRESS ENGINE ON THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.
Note the roomy cab and brightly polished dome.

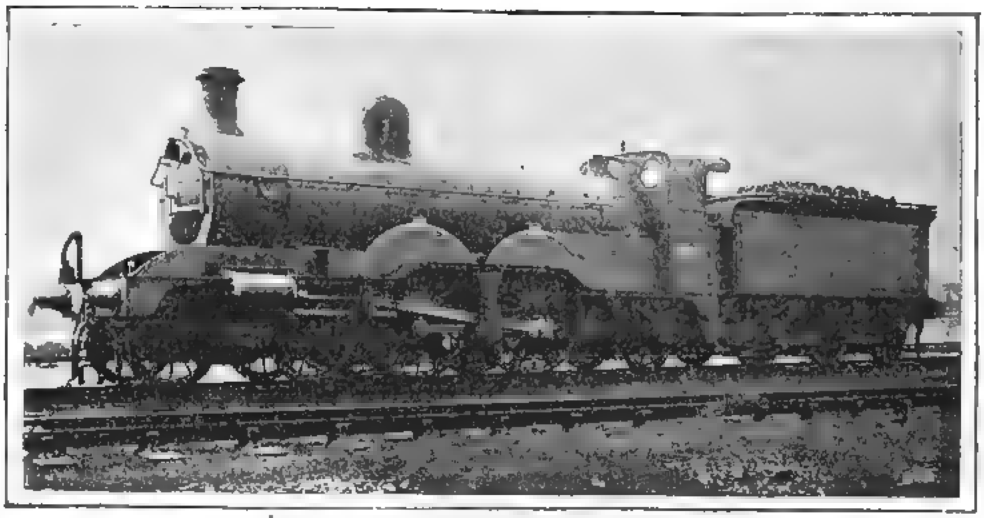
of this and the next page you will notice that both these engines are fitted with large roomy shelters for their drivers. "Cab" is the railway term for these shelters, which nowadays are built over the foot-plates of most engines to shield the drivers and firemen from storm and rain, to say nothing of the ordinary rush of passing air. In the early days of railroad travelling the men in charge of the locomotives were afforded no shelter whatever. After a time, however, it became usual to allow the men the shelter obtained by small upright "weather-boards," which, if the truth must be told, were not much of an improvement on the former method, as in those days there was a general idea prevalent that it was a mistake to make railway-men too comfortable, lest they should become sleepy and in some way neglect their duties.

Even at the present time the average locomotive cab will not bear comparison, so far as luxury goes, with the roughest third-class accommodation, as anyone will tell you who has ever undergone the experience of a ride on a locomotive's foot-plate. But even riding on a locomotive is sometimes preferable to missing important engagements. At any rate, Judge Gye of the Hampshire County Court Circuit appears to think so.

A few months past, while changing at Havant, on his way to conduct a court at Petersfield, His Honour missed the train through its leaving from an unaccustomed platform. The next ordinary train was not timed to leave Havant for two hours, and that meant an unduly long wait for litigants and others having business at the Petersfield Court. Judge Gye therefore ordered a special train, but when it arrived it was found to consist of a locomotive only. The judge, however, took his stand by the side of the engine-driver, the "special" steamed out, and His Honour arrived at Petersfield a little grimy, but in time to open the court at the usual hour.

Our second illustration shows one of Mr. Aspinall's twenty giant engines which were built last year at the Horwich works of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. The two coupled driving wheels are just 7ft. 3ins. in diameter, which is really a very big size—quite as large, in fact, as that of many "single drivers." These huge locomotives have been specially designed with a view to working the heaviest express trains on the Lancashire and Yorkshire system; and, in fact, for many months past the Horwich works have been strained to their utmost capacity in turning out new locomotives, passenger carriages, and goods wagons, in order to cope with the all-round increase of traffic. Never before in its history, it is said, have the prospects of the once despised Lancashire and Yorkshire Company been so rosy as they are at the present time. Some idea of the populous district served by this line can be obtained by taking a large scale map of the North of England and drawing a forty-mile radius from the centre of Manchester. The total population of the various busy towns that will be found inside this circle is far in excess of the number of people living within forty miles of and including London. The giant engines of the "1,400" class on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway are used for

ONE OF MR. ASPINALL'S GIANT LOCOMOTIVES ON THE LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE RAILWAY TAKING WATER WHILST RUNNING AT FULL SPEED.

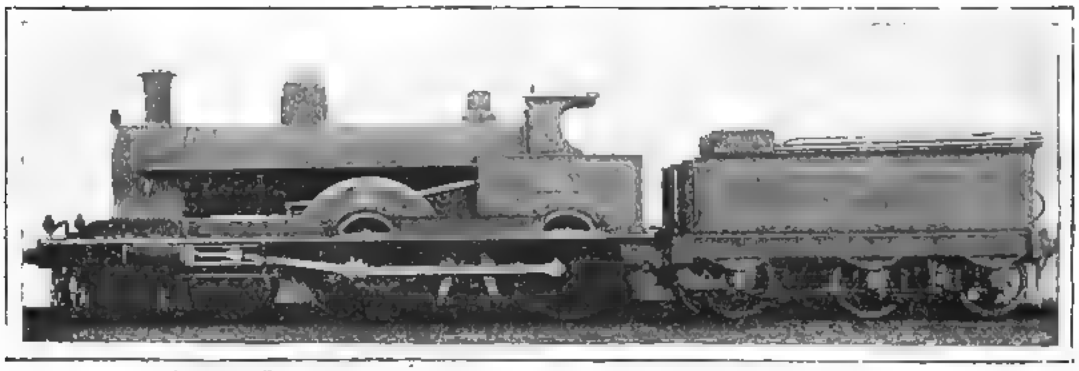


A BIG GREAT NORTHERN EXPRESS LOCOMOTIVE.
In some respects this resembles an American style of engine.

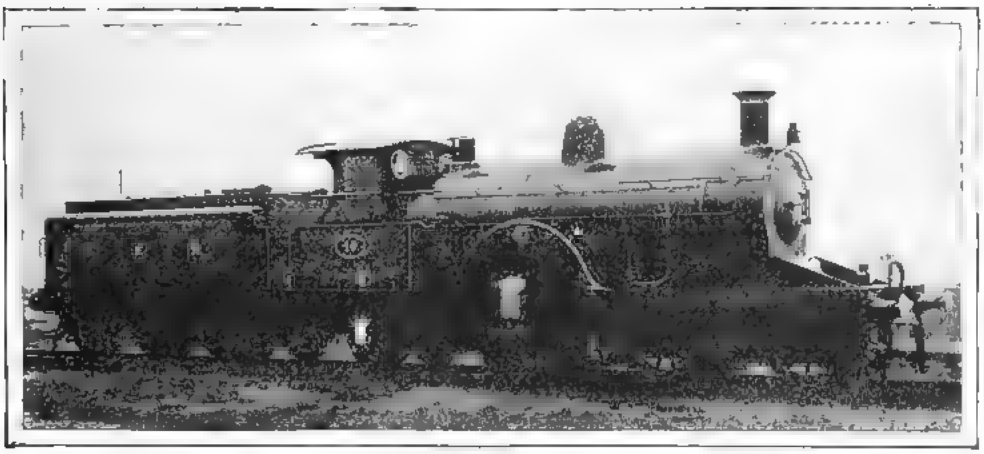
running heavy main line trains at high rates of speed, besides taking part of the enormous seaside traffic to and from the great Lancashire pleasure resorts. Another of our illustrations shows one of these magnificent engines running at full speed with an important passenger train behind her. Just at this point she is replenishing her supply of water from the troughs laid between the rails.

Since the days when broad-gauge engines of the "Lord of the Isles" class drew all the principal expresses on the Great Western Railway, Mr. Dean, the present locomotive superintendent of the line, has designed some very striking engines for different classes of railway work. The traditions of the Great Western have always been in favour of express engines propelled by a single pair of driving wheels, but during the past few years some of the heavier passenger traffic has been worked by "coupled" engines. Judging from our illustration most readers will agree that this example of Mr. Dean's "coupled" engines has a very sturdy appearance. The wheels are almost hidden from view by the framework of the engine, but its most noticeable features are probably the roomy cab (which has already been referred to) with its side windows and the raised Belpaire fire-box, which stands up considerably higher than the top of the boiler. This necessitates the driver and fireman standing on a specially raised platform in order to keep an efficient look-out.

The illustration at the top of this page is reproduced from a striking photo of one of the very few British-built engines constructed somewhat on American principles. Until Mr. Ivatt became locomotive superintendent of the Great Northern Railway some few years past, all the fast trains on this line were worked by one very characteristic type of express engine, which has been illustrated



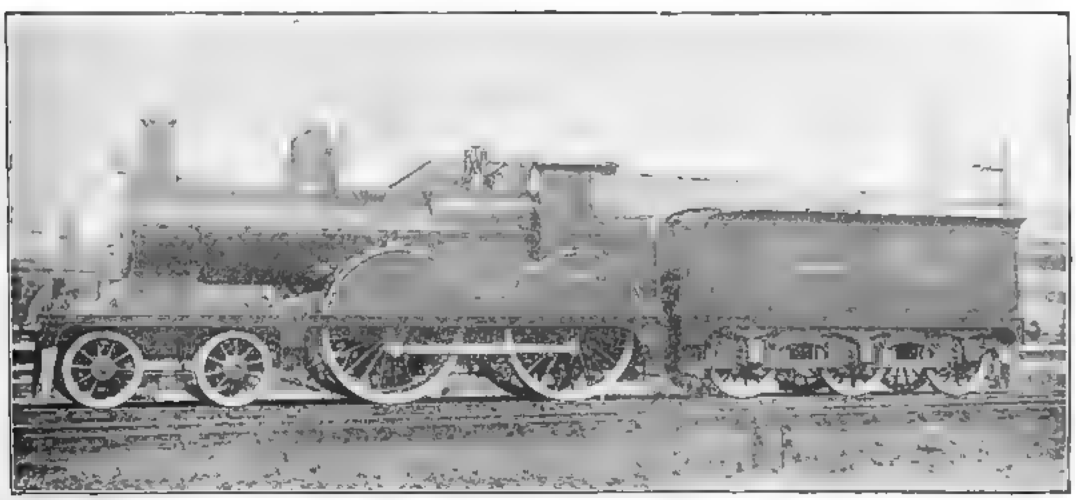
"JUBILEE," A SISTER OF THE "IRON DUKE," WHICH IS DESCRIBED IN THIS ARTICLE.
This class of engine is the finest now running on the London and North Western line.



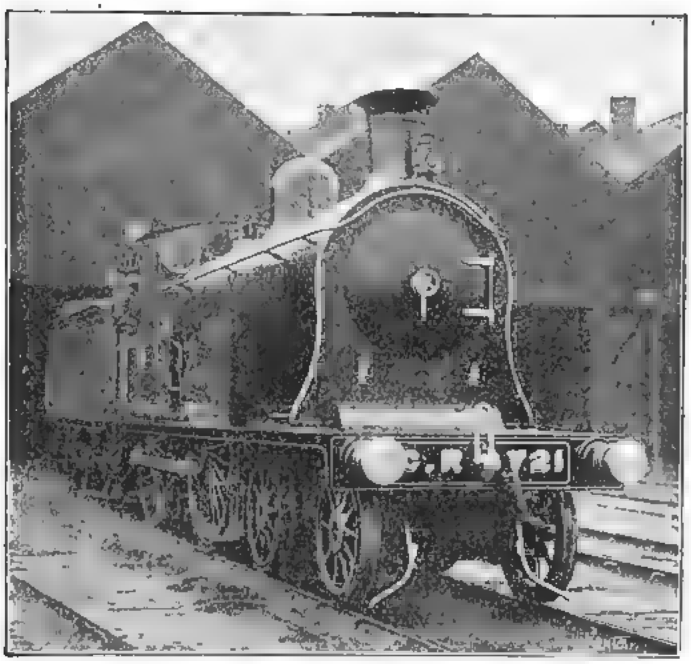
THIS IS ONE OF THE SMART LOOKING EXPRESSES THAT WORK HEAVY TRAINS ON THE GREAT EASTERN LINE
This engine burns liquid oil as fuel instead of coal.

and described in previous articles. Mr. Ivatt, however, has been responsible for some very striking innovations in the locomotive history of the Great Northern Railway. The engine here illustrated is one of his largest and most recently constructed expresses, and was built at the company's locomotive works at Doncaster. In certain respects the engines of this class somewhat resemble the Lancashire and Yorkshire ten-wheelers just described; but, whereas the latter's cylinders are placed inside the engine frames, hidden away from view under the smoke-box, the Great Northern engine's outside cylinders are patent to everyone. Moreover, the driving-wheels of these engines are only 6ft. 6ins. in diameter, against the 7ft. 3in. coupled wheels of the Lancashire and Yorkshire fliers.

The locomotive department of the London and North Western Railway has long been noted for the remarkable engines which from time to time have been built at Crewe works. Ten years ago, or so, the "Greater Britain" and her sister engines were attracting a good deal of attention in railway circles. Now, however, these engines have had to climb down from their distinguished position, so to speak, in order to make room for the latest Crewe giants—the "Iron Duke" and her sisters. Like so many North Western engines, they are built to work on the compound system, though not, in this instance, on Mr. Webb's famous three-cylinder principle. In the "Iron Duke" class of locomotives, the steam is first used to work the two "high-pressure" cylinders, and then, before it is finally allowed to escape, used over again in



YOU HAVE PROBABLY HEARD A GOOD DEAL LATELY ABOUT THE GREAT CENTRAL RAILWAY AND ITS NEW LINE TO LONDON AND WAR NEWSPAPER SPECIALS. THIS IS THE TYPE OF ENGINE THAT WORKS MOST OF THE PRINCIPAL TRAINS.



THE MOST FAMOUS ENGINE ON THE CALEDONIAN RAILWAY—THE "DUNALASTAIR."

the journey of 159 miles from London to Crewe was covered in three hours and ten minutes.

What, however, is most noteworthy in connection with this smart piece of work is, despite the weight of the train and the high rate of speed maintained, the small amount of coal consumed. On the down journey, 3 tons 2cwt. of coal were burned; and on the return to London from Crewe, only 2 tons 6¼cwt.

The saving of coal effected by "compound" engines is, of course, one of the chief arguments used by engineers who advocate this type of locomotive, though whether it is sufficient to repay for certain other disadvantages is a question we may well leave alone to be fought out between the partisans of "compound" and "simple" engines. But when one remembers that every pound of coal burned by every engine on the line is duly recorded in the books of the locomotive department, and that the North Western's coal bill for the latter half of 1899 alone amounted to £311,091, it will be readily seen that the saving of what may be contemptuously spoken of as a few odd pounds of coal on each engine may make a very appreciable difference to the shareholders' dividends at the end of the year.

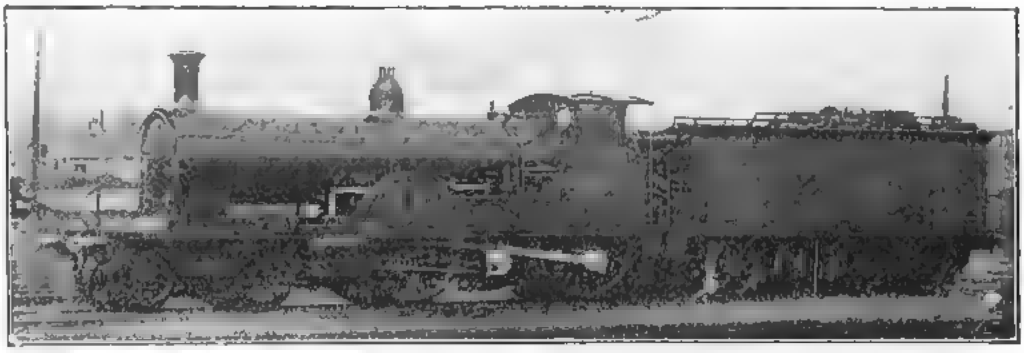
There is not very much space left to describe the engines illustrated in the last four pictures in this article, though they are specially interesting as some very typical types of modern railroad giants.

The new "single" express engines recently designed by Mr. James Holden, the locomotive

the two "low-pressure" ones. There are, of course, quite a number of different systems on which "compound" locomotives are designed; but this is a subject that may be fully described in some future article dealing more with the working of modern locomotives.

The "Iron Duke," during her short career, has already performed some very creditable railway records—at any rate, so far as the North Western line is concerned.

For instance, in June last this engine made a record run when taking the special train conveying the members of the Institute of Royal Engineers on the occasion of their visit to Crewe works. The train weighed just 339 tons 5cwt., and



A REMARKABLE LOCOMOTIVE, USED FOR WORKING FAST TRAINS ON THE LONDON AND SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.

superintendent of the Great Eastern Railway, to work the London-Cromer service, and other long-distance trains, are, without doubt, some of the smartest-looking engines now running in this country, with their bright livery of blue and red, and polished copper chimney-rims.

The very neat-looking tender attached to engine "No. 10" (shown in our illustration), is accounted for by the fact that petroleum tanks take the place of a locomotive's usual fuel—coal. This is only another instance of the economy practised on our great railway systems.

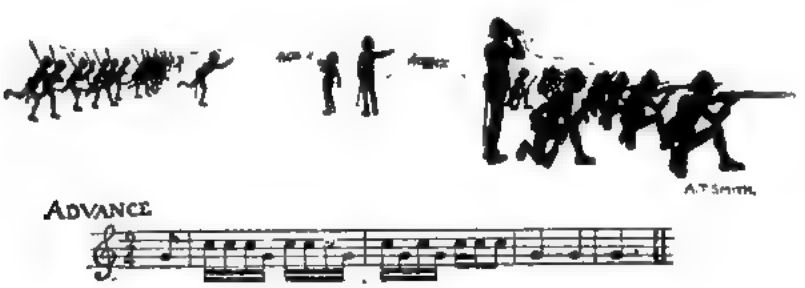
Many years past now, it was found that large amounts of valuable oil were every year allowed to escape with less costly refuse discharged from Stratford works. Attention was attracted to this state of affairs, and soon many clever brains were hard at work endeavouring to see if it could be remedied.

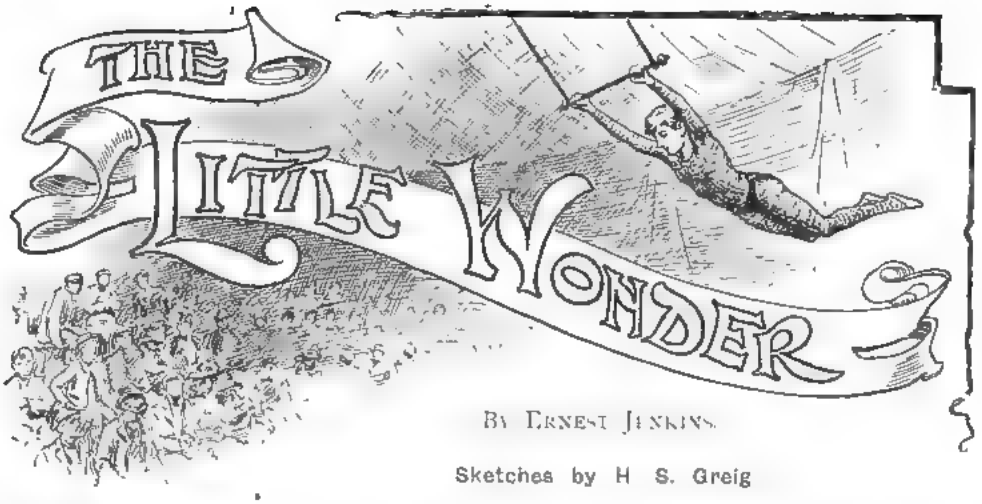
At length the difficulty was solved by the adoption of Mr. Holden's invention for burning liquid oil as fuel in locomotives. By this means the petroleum that once upon a time used to be allowed to run to waste is now used to a very good purpose.

We have heard so much lately about the Great Central Railway and its extension to London that no article would be complete without some mention of the engines that do most of the heavy express work on this line. There is, however, nothing particularly striking in their design, as is the case with some of the others already referred to; but they are specially interesting as being very fine examples of a class of locomotive that seems to find much favour with engineers on most of the large lines—namely, a four-coupled express with leading "bogie." These Great Central engines were all designed by Mr. Harry Pollitt, the locomotive superintendent of the line, and have 7ft. driving-wheels, and cylinders 18½ins. by 26ins.

A few years ago there was probably no more famous engine at work in Great Britain than the "Dunalastair" of the Caledonian Railway, which is the subject of one of our illustrations. There are now quite a large number of engines of this class at work in Scotland, though some of those more recently built are a little larger in some respects than the earlier engines. These engines work all the West Coast corridor trains from Carlisle to the North, and with trains weighing often nearly 350 tons, have no difficulty in mounting the famous Beattock summit, which is no less than 4,015ft. high.

Our last picture well portrays what the biggest South Western engine looks like. It is the outcome of the genius of Mr. Drummond, the locomotive superintendent of the line, and is particularly interesting in many respects from an engineering point of view. It has four cylinders, each 15ins. by 26ins., and two independent driving wheels—not "coupled," as they appear at first sight. The two cylinders working the leading pair of driving-wheels are out of view in our illustration, but the two outside ones (one of which is shown in our picture) operate the rear pair of drivers. As will be noticed, the tender runs on eight wheels instead of six, as is generally the rule in this country, and the wheels are arranged in two "bogies"—so as to go round curves more easily. This huge tender carries no less than 4,300 gallons of water. What a difference compared with the ten gallons that were thought sufficient for George Stephenson's "Rocket"!





By Ernest Jenkins.

Sketches by H. S. Greig

"COME on, let's get out of this; I've had enough." And Ronald Steel took my arm and led me, not unwillingly, from the circus tent.

"I never saw such a show!" he exclaimed with disgust, as we walked back to the school. It was, indeed, a poor display — the riding was only medium, the performing ponies were a fraud, and the clowns were even more pitiable in their attempts to be funny than the average circus clown.

"And that kid—the 'Little Wonder,' or whatever they call him. They seem to think a mighty lot of him—but he was the worst of the lot. Why, he funks the thing; he doesn't know half the tricks of trapezing. I believe I could do better myself," said Ronald.

We had been to Antonius Thompsonio's International and Universal Exhibition and Hippodrome—a title whose size was altogether too imposing for the very fifth-rate show it was intended to describe. It was one of the unwritten laws of our school that whenever a circus visited our sleepy little town the boys should be allowed to attend one of the performances, and the school's visit to Antonius Thompsonio's affair had been fixed for Thursday.

Now Steel, although a duffer at football, and something worse than a duffer at cricket, outshone us all in the gymnasium, where he was most at home on the trapeze. This, indeed, was his hobby, and his long practice had made him a clever and brilliant performer. He had seen Thompsonio's "Little Wonder" announced in big letters, and, his interest being aroused, he was impatient to know what this circus trapezist could do; and as he and I were the two senior boys of our small school, enjoying some privileges denied to the others, there was little difficulty in getting leave from the Head to visit the first performance, instead of waiting for the school's visit on the Thursday. We went, we were bored, and we came away without any desire to see it again.

I liked Ronald Steel—in fact, we all liked him. He was no ordinary youth. His method of doing things was to act first and think afterwards; and he was at once the best natured and most reckless fellow I ever knew. He was also never lacking in funds; his father was his bank, a post-card served as a cheque, and no application was dishonoured. Yet, remarkably enough, careless and good-natured as he was, he kept straight; what might seem to have been the unwise indulgence of an over-fond parent was never abused by him, and of the numerous scrapes Ronald got into not a single one had the suspicion of "shadiness."

And now let me tell of Ronald Steel's most daring escapade.

On the following Thursday, about midday, Steel and I were walking towards the town, and it happened that on our way was the field in which the circus had put up. We had passed this when we met a lad, whose reddened eyes told that he had been crying. He looked as miserable and distressful a sight as a boy could look.

"What's the matter?" Steel asked, in his frank way. The boy looked surlily and with some suspicion at us, but the cheery manner in which the question was put seemed to assure him that we had no unkind motive in speaking to him.

"She's dyin', and 'e won't let me go 'ome and see 'er," he said, huskily. And his tears began to flow again.

"Who's 'she'?" Steel asked.

"My mother," was the sad reply.

"And who's——? Why, Smith, do you see

who it is?" said Steel to me, breaking off in surprise. "It's the 'Little Wonder!'" Then, addressing the boy again, he said: "'He' is your master, I suppose?"

"Yes, the 'ound! If I was bigger, I'd—I'd *kill* 'im! I don't mind the knocking about so much; I've got used to that. But 'e might let me go and—and—see 'er," he said. And it was not to his shame that sobs choked his voice.

"But why don't you go? and be hanged to him! I would—the beastly cad!"

"I can't; I ain't got no money—she's in London. Besides, 'e'd 'alf kill me when I got back, and then sack me—then what would I do? I shall never see 'er agen." And he looked away sadly. He was a pathetic figure.

Steel did not speak for a moment, but stood trying to think of a way to help the boy.

As things were at present, the Wonder must either come back to the circus (which, after all, was his only means of livelihood), or else most probably starve on the London streets, for, he said, he had no friends. Neither prospect was inviting, and Steel's proposal formed an easy way out of the difficulty. One of his frequent sayings was, "The pater'll do anything for me," and relying on this assurance he made the Wonder an offer.

"HERE'S A SOV.—THAT'LL TAKE YOU TO LONDON AND LEAVE SOME OVER."

"Here's a sov.—that'll take you to London and leave some over. When you need to work again, go down to my father's place in Surrey, and he'll give you a job on the farm or else amongst the stables—that is, if you like horses. How will that do?"

For a moment the Wonder, whose wits had been well sharpened by his contact with the rough side of the world, was inclined to be suspicious. Was it a school-boy trick the young gentleman was playing him? He looked at the piece of gold in his hand—that was right enough! He thought of the horses—he loved horses; and he glanced keenly at Steel. No, there was no trickery. Then, when he felt quite sure that the offer was genuine, he was unable to express his delight. The prospect of seeing his mother before she died, and the chance of getting free from his cruel master, seemed almost too good to be possible, and whilst he was trying to find words with which to thank Steel, that youth seized him by the arm and said:—

"Come on! There's a train soon, I believe," and we hurried away.

It was a sad story of harsh and even brutal treatment which the Wonder had to tell as we walked to the station—and Steel was not slow in expressing his anger in the strongest terms.

We had not long to wait for a train, and we saw the Wonder safely off, Steel giving him full instructions regarding the way to reach his Surrey home.

"You see, Smith," said Steel, as we returned to the school, "it'll be doing the kid a good turn to get him out of the circus."

"Yes, but how will your pater like it?" I ventured to ask, doubtfully.

"You don't know my pater," he replied confidently. "It'll be easy enough to make room in the stables for the Wonder, and dad 'll do anything I ask him, especially this kind of thing. But, by Jove! that circus chap must be a blackguard!"

"He ought to be kicked," I said. "It would be a fine thing to show him up—write to the papers, or something." Excepting a few angry exclamations at the brutality of Antonius, Steel said no more until we reached the school gate. There he thumped me on the back and chuckled.

"That'll do fine!" he said grinning.

"Will it?" I asked. "A little painful to me, perhaps; but it's pleasant to know that you're satisfied. I can't say I share your opinion." I hoped that I spoke ironically.

"Look here, Smith, I've hit on a first-rate way of paying old Antonius out."

"You've hit on me—I know that. But proceed—unfold your plans."

"Listen!" said Steel, with a mock-tragic roll of the tongue. "Old Antonius seems to reckon on the Wonder as one of his best cards, and he'll be pretty mad when he has to leave that child out of the programme. And the crowd will be pretty mad too. Now, if I can show the cad that I can do a trick or two that the Wonder can't touch, he'll engage me on the spot to take his place. So I'm going to offer my services to old Antonius; and the success of my scheme all depends on whether he accepts my offer or not." Then Steel described the way in which he intended to show up the circus proprietor. "All the fellows will be there to-night—tell 'em to keep quiet and look out for some fun."

Now Steel's plan was just one of those reckless undertakings in which his soul delighted, and I saw the possibility of a painful issue, which I ventured to point out to him, hoping to dissuade him.

"Don't worry yourself, I shall be all right," was all he said.

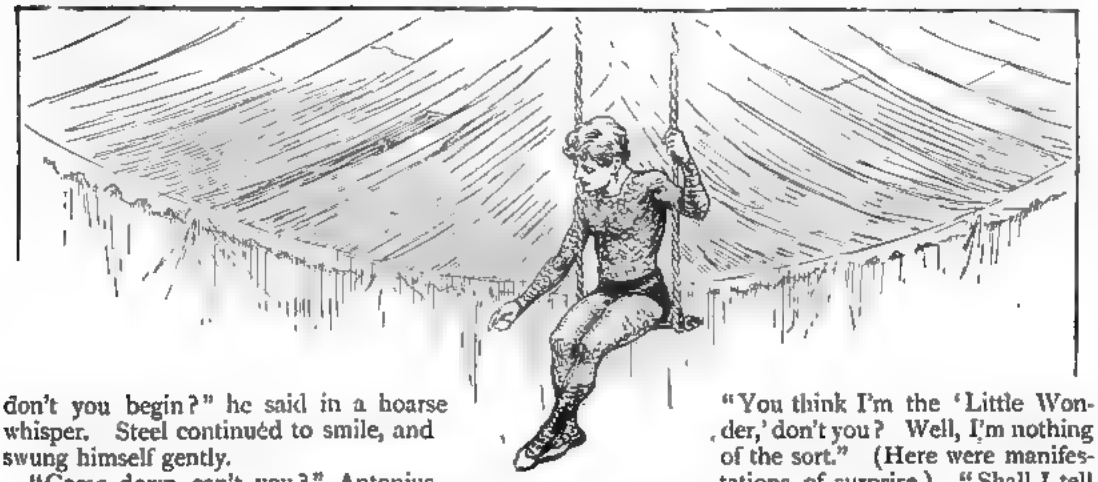
HE FOUND THE CIRCUS PROPRIETOR RED IN THE FACE AND VERY SAVAGE.

That afternoon Steel, having made himself look as much as possible like a youth anxious to earn an honest penny, went and interviewed Antonius. He found the circus proprietor red in the face and very savage, swearing at whichever of his men happened to be within sound of his voice, as he strutted up and down among the caravans

Steel told me afterwards that when he referred to the Wonder, Antonius became speechless with fury; but his manner changed when he saw in Steel's offer a possibility of filling the runaway's place; and Ronald's demonstration of what he could do on the trapeze so pleased him that he readily engaged him.

At half past seven the circus tent was crowded; the entry of the clowns opened the proceedings, and the performance, such as it was, ran smoothly, until the item the "Little Wonder" was announced in a pompous manner by Antonius himself, who acted as ringmaster. We fellows, who sat in a body near the ring, had been scarcely able to hide our excitement throughout the performance, but now we fairly wriggled with expectation. With a flourish from the cornet, the trombone, the French horn, and the big drum—which constituted the orchestra—Steel, impersonating the "Little Wonder," and attired in that youngster's spangled costume, ran into the ring and bowed in the most correct circus fashion. Steel was small for his age, and the Wonder's clothes fitted him well; in fact, there was little to show to the man in the crowd that he was not the Wonder himself. Seizing a rope, he was hauled up to the trapeze, and there he sat for a moment rubbing his hands on a handkerchief in preparation for his display. But we looked in vain for the brilliant feats which we knew he could do. He hung by his legs and swung backwards and forwards; he stood up, sat down, hung by his hands, and did other simple things, but nothing else. The audience began to groan, whereat he smiled complacently. The ringmaster's face grew red as a peony, and he strode out into the middle of the ring and looked up at Steel.

"What are you doing, you young fool? Why



don't you begin?" he said in a hoarse whisper. Steel continued to smile, and swung himself gently.

"Come down, can't you?" Antonius shouted his command, and the audience jeered and yelled.

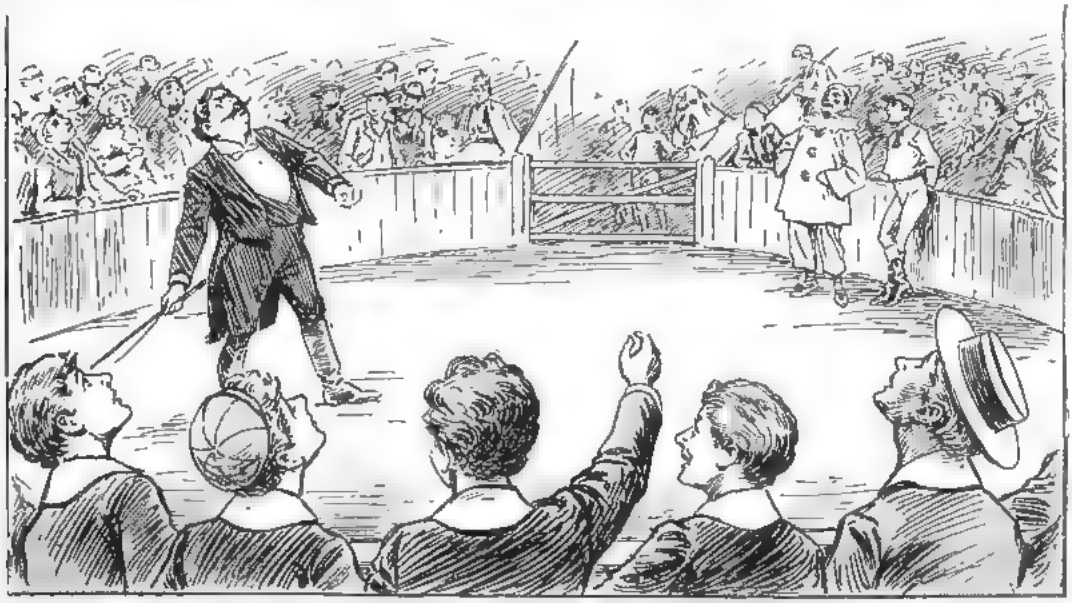
Steel gracefully kissed his finger-tips in the direction of the furious man below him. Then he stood up and motioned to the people for silence, indicating that he wished to say something. Our fellows began "Sh!"-ing so that he might get a hearing, and the crowd, whose interest was thoroughly aroused by this strange development, quieted down and waited for Steel to speak, whilst Antonius, furious and helpless to interfere (for Steel was out of reach and far above his head), looked on with amazement.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Steel began—though small of stature he had a tremendous voice, which could be plainly heard all over the tent. "You think I'm the 'Little Wonder,' don't you? Well, I'm nothing of the sort." (Here were manifestations of surprise.) "Shall I tell you where the 'Little Wonder' is? He is in London—he has gone to see his mother, who is dying." Here Antonius aroused himself from his utter amazement.

"Come down!" he roared. "Come down, or I'll—I'll flog you!"

"If that gentleman who's interrupting me will kindly step up here, I shall be happy to be flogged by him," said Steel, coolly; and the crowd laughed at the idea of the stout ringmaster clambering up to where the boy sat.

"You heard what he said?" Steel asked. "He threatens to flog me. And, ladies and gentlemen," (Steel was very polite and, I suspect, had rehearsed most of his speech in order that it might have the desired effect), "I can



"COME DOWN," HE ROARED. "COME DOWN, OR I'LL—I'LL FLOG YOU"

assure you that the proprietor of this circus well understands the art of flogging. A week ago the 'Little Wonder' had the supreme impudence to ask that man down there to allow him to go home and see his mother, and his request was answered with a horse-whip. He was willing to risk almost anything to go, but he had no money and feared dismissal, and therefore couldn't leave without permission. So he asked again the next day. Again that person down there, who runs this show, replied with the whip."

I never in my life saw a man so enraged as was the red-faced Antonius. He stamped helplessly up and down in the sawdust, and he again bellowed to Steel to descend; but this time the people shouted him down.

"Go on, youngster!" they cried.

"This morning, however, things so happened that the 'Little Wonder' was able to take the 12.45 for London. And, ladies and gentlemen, he *doesn't intend to come back.*"

Here there was a cheer.

"I call Antonius Thompsonio a brutal cad," shouted Steel in his excitement; "and I think the people of Shaybrook ought to know it!"

The crowd, with cheers for Steel, and hisses and groans for Antonius, made a tremendous hubbub, until presently the cheers gave way to the hostile sounds, and things at last looked so threatening for the unhappy circus proprietor that he wisely retired from the ring.

Steel had not finished. He once more held up his hand for silence.

"I promised the proprietor that I would take the 'Little Wonder's' place to-night, and I must, of course, keep my promise. And I don't want to defraud you of your money's worth, so, with your permission, I will do the Wonder's turn as well as I can."

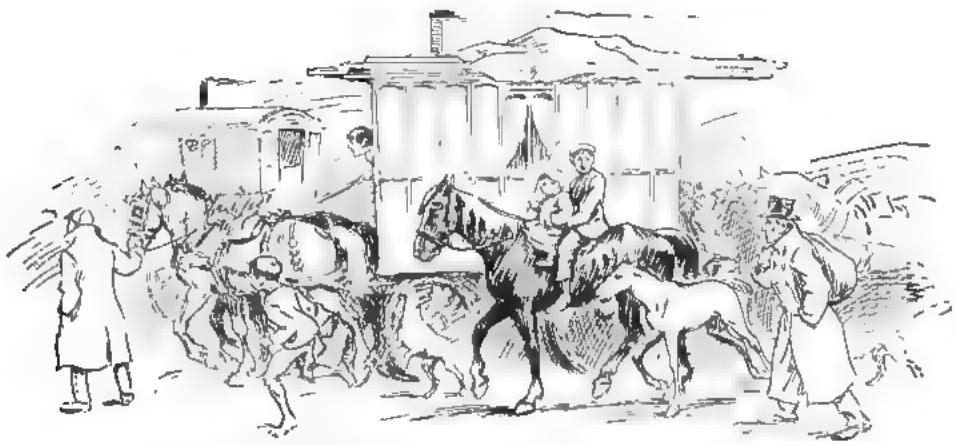
And, with a rapid movement, he had set the trapeze a-swinging, and for ten minutes or more delighted the crowd with his feats. His accurately-timed somersaults, his balancing tricks, and his exhibitions of muscular strength drew cheer after cheer; and, at his final effort, the people rose at him and cheered again.

Slipping down by the rope he joined us, and, having put him into the overcoat which we held ready, we hurried him away before the spectators had time to leave their seats. And a significant thing about it was that not a single man of the circus hands attempted to interfere in the interests of their master.

As Steel said: "It paid old Antonius out," and, having succeeded in thus avenging the poor, ill-used Wonder, he was content. The half-hour's serious conversation with the Head on the rash and foolish method of his retribution, and the stiff letter from his father on the same subject, depressed him but slightly.

"It may have been rash," he said, with a grin, "but the cad deserved it, and I'm glad I did it. It'll teach him a lesson."

But, although Steel's father was angry, he did not refuse to care for the Wonder, when he turned up at the stables a week or so later. And I may add that, up to the present, Antonius Thompsonio has not again brought his circus to amuse the people of Shaybrook.



UP TO THE PRESENT ANTONIUS THOMPSONIO HAS NOT AGAIN BROUGHT HIS CIRCUS TO SHAYBROOK.

ACTON'S FEUD

A PUBLIC SCHOOL STORY.

BY FRED SWAINSON.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. M. R. WHITWELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE FOUL.

SHANNON, the old Blue, had brought down a rattling eleven—two Internationals among them—to give the school the first of its annual "Socker" matches. We have a particular code of football of our own, which the school has played time out of mind; but, ten years ago, the Association game was introduced, despite the murmuring of some of the masters, many of the parents—all old Amorians—and of Moore, the Head, who had yielded to varied pressures, but in his heart thought "Socker" vastly inferior to the old game. Association had flourished exceedingly; so much so that the Head made it a law that, on each Thursday in the Michaelmas term, the old game, and nothing but the old game, should be played, and woe betide any unauthorised "cutters" thereof. This was almost the only rule that Corker never swerved a hair's breadth from, and bitter were the regrets when Shannon had sent word to Bourne, our captain, that he could bring down a really clinking team to put our eleven through their paces, if the match were played on Thursday. Saturday, on account of big club fixtures, was almost impossible. Corker consented to the eleven playing the upstart code for this occasion only, but for the school generally the old game was to be *de rigueur*.

So on this Thursday pretty well the whole school was out in the Acres, where the old game was in full swing; and, though I fancy the players to a man would have liked to have lined up on the touch-line in the next field and given Shannon the "whisper" he deserves, O. G. claimed them that afternoon for its own, and they were unwilling martyrs to old Corker's cast-iron conservatism. Consequently, when Bourne spun the coin and Shannon decided to play with the wind there would not be more than seventy or eighty on the touch-line. Shannon asked me to referee, so I found a whistle, and the game started.

It was a game in which there seemed to be two or three players who served as motive forces, and the rest were worked through. On one side Shannon at back, Amber the International at half, and Aspinall, the International left-winger, were head and shoulders above the others; on our side, Bourne and Acton dwarfed the rest.

Bourne played back, and Acton was his partner. Bourne I knew well, since he was in the Sixth, and I liked him immensely; but of Acton I knew only a little by repute and nothing personally. He was in the Fifth, but, except in the ordinary way of school life, he did not come much into the circle wherein the Sixth moves. He was brilliantly clever, with that sort of showy brilliance which some fellows possess: in the exams. he would walk clean through a paper, or leave it untouched—no half measures. He was in Biffen's house and quite the most important fellow in it, and no end popular with his own crowd, for they looked to him to give their house a leg up, both in the schools and in the fields, for Biffen's were the slackest house in St. Amory's. He played football with a dash and vim good to see, and I know a good few of the eleven envied him his long, lungeing rush, which parted man and ball so cleanly, and his quick, sure kick that dropped the ball unerringly to his forwards. He was not in the eleven; but that he would be in before the term was over was a "moral." He was good-looking and rather tall, and had a certain foreign air, I thought; his dark face seemed to be hard and proud, and I had heard that his temper was fiery.

Bourne had chosen him to play against Shannon's team, and as Acton bottled up the forwards on his wing Bourne felt that the school's future right back would not be far to seek.

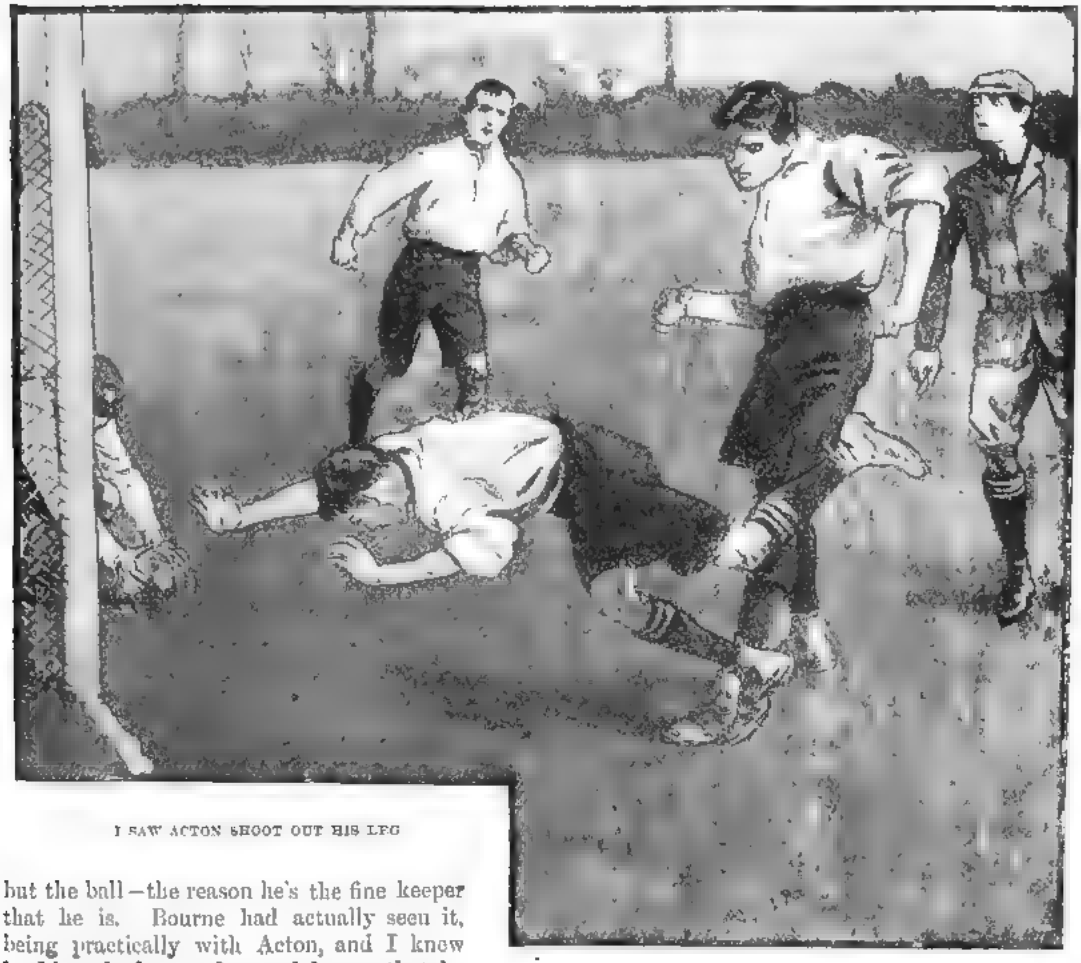
I soon saw that the school was not quite good enough for the others: Shannon was almost impassable, and Amber, the half, generally waltzed round our forwards, and when he secured he passed the ball on to Aspinall, who doubled like a hare along the touch-line. The question then was "Could Acton stop the flying International, who spun along like Bassett himself?" And he did, generally; or, if he could not, he forced him to part with the ball, and either Baines, our half, lying back, nipped in and secured, or Bourne cleared in the nick of time. Nine times out of ten, when Acton challenged Aspinall, the International would part with the ball to his inside partner; but twice he feinted, and before either of the school backs could recover, the ball was shot into the net with a high and catapultic cross shot. Again and again, the game resolved itself into a duello between Acton and Aspinall, and Bourne, when he saw the dealings with the International and his wiles, smiled easily. He saw the school was stronger than he thought.

The interval came with the score standing at two against us. When I started the game again I found that our fellows were pulling along much better with the wind, and that some of Shannon's men were not quite so dangerous as before, for condition told. We quickly had one through, and when I found myself blowing the whistle for a second goal I began to think that the school might pull through after all. Meanwhile Acton and Aspinall were having their occasional tussles, though somewhat less often than before, and three or four times the school back was overturned pretty heartily in the encounters.

Though there was not a suspicion of unfairness or temper on Aspinall's part I fancied that Acton was getting rather nettled at his frequent upsets. He was, I considered, heavier than Aspinall, and much taller, so I was both rather waxy and astonished to find that he was infusing a little too much vigour into his tackling, and, not to put too fine a point on it, was playing a trifle roughly. Aspinall was bundled over the touch-line a good half-dozen times, with no little animus behind the charge, and ultimately Bourne noticed it. Now Bourne loathed anything approaching bad form, so he said sharply to Acton, though quietly, "Play the game, sir! Play the ball!" Acton flushed angrily, and I did not like the savage way he faced round to Bourne, who was particularly busy at that moment and did not notice it. The game went on until within about five minutes from time. Amber had been feeding Aspinall assiduously for the last ten minutes, and Acton had, despite his cleverness, more than he could really hold in the flying International. He stalled off the attack somehow, and Bourne always covered his exertions, so that it seemed as if there would be a draw after all. At last the ball was swung across, and Aspinall was off on a final venture. Acton stuck to him like a leech, but the winger tipped the ball to his partner, and as Acton moved to intercept the inside, the latter quickly and wisely poked the ball back again to Aspinall. He was off again in his own inimitable style, and I saw him smile as he re-started his run. I rather fancy Acton saw it too and accepted the smile as a sneering challenge; anyhow, he set his lips and I believe made up his mind that in any case Aspinall should not get the winning goal. How it exactly happened I cannot say, but as Aspinall was steadying himself, when at top speed, for an almost point-blank delivery, I saw Acton break his own stride, shoot out his leg, and the next moment the International was stumbling forward, whilst the ball rolled harmlessly onward into our goal-keeper's hands. I could hardly believe my own eyes, but it was a deliberate trip, if ever there was one! Aspinall tried to recover himself, failed, and came with a sickening crash against the goal-post. I blew the whistle and rushed to Aspinall; his cheek was bleeding villainously and he was deadly pale. I helped him up, and he said with his usual smile—who could mistake it for a sneer?—"Thanks, old man. Yes, I do feel a bit seedy. That back of yours is an animal though." He tried hard to keep his senses; I saw him battling against his faintness, but the pain and shock were too much for him; he fell down again in a dead faint.

We improvised a hurdle and carried him up to the school. Acton, pale to the lips, prepared to bear a hand, but Bourne unceremoniously took him by the arm and said with concentration, "No thanks, Acton. We'll excuse you—you beastly cad!" I heard Bourne's remark, though no one else saw or heard. Acton's hand closed involuntarily, and he gave Bourne a vitriolic look, but did nothing nor said anything. We took Aspinall up to Merishall's—his old house—where he was staying, and left him there still unconscious.

What astonished me was that no one save Bourne had noticed the trip, but when I came to think it over the explanation was easy. Acton had, whether from accident or of purpose, "covered" his man and blocked the view from behind. I myself had not really *seen* the trip, but it would have been plainly visible for anyone opposite on the touch-line, and luckily there was no one opposite. The goal-keeper might have seen it, but Roberts never attends to anything



I SAW ACTON SHOOT OUT HIS LEG

but the ball—the reason he's the fine keeper that he is. Bourne had actually seen it, being practically with Acton, and I knew by his pale face and scornful eyes that he would dearly have liked to kick Acton on the spot.

I was, as you may guess, intensely pleased that no one had an idea of the foul except Bourne and myself, for I could imagine vividly where the rumour of this sort of "form" would spread to. We'd hear of it for years after.

I mentally promised that Acton should have a little of my opinion on the matter on the first opportunity.

CHAPTER II.

THE PENALTY.

I ARRANGED to see Bourne that evening, when we should have heard the doctor's report on Aspinall. In the evening Bourne strolled into my room looking a little less gloomy than I expected. "Briggs says that there is nothing broken, and that as soon as Aspinall gets over the shock he will be all right. The cut may leave a scar, but that will be about all. All the same, Carr, I think that's too heavy a price to pay for the bad temper of one of our fellows who can't stand a tumble into the mud at 'footer.' You saw the villainy, didn't you?"

"I can't say I actually saw him trip, but there's no doubt whatever that it was an abominable foul."

"None at all. I saw him, worse luck, tolerably plainly."

"Do you know anything about him?"

"Practically nothing."

"I think Biffen's rather fancy he's going to lift them out of the mire."

"Can't say I envy them their champion."

"What strikes me as odd is that such a magnificent player should do such a vile trick."

"Rum, certainly. The affair will give quite a professional touch to our 'Socker' fixtures, and

the Carthusians will ask us to bar our bullies when they come down again. Oh, this *is* sweet!"

"I say, Bourne, this business must not move one inch further. You've spoken to no one?"

"Is it likely?"

"We'll not have any of our dirty linen washed *coram populo*, old chap. Frightful bad form. No one knows but you, Aspinall, and self."

"Surely Aspinall will——"

"You don't know Aspinall, old man. He'd shrivel up sooner than say a word more. Bet you he'll speak of it as an accident. Remember, he was captain of the school here once."

"Which makes it a blacker shame than ever," said Bourne wrathfully.

"I've inquired casually of the Fifth, and it seems our friend once distinguished himself in the gym. Lost his temper—as *per recipe*—and Hodgson had to knock him down before he could see that we put on the gloves here for a little healthy exercise, and the pleasure of lifting some of the public schools championships. He, however, apologised to Hodgson, but I don't think he'll do the honourable here."

"Then, the chief attraction of the beauty is its temper?"

"Or want of it."

"Who is he, anyhow?"

"Yorkshire people, I believe. Own half a town and no end of coin. Been to school in France and Germany, and consequently came here rather late. I know his head-piece is all right, and I imagine his amiability is only a little foreign blood working its way out. He will be with us in the Sixth at Christmas."

"Delightful prospect. What I want to know is—how are we to settle this business as far as he is concerned? Ought Moore to know?"

"I don't think so. Never trouble Corker more than you can help, old man. That's a tip for you when I'm gone. Besides, masters generally mishandle affairs of this sort. I rather fancy I'll put it to Aspinall when he pulls through."

"Do. One thing, though, is pretty certain. He'll never get his cap as long as I'm captain of the footer eleven. I'd rather come out of it myself."

"Of course. I see there's no help for that, but, all the same, it will make complications. What a pity he *can* play!"

"It is, for he is a back out of a thousand."

Bourne's voice had in it a ring of genuine regret, and whilst I could almost have smiled at his unaffectedly tragic tone I could see the vista which his resolution opened up. I heard the school shouting at Bourne to let the finest player out of the eleven in, and all the shouting would be across "seas of misunderstanding." I know Bourne saw the difficulties himself, and he left my study soon after with a rather anxious look on his face. Personally I determined not to think about the matter until I had seen Aspinall. From the very first I had never expected any help from Acton. There was something about the whole of his bearing in the caddish business that told me plainly that we would have to treat him, not as a fellow who had been betrayed to a vile action by a beastly temper and was bitterly sorry for it, but as a fellow who hated us for finding it out.

I saw Aspinall two days later, and as we walked towards the station I broached the matter.

"Certainly; I thought he tripped me, but he has written me and said how sorry he was for my accident, so, of course, it rests there."

"Candidly, Aspinall, have you any doubt yourself?"

"No, old fellow. I'm sorry, but I really think he tripped me. He was riled at a little hustling from Shannon's lot, and I may have upset him myself occasionally. But it is a small matter."

I looked at the bandages across his cheek, and I didn't think it small.

"But, Aspinall, even if we leave you out of the business, it isn't a small matter for us, especially for Bourne."

"Well, no; hardly for you," he admitted. "'Twas a piece of sheer bad form. It shouldn't be done at our place at all."

"If you were in Bourne's place would you bar him his place in the eleven?"

Aspinall considered a full minute.

"On the whole, I think I should—at least, for one term; but I'd most certainly let him know why he was not to have his cap—privately, of course. I should not like it to get about, and I do not fancy Acton will say much about it."

That night Bourne and I crossed over to Biffen's, and waylaid Acton in his den. I'm pretty sure there wasn't another room like his in the whole school. No end of swell pictures—foreign mostly; lovely little books, which, I believe, were foreign also; an etching of his own place up in Yorkshire; carpets, and rugs, and little statuettes—swagger through and through; a little too much so, I believe, for the rules, but Biffen evidently had not put his foot down. Acton was standing on the hearthrug with his back to the fire, and on seeing us he politely offered us chairs with the air of a gentleman and a something of grace, which was a trifle foreign.

I saw that Acton's polite cordiality nettled Bourne more than a little, but he solemnly took a chair, and in his blunt, downright fashion, plunged headlong into the business.

"Only came to say a word or two, Acton, about Thursday's match."

"A very good one," he remarked, with what Corker calls "detached interest." "Aspinall's accident was more than unfortunate."

"The fact is," said Bourne, bluntly, "neither Carr nor I believe it was an accident."

"No? What was it, then? Everyone else thought it was though."

"We know better. We know that you deliberately fouled him, and——"

Acton paled, and his eyes glittered viciously, though he said calmly: "That is a lie."

"And," continued Bourne, "though there is not a fellow even a respectable second to you at 'footer,' I shall not give you your cap as long as I am captain of the eleven. That is all I came to say."

Acton said quite calmly (why was he so uncommonly cool, I asked myself?)—though his face was red and white alternately: "Then listen carefully to what I say. I particularly wanted to have my footer cap—why, does not concern anyone but myself—and I don't fancy losing it because a couple of fellows see something that a hundred others couldn't see, for the sufficient reason that there wasn't anything to see. I shall make no row about it; and, since you can dole out the caps to your own pet chums, and no one can stop you—do it! but I think you'll regret it all the same. I'm not going to moan about it—that isn't my way; but I really think you'll regret it. That is all; though"—this with a mocking sneer—"why it requires two of you to come and insult a man in his own room I don't understand."

"I came to say that if you'd apologise to Aspinall things might straighten."

"Might straighten! Oh, thanks!" he said, his face looking beastly venomous. "I think you'd better go, really."

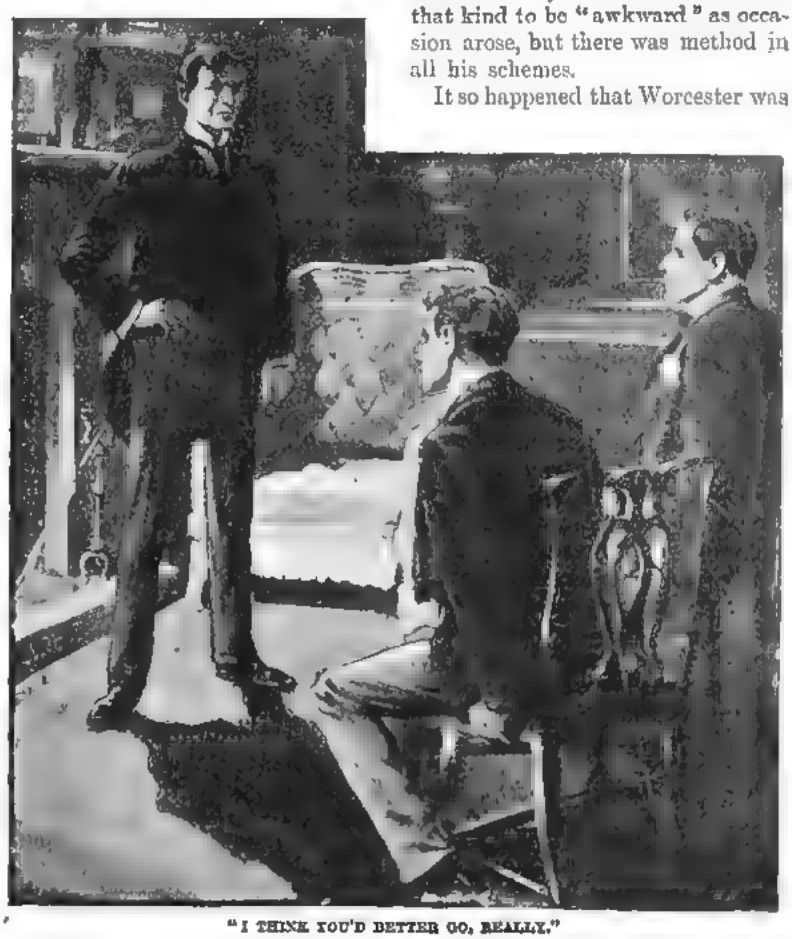
So we went, and I could not but feel that Bourne was right when he said on parting: "Our friend will make himself superbly disagreeable over this, take my word for it! But he won't get into the eleven, and I won't have a soul know that old Aspinall's scar is the work of a fellow in St. Amory's, either. If they have to know, he must tell them himself."

CHAPTER III

THE REGENERATION OF BIFFEN'S HOUSE.

To say that Acton was upset by our visit and our conversation and Bourne's ultimatum would be beside the mark; he was furious, and when he had cooled down somewhat, his anger settled into a long, steady stretch of hate towards us both, but especially towards Bourne. He simmered over many plans for getting "even" with him, and when he had finally mapped out a course he proceeded, as someone says, "diligently to ensue it"; for Acton was not of that kind to be "awkward" as occasion arose, but there was method in all his schemes.

It so happened that Worcester was



"I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO, REALLY."

captain of Biffen's house, and also of Biffen's "footer" team. My own opinion was that poor old Worcester would have given a lot to be out of such a house as Biffen's, and I know he utterly despised himself for having in a moment of inexplicable weakness consented to be permanent lead to Biffen's awful crowd on the Acres. He died a thousand deaths after each (usual) annihilation. Worcester and Acton had nothing in common, and, except that they were in the same house and form, they would not probably have come to nodding terms. Worcester, of course, looked up to the magnificent "footer" player as the average player looks up to the superlative. After the first game of the season, when Acton had turned out in all his glory, Dick had thereupon offered to resign his captaincy, even pressing, with perhaps suspicious eagerness, Acton's acceptance of that barren honour. But Acton did not bite. Captains were supposed to turn out pretty well every day with their strings, and Acton was not the sort of fellow to have his hands tied in any way. So he had gently declined.

"No, old man. Wouldn't dream of ousting you. You'll get a good team out of Biffen's yet. Plenty of raw material."

"That's just it," said Worcester, naively, "it is so jolly raw."

"Well, cook it, old man."

"It only makes hash," said Worcester, with a forlorn smile at his own joke.

But now Acton thought that the captaincy of Biffen's might dovetail into his schemes for the upsetting of Bourne, and therefore Dick's proposal was to be reconsidered. Thus it was that Worcester got a note from Acton asking him to breakfast.

Worcester came, and his eyes visibly brightened when he spotted Acton's table, for there was more than a little style about Acton's catering, and Worcester had a weakness for the square meal. Acton's fag, Grim, was busy with the kettle, and there was an reinforcement in Dick's special honour, young Poulett, St. Amory's champion egg poacher, sustaining his big reputation in a large saucepan. Worcester sank into his chair with a sigh of satisfaction at sight of little Poulett; he was to be in clover, evidently.

"That's right, Worcester. That *is* the easiest chair. Got that last egg on the toast, Poulett? You're a treasure, and so I'll write your mamma. Tea or coffee, Dick? Coffee for Worcester, Grim, tea for me. Pass that cream to Worcester, and you've forgotten the knife for the pie. You're a credit to Sharpe's, Poulett; but remember that you've been poaching for Biffen's footer captain. That's something, anyhow. Don't grin, Poulett; it's bad form. Going? To Bourne's, eh! I can recommend you, though it would be no recommendation to him. You can cut too, Grim, and clear at 9.30. See the door catches." Grim scuttled after the renowned egg-poacher, and Worcester and Acton were left alone. When Worcester was fed, and had pushed back his chair, Acton broached the business to which the breakfast was the preliminary.

"Fact is, Worcester, I've been thinking how it is that Biffen's is the slackest house in the place."

"Oh! it's got such a plucky reputation, you know. The kids weep when they're put down for Biffen's. Give a dog a bad name——"

"But why the bad name?"

"Dunno! Perhaps it's Biffen. I think so, anyhow. At any rate, there's not been a fellow from the house in the Lord's eleven or in the footer eleven, and in the schools Biffen's crowd always close the rear. By the way, how did you come among our rout?"

"I think mater knew Biffen; that's the explanation."

"Rather rough on you."

"Don't feel anything, really, Worcester."

"Well, Biffen has got a diabolical knack of picking up all the loose ends of the school; all the impossible fellows gravitate here: why, look at our Dervishes!" (Dervish was the slang for foreigners at St. Amory's.)

"We've certainly got more than our share of colour."

"That's Biffen's all the world over," said Dick, with intense heat; "you could match any colour between an interesting orange and a real jet black among our collection. Biffen simply can't resist a nigger. He must have him. What they come to the place at all for licks me. Can't the missionaries teach 'em to spell?"

"*La haute politique*," suggested Acton.

"Of Sarawack or Timbuctoo?" said Worcester with scorn. "Bet my boots that Borneo one's governor went head-hunting in his time, and the darkest African one's knows what roasted man is."

Acton laughed, for a nigger was to Worcester as a red rag to a bull. "St. Amory's for niggers," Dick would say with intense scorn.

"Anyhow," said Acton, "I think there's no need for us to be quite so slack."

"You'll pull us up a bit?" said Dick with genuine admiration.

"Thanks. But I meant the whole house generally."

"Not much good. We're Biffen's, that never did nor never shall, etc."

"I don't know. There's sixty of us, barring your niggers; we ought to get eleven to look at

a football with a business eye out of that lot, you know."

"We ought to, but don't."

"We ought to do something in the schools too."

"We ought to, but don't, though Raven is in for the Perry Exhibition. Guess he won't pull it off though."

"We'll see about that, too," said Acton. "As for the niggers——"

"Oh, never mind them!" burst in Worcester. "Without humbug, Acton, do you really want our house to move a bit?"

"Rather!"

"Well then, consent to captain our footer eleven and we give ourselves a chance, for I can't make the fellows raise a gallop at any price, and I somehow think you can. Have a try. If you are sick of it at Christmas, I'll come in again; honour bright. It isn't too good-natured of me to ask you to pull Biffen's out of the mud, but you're the only fellow to do it if it can be done. Will you?"

"You wouldn't mind resigning?"

"By Jove, no!" said Worcester, precipitately. "Don't mention it. Not at all, old man, not at all."

"Well, I've been thinking that, if you didn't mind, I'd like to try my hand on our crowd; though, since you don't move 'em, there can't be much chance for me to do anything smart."

"That doesn't follow, for you aren't me, old man."

"Then I'll have a shot at it."

Worcester grasped Acton's hand, as the French say, "with emotion."

"But the house will have to elect me, you know; perhaps they'd fancy Raven as captain. He can play decently, and they know him."

"Well, Biffen's are a dense lot, but I'm hanged if even their stupidity would do a thing like that. They've seen you play, haven't they?"

"Thanks. Fact is, Dick, I feel a bit bored by the patronage of Taylor's and Merishall's, and Sharpe's and Corker's, and all the rest of the houses."

"Oh! Biffen's laid himself out for that, you must see."

"I don't fancy Bourne's sneers and Hodgson's high stilts."

"Haven't noticed either," said Dick.

"H'm!" said Acton, rather nettled by Dick's dry tone. "I have. As for the niggers——"

"The other houses despise us on their account. We're the Dervish Camp to the rest."

"As for the niggers, they shall do something for Biffen's too," said Acton rather thoughtfully.

"You mean in the sing-songs? Well, they'll spare the burnt cork certainly."

"Well, that's an idea too," said Acton, laughing, "but not the one I had. That will keep."

Worcester might have some curiosity to know what Acton's idea was, but he wasn't going to inquire anything about the niggers.

"It's awfully brickish of you, Worcester," said Acton, as Grim was heard trotting up the corridor, "to stand down."

"Not at all, the sacrifice is on your altar."

"Then *allons*. Here's Grim knocking, and I've to see Corker at 9.40. You'll excuse me." Grim came in and commenced to clear away, and the two sallied out.

That day, after morning school, Biffen's held a meeting, and thereat Acton was proposed captain by Worcester and seconded by Raven; and Biffen's confirmed Worcester's qualified opinion of their sense by electing him *nem. con.*

From that day Acton threw his heart and soul into the regeneration of Biffen's. There did not pass an afternoon but that he turned out for footer, and coached, encouraged, bullied, stormed, praised each individual member of the team with the strictest impartiality and Spartan justice.

The smallest fault was dragged out into the light of day, and commented on with choicefulness, and any clever concerted piece of work got its due reward. Acton would stand no half-hearted play; he wanted the last ounce out of his men. The fellows stared a bit at first at his deadly earnestness, so unlike Dick's disgusted resignation at their shortcomings; but they found the change refreshing on the whole, for they could stand a lot of bullying from a fellow like Acton, who never seemed to make a mistake, or to have an off day, and who could give stones and a beating to the best man among them. They respected his skill, and buckled to the work in hand. In about a fortnight there was a suggestion of style about the moving of some of the fellows up the field. Worcester backed up Acton with whole-hearted enthusiasm, and Raven was lost in wonder at the forward movement. This backing Acton found rather useful, for Dick and Raven were as popular as any in St. Amory's.

Some of the fellows were inclined to turn restive after about a fortnight, when the novelty of earnestness in football had worn off, but Acton's demands were as inexorable as ever. Matters came to a head (probably, as I expect, to the new captain's inward satisfaction) when his girding upset Chalmers—about the best forward of Biffen's regenerated lot. There was to be a match with some of the Fifth for the Saturday, and Acton had arranged a preliminary canter the day before to test his attack. Chalmers was the winger, but on the day he was tremendously selfish, and stuck to the ball until he was robbed or knocked off it.

Now Acton loathed the "alone I did it" type of forward, and asked Chalmers pretty acidly what his inside man was for. This riled Chalmers considerably, for he had a large private opinion about his own play, and he said pretty hotly, "Mind your own business, Acton."

Acton said very coolly, "I am going to do so. Please remember, Chalmers, this is not a one-horse show."

"Seems distinctly like it, judging by the fellow who's been doing all the talking for the last age."

"Play the game, and don't be an ass."

"I object to being called an ass," said Chalmers in a white rage.

"Well, mule, then," said Acton, cheerfully. "Anything to oblige you, Chalmers, bar your waltzing down the touch-line to perdition. You're not a Bassett nor a Bell yet, you know."

Chalmers would dearly have liked to have struck Acton, but Worcester looked so utterly disgusted at the whole business, that I fancy it was Dick's eye that suggested to Chalmers his getting into his coat and sweater. He did so, and stalked angrily off the field.

Now Chalmers really liked the game, and did not fancy being crossed out of the eleven, which Acton would almost certainly proceed to do; so that night after tea, he went to Worcester's study, and boarded Dick.

"Apologise to Acton," said Dick.

"But he called me an ass!"

"You were one," said Dick dryly. "Acton's putting in a lot of work over the slackest house that ever disgraced the old school, and this is how he's treated. Ass is a mild term."

Chalmers went to Raven.

"Apologise," said Raven.

"He called me a mule," urged Chalmers despairingly.

"So you were. I quite expected to see the kicking begin, really. Acton's sweating no end to screw us up to concert pitch, and flat mutiny is his reward. Apologise, and help us win the Fifth to-morrow."

So Chalmers moved reluctantly across to Acton's and made his apology. "Don't mention it," said Acton cheerfully. "Sorry I upset you, Chalmers, but you elected me captain, and I do want a little success in the houses, and how can we get it if the fellows don't combine? Say no more about it; I was rather afraid you weren't going to come, which is the unadorned truth."

This last delicate touch, which showed Chalmers that without the apology his captain had meant to cut him adrift, *sans* hesitation, and yet contained a pretty little compliment to his footer, embarrassed Chalmers more than a little; but Acton offered his forward tea and muffins, and five minutes afterwards Chalmers was finding out what a nice fellow Acton really could be. The next day Chalmers smoothed his ruffled feelings by piling on three goals against the Fifth, who sneaked off the Acres five goals to the bad. This was the first time for ages that Biffen's had tasted blood, and the news of the victory staggered others besides the victims. There was quite a flutter among the house captains, and Acton, by the way, had no more mutinies.

"Without haste, without rest," Biffen's captain started his second project for the elevation of his house. He had noticed what none of the other fellows would condescend to see, that two of the despised niggers of Biffen's were rather neat on the bars. He spent a quarter of an hour one evening quietly watching the two in the gym., and he went away thoughtful. Sing Ram and Mehtah thereupon each received a polite note, and "could they call about seven in Acton's study?" They came, and Acton talked to them briefly but to the point. When they sought their own quarters again they were beaming, and "Singed" Ram carried a fat book of German physical exercises under his arm.

"Am I not coming out strong?" said Acton, laughing to himself, "when I set the very niggers a-struggling for the greater glory of Biffen's—or is it Acton's? Then, there's that exhibition, which we must try to get for this double-superlative house. Raven must beat that Sixth prig Hodgson, the very bright particular star of Corker's. Would two hours' classics, on alternate nights, meet his case? He shall have 'em, bless him! He shall know what crops Horace grew on his little farm, and all the other rot which gains Perry Exhibitions. Hodgson may strong coffee and wet towel *per noctem*; but, with John Acton as coach, Raven shall upset the apple cart of Theodore Hodgson. There's Todd in for the Perry, too, I hear. Hodgson may be worth powder and shot, but I'm hanged if Raven need fear Cotton's jackal! If only half of my plans come off, still that will put Philip Bourne in a tighter corner than he's ever been in before. Therefore—*en avant!*"

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST CAP.

While Acton was thus making such strenuous exertions to lift Biffen's out of the mire, Bourne was finding out the whole unpainted beauty of the situation—as far as it concerned himself.

The experimental footer elevens were chosen in what, I believe, is the usual manner. The old

members of the school eleven formed a committee, and chose fellows to play in the weekly matches, and if any one of them showed special talent he was, of course, retained, and by-and-bye the captain gave him his school cap, and he was henceforth a full-blown member of the eleven, with a seat on the committee like any of the old gang.

There were left of the last year's team five players — Bourne, Mivart, Vercoe, Baines, and Roberts. The final promotion of fellows into the eleven, however, rested with the captain alone, and when he considered any fellow good enough he signified the same by presenting him with the blue and silver cap of St. Amory.

The giving away of a cap had become quite a function. Whenever there was the rumour that someone was to have a cap after a match, pretty well the whole school swarmed round the pavilion, and when the new member came out in all the glory of his new blue and silver he got the cheers which his play or popularity deserved, and especially did the new member's house distinguish themselves in the shouting.

Thus Bourne had six caps at his disposal, and since "Socker" had been introduced, the last cap was always given so that when the school played the last match — the Carthusians — the eleven would be complete.

Bourne saw at once the cloud which was rising on the horizon when, at the first committee meeting to choose the eleven against "The Cognoscenti" Mivart said: "Well, Bourne, we've got your partner for to-morrow ready made. I think we may put that new chap Acton down right off."

"Rather," said Vercoe. "He can't be left out."

"Best back we've seen for an age—barring Phil, of course," said Baines.

"And the others we'll have to fight over, as usual. My choice is Hodgson for centre."

"Too lazy, Roberts. Mine is Chalmers."

"Rot! He's a winger."

And so the selection of an eleven against the Cognoscenti went on in the usual old-fashioned style.

Bourne dropped into my study afterwards and said, gloomily: "On the whole, Carr, had I not better tell the fellows that they may elect Acton for our school fixtures, but he cannot have his cap? That will take the bull by the horns from the beginning."

"By no means. The other fellows have nothing whatever to do with giving caps away; that is your business entirely. Besides, who knows: Acton may not care to play when he knows he cannot get his cap."

"I'd be agreeably surprised if he didn't. But that won't be his little game. Take my word for it, he'll turn out on every blessed occasion, play like a master of the game, and give us no end of trouble."

"Perhaps he may. Anyhow, something may turn up between now and the last match—we'll hope so, anyhow; and until the last cap is given away the fellows generally won't spot your little game."

"'Tis only putting off the evil day, Carr," said Phil discontentedly.

"A good day to put off."

Thus, when Hodgson was given the first cap, there was the general comment that he was pretty sure to annex a cap sooner or later, and might as well have it soon. Acton's turn—so said the school—would come later, though Biffen's house sneered. "Of course, Hodgson is in the Sixth. What else but a Sixth Form fellow is wanted in a footer eleven?"

Sharpe's house secured the next two caps, and Biffen's groaned aloud. "Whatever is old Phil about? One might think he was blind in his right eye and straddled in his left. We'll send him a pair of gig lamps, and then perhaps he may discover Acton—Acton, of Biffen's."

The weeks went by, and after a spirited display by Chalmers against the Emeriti, he was given his cap, and for the first time since Biffen's was a house they had a man in the eleven. But they gasped as Chalmers came out of the pavilion with his blue and silver cap on his curls. "That ass Bourne found the house at last, and then he goes and carefully spots the wrong man. Whatever *is* the matter with him? To pick Chalmers before Acton! Rot!"

Over tea that night Biffen's bubbled and choked, and the other houses began to take a lively interest in the next distribution, for this constant passing of Acton was becoming exciting. But still—and I was glad to see it—the school had faith in Phil; they counted on justice being done, as it were, in the last laps. No one mentioned a word to him about the intense curiosity and even anxiety that his odd bestowal of caps had excited amongst them, for Phil has that way with him that can shut up a fellow quicker than you can snap a knife if that fellow is travelling out of bounds.

However, when Place, of Merishall's, came out of the pavilion a full-blown member of the school eleven there was a scene. The whole body of fellows now thought that the comedy was pretty nearly becoming a tragedy, and they showed their feelings unmistakably. Place was cheered by Merishall's, but not overwhelmingly, and from the other houses there was an ominous silence

HE WALKED DOWN THE STEPS WITHOUT A FRIENDLY CHEER.

Place, as he trotted out, looked rather puzzled, and a bit undecided how to take his odd reception, and glanced rather helplessly round at the sea of faces all turned anxiously towards him. There would be pretty nearly seven hundred fellows round the pavilion, for there was no end of excitement.

"Keep up your pecker, Place! You're all right, anyhow!" shouted someone.

The other members came out one by one, and were cheered to the echo, and at last Phil came out with Hodgson. He was rather pale, but had his back very straight. There was a dead silence, and, for the first time since he had been captain, Phil walked down the steps without a friendly cheer. I think even now the old school behaved itself very well—the fellows were not behind the scenes, and didn't see more than was before their eyes, but there was not a single word thrown out at Phil. Acton came out with Worcester, and the pity was that he didn't deserve the cheers he got.

The week before the Carthusian match there was but one solitary player to be promoted. The position was back, and every fellow in the place knew that, bar Bourne himself, there wasn't another man that could hold a candle to Acton there. The committee doggedly, and with meaning, elected the only player there was to elect, and Acton signified that he was willing to play. Bourne, as usual, was there, and no one felt more than he the air of distrust and constraint which hung over the meeting. When Acton was unanimously elected for back Phil stolidly wrote out the list of the team and had it pinned up on the notice board. He had carefully drawn the line in red ink above the last name—Acton's—which showed that the pride of Biffen's was not in the eleven yet.

Probably Acton on the next day played as well as even he had ever played in his life, for he was almost impassable, and the crowd of fellows cheered him till they were hoarse. The minute the whistle blew, like one man the whole school swarmed round the pavilion. The question each asked himself and his chum was: "Would Acton get the last cap?" And the answer was: "Why, of course! Who else should have it?"

That afternoon to most of the fellows the eleven seemed an age getting into their sweaters and coats. When Acton appeared first, and it was seen that he was wearing the pink cap of Biffen's on his head there was more than astonishment, there was consternation. Whatever did it mean? Acton smiled good-naturedly at the school as they cheered him to the echo, and hurried unconcernedly along. The others of the eleven came out dejectedly, and filed up the hill in gloomy little groups. The whole school waited for Phil, and when he came out, pale and worried, they received him in icy silence. As he was coming down the steps one of Biffen's fags shouted shrilly, "Three cheers for Acton!"

Phil stalked through the shouting school, and as I joined him and we walked up together, he said, through his clenched teeth:—

"I wish, old man, I had never seen that brute."

That evening Bourne wrote to Worcester offering him the remaining cap.

Worcester flew across to Acton's room, and said: "Bourne has offered me the place—the last cap. He must be stark, staring mad!"

"Take it," said Acton, coolly.

"No fear," said Worcester. "We have a stupid kind of prejudice here for having the best eleven we can get, and it isn't the best if you're out of it. Bourne has always been a most impartial fellow up to this date, so this little occurrence has thrown us off the rails. Before I go to protest, though, have you any idea what is the matter?"

"He does not consider me fit for the eleven," said Acton with a light laugh, but also with perfect truth.

"Rot!" said Dick, hurrying away.

He hunted up the other nine fellows, and said bluntly his business.

"I vote we all protest to Bourne. A round robin should meet the case."

"Good," said Mivart. "Draw one up, Dicky, dear."

Dick in time produced the following:—

"*We, the undersigned, think that the St. Amory eleven is incomplete without John Acton, of Biffen's house, and, consequently, that he ought to have the last cap; and we would beg the captain to offer it him unless there be very good reasons for not doing so. We would suggest that if John Acton isn't to have the cap he be told the reason. The undersigned do not wish in the smallest degree to prejudice the right of the captain to select members for the eleven, but think that in the present case the withholding of a cap from John Acton inexplicable.*"

"You're a ready scribe, Dick," said Chalmers. "We may all sign that, eh?"

"Yes," said Worcester. "I first, because I am undeservedly offered the cap, and the rest of you in order of membership."

No one saw any objection to signing Dick's memorandum, and forthwith, with all legal formality, the round robin was signed by the ten, and sent to Phil by Dick's fag with orders to wait for an answer.

It came within five minutes.

"*Dear Worcester,—I have no intention of offering John Acton a place in the St. Amory's football*

eleven. There are good reasons for not doing so, and I have already told Acton the reasons. Please let me know whether you accept the vacant place I had the pleasure of offering you.—Yours sincerely, Philip Bourne."

This was a thunderbolt among the fellows. Then Acton knew!

Worcester posted back to Acton, lost in amazement.

"Look at this, Acton!"

Acton carefully read Bourne's letter, and Dick, who was watching him anxiously, saw him bite his lips with rage; for Phil's icy contempt stood out in every word of the letter.

"He says you know why you are not in the eleven."

Acton knew that he would have to explain something, or else Bourne would win the day yet. So he said:—

"That is true. He told me so at the beginning of the season, but, of course, I never bargained for his keeping his word: and when you hear the reason he gave me—if this is his reason—you'll gasp."

"Well," said Dick, "although I've no right to ask you, I'd like to hear the plain, unvarnished tale, for, speaking out, Phil Bourne has always passed for a decent, level fellow. This business, somehow, doesn't seem his form at all, and it is only fair to him to say it."

"Did you see the match we had with Shannon's scratch team when the term began?"

"I did."

"Did you notice anything about my play?"

"You opened our eyes a bit, I remember."

"Did I play roughly?"

"No. Not quite that! You were not gentle; but you aren't that as a rule, though your game is fair enough."

"Not for Bourne. He doesn't like my game. I'm too rough. It's bad form, *pace* Bourne, therefore I'm barred my place in the eleven."

"Is that the explanation?"

"Yes. Honour bright! Except"—Acton paused diplomatically for a moment—"except, I don't think he likes me."

"Then Phil is a fool, and he'll find out pretty speedily that we can't stand rot of this quality. I, of course, can't take the cap."

"My dear fellow, why in the world not? If you don't, some other house will get it. Biffen's deserves two fellows in the eleven this year."

"They do, by Jove!"

"Then let us have the satisfaction of keeping out another Corker fellow."

Dick told the other fellows plainly and without any gilding, his conversation with Acton, and they pressed him to go and see Phil personally; so Dick marched heavily to Bourne's quarters.

"Sorry, Worcester, but I cannot explain anything. Not even to you. But I do hope you'll come into the eleven."

Dick said shortly, "I think I shall, for Biffen's deserves the other cap, though the right fellow isn't getting it. By the way, Bourne, you'll not be very sweet to the school generally after this. They—the fellows—to a man, are no end cut up over Acton's treatment."

"I supposed they would be. I knew it would be so."

"Look here, Phil. You always did the square thing. Let us have the reason for this," said Dick earnestly.

"Sorry, Worcester, I can't."

"Good night, then."

"Good night."

The rage and consternation of the Biffenites when they found that Bourne was immovable in his decision can be imagined. Some were inclined to take the matter up to Corker's throne, but they were a miserable minority.

"Let Corker have a finger in our own private affairs!" said Dick, with intense disgust. "What next, gentlemen? We won't be able to blow our own noses without his permission. Keep the masters out of this, whatever we do. Can't we see the thing through ourselves? I vote we try, anyhow."

Some were inclined to blame Dick for accepting the cap; but pretty generally it was agreed that, if Acton was not to have it, Dick was the next best man, but at what a distance! The honour of having two men in the eleven was no *solatium* for the wounded pride of Biffen's, when they considered their great injury. The reason, though, was, naturally, what puzzled them—and, for the matter of that, the whole school. Did Bourne expect his team to play footer as though it were a game of croquet? Were drawing-room manners to be introduced on to the Acres' clay? Were the famous eleven of St. Amory's to amble about, like a swarm of bread-and-butter misses? One wit suggested wadded coats and respirators. Acton rough, indeed! Phil Bourne must be an embodiment of his grandmother then! Most of the fags in Biffen's house sent Phil elaborate instructions for "a nice drawing-room game to take the place of 'Socker' football—nasty, rough 'Socker' footer—for one-and-six, and guaranteed to do no injury to the most delicate constitution. A child can play it!" These letters were anonymous, of course; but Biffen's house-paper was freely used. "Anyhow," said Phil, with a gentle smile to me, "the spelling is obviously Biffen's."

Acton went on his own way, serenely indifferent

to his house, which would have made a god of him on the smallest provocation. He cheerfully ignored Bourne, and he had the art of never seeing Phil when they met, in school or out, though, of course, Phil minded this not at all. When the Carthusians were played, Acton spent the afternoon reading with Raven, whose exam. was now very near; and, whilst the two were grinding out all the absurd details of Horace and his patron, "and the poet's little farm, and the other rot which gains Perry Exhibitions," the shouts and cheers of the school down at the Acres came floating up the hill to their room.

The school lost their match with the Carthusians—the match which a good St. Amorian would rather win than any two others—and it was plain that Dick, though a useful fellow, could not bottle up the forwards in the Actonian style. This defeat was the last straw to break the back of the school's patience.

It was customary, after the Carthusian match, for the footer captain to give his eleven a formal tea. Phil arranged the usual preliminaries, sick at heart, and wearily certain as to the result. Three put in an appearance—Vercoe, Baines, and Roberts—and in place of the burly forms of the rest of the St. Amory's eleven, the sylph-like figures of their fags flitted to Phil's hall of entertainment with curt little notes. Worcester and the rest "regretted they were unable to avail themselves of the captain's invitation."

The tea was not a success.

The school followed the plain lead of the eleven, and as Phil hurried along to chapel the next day no one hooked in with him, as had been done "the day before yesterday!" He was left severely alone.

In plain words, St. Amory's School consigned Phil Bourne to Coventry.

Fred Swainson

(To be continued.)

THE OARS FOR THE 'VARSITY RACE.

JUST as both the boats for this year's race have been made by the same firm—Messrs. Sims, of Putney—so both sets of oars (most indispensable implements of aquatic warfare!) are being supplied by the eminent oar and scull makers, Messrs. Edward Ayling & Sons, of the same riverside address. The following facts concerning the Oxford and Cambridge oars have been sent to us by the manufacturers.

Dimensions of Cambridge Oars—

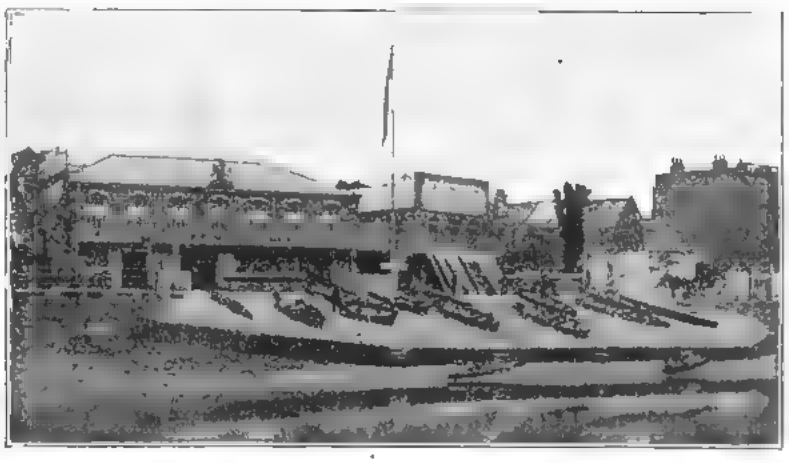
12ft. 1in. over all.
Leverage 3ft. 8½in.
Blades 5¼in. wide.

Oxford

12ft. 1½ins. over all.
Leverage 3ft. 9in.
Blades 5¼in. wide.

The oars used are selected from about two thousand, which are got out during the previous autumn and winter, and the wood has been seasoning for three years.

This firm has made the oars since 1869.



MESSRS. E. AYLING & SONS, WHO ARE MAKING THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE OARS.

No mishap has occurred since the patent button has been in use.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE COLLEGE STAMPS.

PROBABLY few readers of THE CAPTAIN, even those located in our university cities, have any knowledge of an interesting series of stamps which was issued some years back by the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge In fact, very little information is available upon the subject, even to those of an inquiring turn of mind, partly on account of the limited period of existence which the stamps enjoyed, and mainly because by many they are considered to rank among "local" or "private" issues—not being admissible to a general collection of Government issues. It is not my intention to discuss here the merits or demerits of the stamps in question, although the strongest argument which could be adduced in their favour as being legitimate *postage* stamps is an able article by Professor A. S. Napier, M.A., Ph.D., on the stamps which was published some seven years ago in the well-known philatelic magazine, the *Monthly Journal*. In this article, Mr. Napier explains that "from time immemorial the very considerable correspondence which passes during the Oxford term-time between the different colleges was not forwarded by the Post Office, but by private messengers in the employment of the several colleges"—this was previous to 1874—the method of despatching the correspondence consisting in the sender initialling the letter he desired to despatch, either to another part of the city or to one of the other colleges, when it would be conveyed by one of the college messengers, and a small fee for delivery would be charged to the sender's account.

KEBLE, 1871.

In 1871, the authorities of Keble College, Oxford, decided to have recourse to a less troublesome system of payment for delivery, by issuing stamps which could be sold to the undergraduates, and affixed by them to their letters. A stamp of the accompanying design was issued, being little more than the "arms" of the college within a pointed oval, inscribed "Keble College, Oxon." This was embossed on vermilion-coloured paper, gummed and perforated, and represented a face value of one half-penny. The stamp was affixed to the letter, and after being defaced with two pencil marks by the college messenger, the letter was delivered to the addressee. If an extra stamp was affixed, it ensured a prepaid reply.

It is not surprising to learn that the new scheme was not enthusiastically received by other of the Oxford Colleges; in fact, some four or five years passed before their labour-saving qualities were impressed upon the authorities of Hertford College, when the accompanying stamp was issued (1875).

Then came emissions from other colleges in quick succession—Merton in 1876, Lincoln in 1877, Exeter in 1882, and All Souls and St. John's in 1884.

The curious looking label issued for Balliol College was never used, owing to its appearance just as a decision was arrived at to discontinue the stamps, for reasons which will be explained presently.

The issues of stamps for the Cambridge Colleges were limited to three, Queen's College in 1883, St. John's in 1884, and Selwyn in the same year.

HERTFORD

OXFORD.

		s.	d.			s.	d.
Keble	...	5	0	Exeter	...	2	0
Hertford	...	7	6	All Souls	...	2	0
Merton	...	10	0	St. John's	...	2	0
Lincoln	...	7	6	Balliol	...	15	0

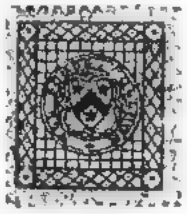
CAMBRIDGE.

				s.	d.
Queen's	...	..	...	4	0
St. John's	...	..	..	2	0
Selwyn	...	.	...	2	0

MERTON, 1887

LINCOLN.

EXETER.



ALL SOULS.

ST. JOHN'S.

BALLIOL.

QUEEN'S.

ST. JOHN'S.

SELWYN.

So little appears to be known about the stamps of either of the universities, and so very few have been met with on original covers, that I am hopeful that these cursory descriptions will lead to some correspondence on the subject by those who were at the colleges at the time during which they were used. No record appears to have been kept, either of their dates of issue or of the various varieties by the colleges or the local stationer through whom they were procured.

In 1885 they were discontinued, chiefly on account of a feeling which prevailed that the stamps were an infringement of the prerogative of the Post Office; in fact, I believe I am correct in stating that communications were sent from St. Martins-le-Grand to the several colleges informing them of the decision.

The stamps should be especially interesting to 'varsity men, although some difficulty might be experienced in obtaining a complete set. No doubt some will wish to know the values of the various varieties, and for the benefit of such I quote the prices given in Mr. H. L'Estrange Ewen's latest catalogue of British stamps, and it is to Mr. Ewen I am indebted for an opportunity to illustrate the college emissions.

The values given are those of the cheapest varieties; they are also prices for unused specimens only.

SOME INTERESTING NEW ISSUES.

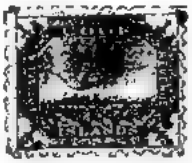
AUSTRIA.*—The currency in Austria has been changed from kreutzers and guldens, or florins, to "heller" and "krone." From January 1st, 1900, 100 heller will equal 1 krone, the equivalent of 10d. in English money. The new currency has been adopted upon the entire series of postage stamps, which, as the illustration shows, retains the old designs, with new values. (Bosnia and Hungary, I am informed, have both been supplied with new issues, with the new currency expressed.)

AUSTRIA.

BOLIVIA.—The entire series of seven stamps, comprising the 1894 issue, has been overprinted, which enigmatical inscription stands for "Estado Federale." Another seven varieties to add to Bolivia!

* Specimens for illustration and description from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.

COOK ISLANDS.*—A shilling stamp in the type illustrated has been current some time. A ½d. value has just been issued, which I illustrate. The illustration in the centre is probably the "oof-bird," a species which is *not* indigenous. If I am mistaken, perhaps some reader can suggest its order.



COOK ISLANDS.

COLUMBIA.* — The stamp illustrated appears to have, in company with a 10c. blue value, an interesting history. It is really a local issue for Cartagena, the two stamps being issued last November. As far as I can ascertain, these two stamps are a sequel to my recent article entitled, "War: Its Effect on Postage Stamps." Messrs. Whitfield King & Co., who sent me the specimens, write:—

> Our correspondent at Cartagena says "that owing to the revolution which broke out on October 20th, communication with the capital was cut off, so that supplies of stamps could not be got to Cartagena, hence these provisionals were made, 500 each of 5c. and 10c.; the smudgy surcharge is meant for three stars, and is a sort of official seal or guarantee."
>
> The stamps being locally printed, this surcharge is put on at the time of sale at the post office, as a sort of safeguard in case of any unauthorised leakage, no stamps being available without the surcharge. We can guarantee these authentic, as the letter in which they came to us was prepaid with two of the same stamps; we only received twenty of each.

COLUMBIA.

5c. red on buff, surcharge violet; 10c. blue on buff, surcharge violet.

FRANCE.*—*Ewen's Weekly Stamp News* says:—

> France is going to issue new stamps next year, on the occasion of the Exhibition. The set will consist of values, 10, 15, 20, 25 and 30 centimes. The design will represent the figure of the Republic sitting, holding in the hand a tablet with the inscription, "*Droits de l'homme.*". A shield, surrounded by laurels, will bear the indication of the value of the stamp.
>
> We wonder if the judges of M. Dreyfus had anything to do with choosing the inscription?

HAYTI.*—I have three new colours to mention, the current 1c., 2c., and 5c. in green, lake, and blue, respectively.

MOROCCO. — Another German Colony to be added to the list described last month —Morocco. I illustrate the 10pf. value, which shows the surcharge. The 3, 5, 10, 20, 25, and 50pf. stamps have all been so treated.

PORT SAID.—An addition to French colonial issues this time. The entire set of current French stamps from 1 cent to 5 francs has been surcharged as illustrated, "Port Said."

QUEENSLAND has issued a new type for her halfpenny stamp, which I illustrate. This makes eight distinct varieties of halfpenny stamps for Queensland, past and present. —½d. green.

QUEENSLAND.

SAMOA.—Owing to change of Government (Samoa has now been ceded to Germany) the current stamps are being provisionally used with the words "Provisional Govt." overprinted. The following values have been so treated, ½d., 1d., 2d., 4d., 5d., 6d., 1s., and 2s. 6d. I illustrate the 1d. value. German stamps surcharged "Samoach" will be used in future.

SAMOA "PROVIS. GOVT."

ALEXANDRIA.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. have sent me a set of French stamps surcharged "Alexandrie" in various colours. These are for use at the French P.O. there.

BRITISH HONDURAS.—Some new values have been issued in the current type—high values—and hence only a passing reference must be made. 50c. green and carmine, $1 green and carmine, $2 green and ultramarine, $5 green and black.

BAVARIA.—Some new values have been issued here in the old familiar "Arms" type. They are: 2pf. grey, 30pf. green, 40pf. yellow, and 80pf. lilac.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.—Mr. Ewen has forwarded me a stamp of the accompanying design, which is certainly no improvement on the pretty design which it supersedes. I take it that the view is one of Table Bay, showing the mountain in the background. It is scarcely a fitting design for present events in South Africa—war evidently has no effect on postage stamps in Capetown.—1d. carmine.

WAR.

CEYLON.—Three new stamps: 12c. sage-green and red, 15c. in blue instead of sage-green, and a large and handsome 1 rupee 50c. stamp.

* Specimens for illustration and description from Messrs. Whitfield King & Co.

GERMANY.—Horrors! The design of the new German stamps is given herewith, or, rather, the design of the values up to 80pf.; those beyond this are fine and large, and exhibit a view of the General Post Office at Berlin. I cannot bring myself to view these new designs as any improvement on the simple type they supersede. The values and colours are as follows: 3pf. brown, 5pf. green, 10pf. carmine, 20pf. ultramarine, 25pf. black (centre) and orange on yellow, 30pf. black and orange on buff, 40pf. black and carmine on white, 50pf. black and lilac on buff, 80pf. black and carmine on pale red, 1 mark carmine, 2m. blue, 3m. lilac, 5m. carmine (centre) and black.

GERMANY

HUNGARY.—Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. have sent me the new Hungarian stamps, with the new currency, "filler" and "korona," expressed. I illustrate one of each type, also the new newspaper stamp. 1f. grey-black, 2f. yellow, 3f. orange, 4f. mauve, 5f. green, 6f. purple-brown, 10f. rose, 25f. blue, 30f. red-brown, 50f. magenta, 60f. dull green, 1k. red-brown, 3k. sage-green. The value is in black on each value. Newspaper stamp, 2f. red, imperf.

HUNGARY.

HUNGARY.

HOLLAND.—The three colonies, Curaçao, Dutch Indies, and Surinam, have been provided with a set of surcharged stamps pending the arrival of the permanent new type as issued for Holland. This is dreadful! I really cannot spare space for descriptions of the various surcharges. Dutch Colonials of early issue should be worth collecting. Have you got them all?

HUNGARY
"UNPAID."

NEW ZEALAND.—What do you think of the accompanying design for new unpaid letter stamps? Messrs. Whitfield King & Co. send me this to illustrate. The value is in red, and the remainder of the design in green. There are five values: ½d., 1d., 2d., 4d., and 6d.

NEW ZEALAND
"UNPAID."

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—A new ½d. stamp has been issued here, but as yet I have not seen a copy. ½d. bright green. The federation of the Australasian Colonies is fast approaching completion. This *may* mean one design for all the colonies, and then there will be a rush for the retiring designs. Forewarned is forearmed.

TASMANIA.—A pictorial set of stamps is being issued, of which the 1d. and 2d. values are out, although not yet in hand for illustrating. The 1d. represents Mount Wellington, the 2d. has a view of Hobart. Colours: Red and bluish mauve.

UNITED STATES.—I hear that the authorities have really decided to issue a pictorial set of stamps to advertise the forthcoming Buffalo Exhibition. There are to be six values: 1c., 2c., 4c., 5c., 8c., and 10c.

I shall be obliged if stamp collectors resident in foreign parts, especially in the British Colonies, will send me early information of new issues, accompanied, whenever possible, by specimens. These will always be acknowledged. While I cannot enumerate every new issue in these columns, I am anxious that the boys should hear early news of all the important ones.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[NOTE.—*Correspondents will greatly oblige the Editor of the "Stamp Collector" by stating their queries as briefly as possible.*]

I. W. B.—Sorry I cannot comply with your request. I was never at the school you mention, but was grown down that way.

C. Benfold, residing in Victoria, Australia, "never bothered about stamp-collecting until he read my articles in THE CAPTAIN." Now he sends me quite a collection of Victorian stamps, and says he can think of nothing else but stamps. Well done, CAPTAIN! We value our strong colonial contingent.

Veda, M. S.—The small ½d. British stamp, plate 9, used, if a good copy, is worth 5s. Yes, the current ½d. and 1d. stamps will shortly be changed in colour to green and red respectively.

"Irish Ivy."—I am glad to hear from a fair Hibernian collector. "Ivy" has only been collecting since May, 1899, and has already 1,013 varieties. Capital! Yes, "Ivy," go in for Australian stamps by all means; the federation of the colonies will soon be *un fait accompli.*

C. Beck.—Which ½d. British stamp do you refer to?

B. L. J.—(1) 1d.; (2) 3d.; (3) 3d.

T. H. Durrans.—Yes, the Canadian is an error, but of no special value, as a large quantity were printed. The 1½d. Victorian is the ordinary stamp of that value.

[N.B.—*Replies by post can only be sent when a stamped envelope is enclosed. A number of answers are held over till next month.*]

THE GHOSTS OF OLD BIGSIDE.

By an "Old Rug."

On dashed the Scotch mail through the night, and the monotonous thud of the flying wheels had its due effect on my fellow-passengers from Edinburgh, who, under its influence, were soon giving audible evidence that they were sleeping the sleep of the just.

But no such boon was vouchsafed to myself, and, after courting the drowsy god for fully an hour, I took up my Bradshaw and began to study, in an aimless sort of way, the route which we were following, and the time at which we were due to arrive at the various stations.

The information given by Bradshaw was not voluminous. We had passed Crewe, and were due at Rugby at 1.54 a.m.

Rugby! What visions of the past did not that magic name conjure up? What fights behind the school-house! What glorious victories over the "louts" when the snow lay thick in the close! What battles on "Old Bigside" for the honour of being "Cock-house"! And then the great match at Lord's, when we beat Marlborough by an innings and ever so many runs! And the bringing home of the Ashburton Shield by torchlight! All these, and a host of other scenes of my youth, flashed through my mind as the train whirled on.

And as the names—aye, and the faces, too—of scores of my contemporaries came back to my mind, I fell to wondering how it could be that I had lost sight of them all so completely.

The more I thought over it all, the more the idea possessed me—not to pass the old place again without visiting it.

The idea became more and more fixed in my mind, and by the time the application of the brakes announced our approach to Rugby station, I had given up struggling against it.

"After all, what does it matter?" I said to myself. "I can indulge this stupid fancy—nobody will be the wiser—and I can take the next train on, which will land me at Euston at six o'clock instead of 3.50. Here goes!"

I rolled up my travelling-rug and jumped out as the train stopped. Telling the guard to see that my luggage was left in the cloak-room at Euston, I walked briskly down the platform and out into the road.

The night was not cold, but the moon, which was nearly full, was obscured every few minutes by heavy clouds. Still, I knew every inch of the road, and ten minutes' walk brought me into the High Street, and showed me the old school-gate, with the window of the Sixth school above it, and the flagstaff over all.

There was not a soul to be seen. The school-gates were shut, and the only sound was the sighing of the wind in the branches of the old elms bordering the close.

I walked on—past the gates, past the school-house with its ivy-covered tower, and turned up the Barby Road towards the gate of the close.

It was locked!

"Of course it would be locked at that time," I reflected.

But into the close I meant to go, and I soon swung myself over the railings and found myself on "Old Bigside."

There were the goals, as of yore; there was the pavilion, backed up by the trees on the island; there—yes, strangest of all!—there were the Three Trees.

I had heard—I forget how or when—that these famous giants, who had looked down on generation after generation of boys, had fallen at last some years ago; and yet there they were, as erect and proud as ever, their branches swaying and creaking in the wind!

I was wondering at the strangeness of this resurrection, when still stranger things happened. The moonlight, fitful enough so far, gradually became brighter and steadier, until at last, out on "Old Bigside," it was as light as day.

I remember glancing at the school clock, and that it struck three as I looked; and while I wondered how I could possibly have spent an hour and ten minutes since leaving the train, footsteps caught my ear.

Footsteps coming from the "quad"! Few at first—but ever thicker and faster, until a perfect rush ensued, and suddenly a swarm of boys turned the corner of the chapel and came racing out to "Old Bigside." I stood behind a tree as they passed, and to my astonishment I recognised faces which I had not seen for thirty years! And I stood spellbound, while all my school-fellows of those days passed me in a steady stream and mustered once more round the time-honoured ground.

Two groups went across to the old pavilion, stripped off their coats, and took up their position in the centre of the ground, and then, looking at these groups, I began to understand.

This was the great match for "Cock-house," "ours" against the school-house—which had been played for three days in vain, for neither side had scored. This was the fourth day's play, and every boy in the school was there to see the end.

There was our team—how well I remembered them all now!—with Headley, the captain of the School XX. at their head, and, it seemed to me, not over pleased, as he quickly glanced up and down the line.

"Are you ready?" shouted the school-house captain.

"No!" was the answer; and then followed: "Where's Pemberton?"

At the mention of my name my heart leapt into my mouth, but I could have no more resisted that appeal than jumped the eight foot wall into the Doctor's garden opposite.

"Here!" I shouted, and, tearing off my overcoat, ran across to my old place. A second "Are you ready?" and the ball came flying over our heads—a truly magnificent kick-off.

And so began a match of which I, who had taken part in so many in the old days, can safely say that I never saw the equal.

Whether it was the intense rivalry between the two "houses," strained to the highest pitch by the three days undecided struggle—whether it was the excitement of the rest of the school, who cheered every point in the game to the echo, or whether it was—— It does not matter what it was, but I played, and we all played as we never did before or since, and Rugby football in those days was no child's play either.

Hacking began at the very outset of the game between two deadly enemies who found themselves face to face in the first scrimmage; and I remember thinking that I knew all about their quarrel, and that I found it perfectly natural that they should "have it out" in this way. But hacking had a way of spreading in those days, and it needed hard work and much shouting on the part of both captains to reduce it to its legitimate use—the forcing of the ball through the scrimmage.

Time after time this was successfully accomplished by our forwards—time after time one of the fleet school-house half-backs secured it and was off, only to be collared and "scragged" by our own. The scrimmages swayed backwards and forwards, and we shoved and shoved, with the breath nearly squeezed out of our bodies, to get "on the ball," where the press was thickest and the hacking hardest.

At last the school-house gave way, and through the struggling mass of boys—bent almost double in a desperate attempt to hold their ground—pressed Headley, with the ball gripped tight between his feet. Amid a perfect yell of delight from our supporters in the school, he emerged

first from the press, and the school-house half-backs rushed at him.

"Follow up!" he shouted, and we dashed after him through the broken ranks of our enemies, and literally over his body, for he had been hacked over as "first on side"; but it was too late!

The enemy's half-back had got the ball, and was well away before we could secure him. Our own half-backs did their best, but he was too quick for them, and the only safety now was in our back on the island side.

Warily enough, the two neared each other, running the while for dear life, while the school held their breath, and we, weary and pumped after the hard work in the scrimmages, felt that the issue had passed from our hands. At last they were close together, and our back, watching his opportunity, gave a mighty clutch at his opponent's shoulders. Horror of horrors! He had grasped the jersey—and the jersey only—and with a wriggle the half-back, stripped to the waist, was running for the line, while our man lay sprawling on the grass, with the best part of the jersey in his hands.

A mighty cheer arose as the ball was touched down, and we sauntered back crestfallen to the line, there to wait the pleasure of the school-house captain, who was carefully making the "tee" for the fatal kick.

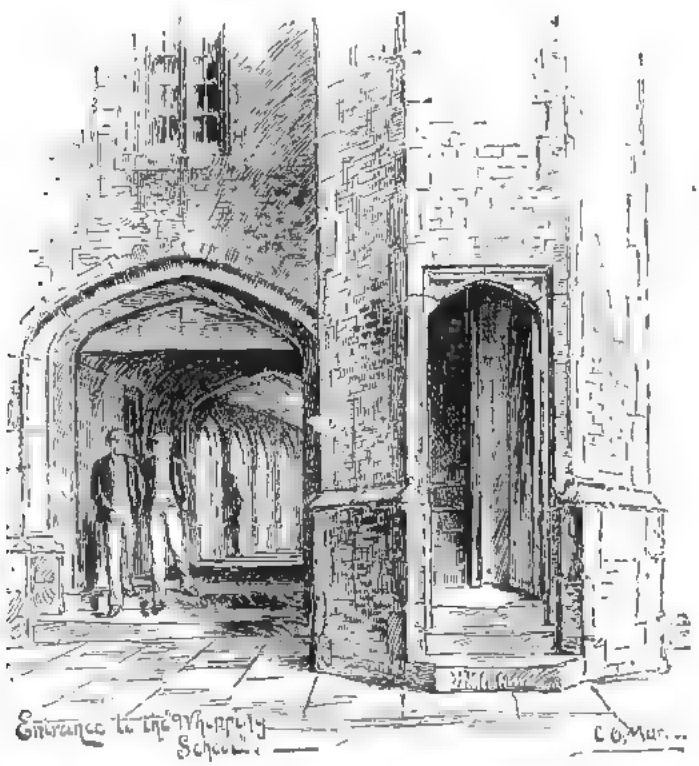
And fatal it was, in all conscience—for the ball, struck straight and true, rose well above our heads as we rushed forward, and sailed gracefully between the posts.

And now occurred the strangest thing of all. I found myself walking slowly across the ground to the other goal, surrounded by the friends of thirty years ago—and yet, not one of them greeted me, nor seemed to take my presence as anything but as a matter of course—neither did I myself feel that there was any reason for greetings.

It seemed to me perfectly natural that they should be there, and that I should be amongst them—as natural as that the three trees should have risen from the dead, so to speak, and be standing where they had stood beyond the memory of man. But there was little time for reflection.

"We must get a goal in the next twenty minutes," said Headley, and every one of us vowed inwardly that our captain's words should be obeyed.

And in a trice we were at it again—shoving, hacking, and all the rest of it. Twice we had to give way before the onslaught of the school-house forwards; once our half-back saved the day by a lucky drop into touch, and once our back carried the game into the enemy's quarters by a magnificent run.



But it was now close to time, and for the last two minutes the scrimmage had halted close to the three trees, swaying, but never breaking, and the sound of the hacking "on the ball" became almost monotonous to those who were not within reach of it.

Suddenly I found myself in possession of the ball, and became aware at the same instant that my shins were the centre of attraction in consequence. "Good Heavens! How should I stand it after thirty years of immunity?" I asked myself—but, the next instant I had forgotten everything, except my duty—to guard that ball with my life, and force it through, by hook or by crook. Panting, toiling, sweating faces pressed close to mine—hacks rained hard and fast on my unfortunate shins—but still I held on. Would the strain never

relax? Yes! At last the swaying mass turned a little on one side—"Now!" shouted Headley, close behind me—and one desperate effort broke the scrimmage.

I was alone—so it seemed—with the ball still in front of me, and the supreme joy of that moment I shall never forget. In vain the half-backs charged. I knocked one of them over, dribbled past the other, and, picking up the ball, ran for the goal. But, before I reached it, a huge weight fell upon me, an arm caught me round the neck, and down I went. Luckily for me, my captor rolled right over me. I freed myself, still grasping the ball, saw the goal in front of me, and, just as I was again seized from behind, gave a desperate drop-kick, and, to my unutterable delight, saw the ball fly between the posts as I fell heavily to the ground.

The match was saved!

"No side!" called a stentorian voice.

I picked myself up and looked round. The close was empty—the players had vanished, and the moon was disappearing behind a bank of clouds.

"Tickets, please, sir!—Willesden Junction, sir—you will be in in ten minutes!"

STUDY. TRADITIONALLY SAID TO BE TOM BROWNE'S.

It was all a dream. Otherwise I would not for the world have mentioned my share in it.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

HALF a length, half a length,
Half a length onward;
Right for the winning-post
Rowed Cambridge and Oxford.
"Forward!" the cox'n cried;
"Make for the Surrey side!"
Cleaving old Father Thames,
Rowed Cambridge and Oxford.

Forward, Light Blue Brigade!
Were the Dark Blues dismayed?
No, not a man of them,
Tho' cox'n thundered.
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to pull, and ply;
Eager and out of breath,
Rowed Cambridge and Oxford.

Ladies to right of them,
Steamers to left of them,
Backers all round them,
Shouted and thundered;
Bawled at by snob and swell,
Boldly they rowed and well,
Pulling with bated breath.
Who'll win? Who can tell?
As each stroke is numbered.

CYCLE NOVELTIES FOR 1900.

By Walter Dexter.

Author of "The Story of the Cycle," etc.

IT is at this time of the year that the majority of our readers are undoubtedly looking forward to the days that are to come, when, having purchased their new bicycle, they may jump into the saddle and scour the high roads and the bye-roads around their own homes. The question as to the new machine which it has been decided to purchase, is of great moment. Shall it be that "classic mount" the Rover, a Rudge-Whitworth, Gamspede, or one of B.S.A. or C.C. parts? Shall it have a fixed or a free wheel? Which machine will present you the best value for your money?

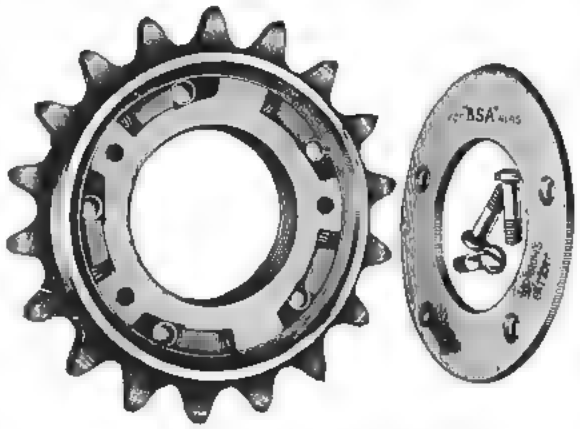


FIG. 1.—THE MORROW FREE WHEEL CLUTCH.

These are difficult questions to decide, but this short review of the season's novelties will, it is hoped, prove useful in helping the reader to arrive at a satisfactory decision in a short space of time.

The only great change that is instituted this season is one which will be, it is said, all the rage, and which, to a certain extent, will give a fresh impetus to the cycle trade. We refer to the substitution of free for fixed wheels, and many go so far as to assert that in a year free wheels will be as common as pneumatic tyres, but whether this will really be the case we will not go so far as to say, although there is every probability of this being so.

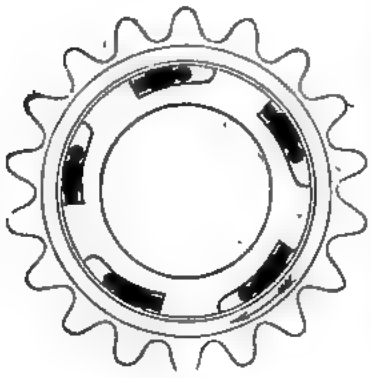


FIG. 2.

Free wheels are by no means a novelty, for the Coventry Machinists' Company, the introducers of the bicycle, as those of you who read the article in the January number of The Captain will already know, fitted a free wheel to their machine more than eighteen years ago, and at the last Stanley Show one of the original clutches was exhibited.

Of later years free wheels have been noticeable on the majority of carrier tricycles It is rather a common sight to see the riders of these carrier cycles spinning along without revolving the pedals. But all these free wheeled machines made a clicking noise when the pedals and chain were stationary but the wheels revolving, and it was not until Mr. A. P. Morrow brought out his roller friction clutch that free wheels caught on with the cyclist generally.

Below is a drawing of the Morrow Free Wheel Clutch, showing rollers, springs, and blocks. This forms the chain ring of the back hub. In fixed wheels this is all of one piece, but in the free wheel the inner ring is separate from the outer one with the teeth, and *alone* is fixed to the hub.

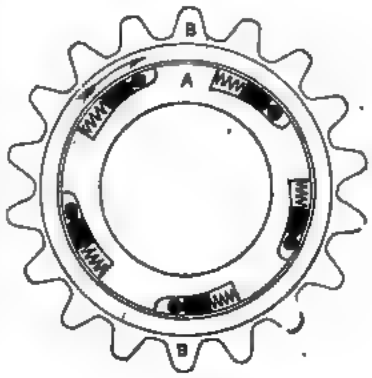


FIG. 3.

Our next illustration shows the working of the free wheel. Here is shown the chain ring stationary, whilst the inner ring is revolving; that is to say, the back wheel is revolving whilst the pedals

and chain are still. Each chamber, as will be seen, has its roller, block, and spring. The slight gap between the two rings is made more apparent for the sake of clearness. In this case the roller remains inert against the block, and there is no connection between the two rings.

But when pressure is applied to the pedals a change takes place, a change which is illustrated by Fig. 3. The roller, it must be remembered, is in actual contact with the inner face of the chain ring. When the chain ring, actuated by a pull on the chain, moves forward, the roller is carried with it up the incline plane of the chamber, and there wedges the whole of the device together, and power is thus communicated to the driving-wheel. There is a charm about the free wheel, for with it the cyclist can "coast" long distances, even where there is hardly any noticeable decline, without moving his feet round with the pedals, or even removing his feet from them, for a slight backward pressure puts the free wheel into action; the pedals stop revolving, but the wheels continue to revolve, without so much friction as if the wheel was a fixed one, and the rider's feet were upon the foot-rests.

As will have been seen, with a free-wheeled machine, back-pedalling is impossible, for as soon as the backward pressure is applied to the pedal, the free wheel clutch is set to work, and the machine moves even faster than ever. A brake, therefore, is absolutely essential, and the best of all is a back-pedalling rim brake, which is put into action by back-pedalling with a little more force than is necessary to set the free wheel into action.

Rim brakes seem to be at present the most effective, and are fitted by all manufacturers. Nevertheless, these have their disadvantages, as they are liable to pull the wheel out of the true. Some of the leading companies, the Rover to wit, are perfecting the "band" brake, worked by means of a lever at the handle-bar, the power being communicated by means of a Bowden Wire.

One of the best of the many excellent back-pedalling brakes is that made by the B.S.A. company, and is illustrated herewith. It acts on the back rim with great force, and all the mechanism is well covered. When using a free wheel and a back-pedalling brake, a front brake is also necessary in order to stop the machine

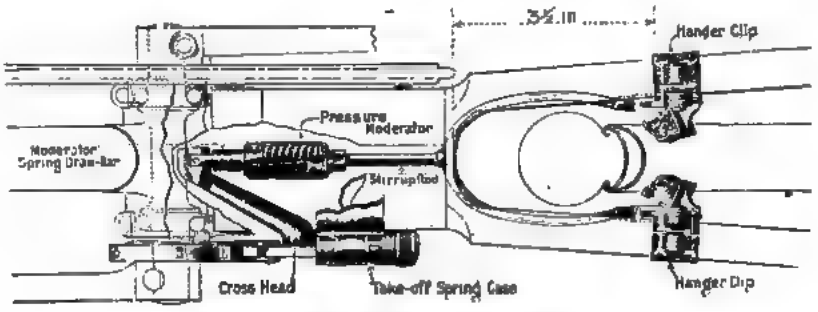


FIG. 4.—THE B.S.A BACK-PEDALLING BRAKE.

quickly, i.e., without using the back-pedalling brake. The old plunger brake, acting on the tyre, has now been superseded by a plunger brake acting on the rim, and worked in just the same manner. An excellent one is the Rational Rim Brake, manufactured by the Dance Cycle Co.; whilst the Chinnock, of which we give an illustration, is one which has attracted a great deal of attention, and which is extremely efficient although being the lightest on the market. The price is but 13s. 6d., and it can easily be fitted to any machine.

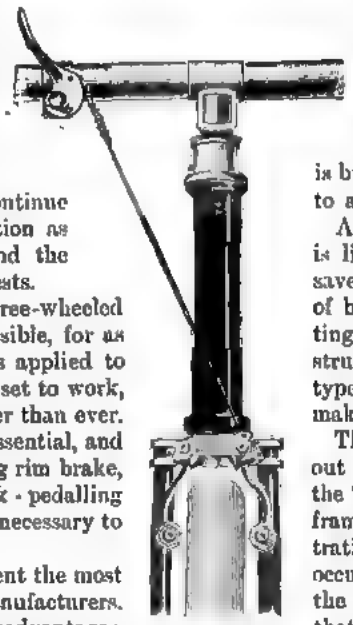


FIG. 5.—THE CHINNOCK BRAKE.

As to the machines themselves, there is little shown in the way of novelties, save the free wheel and the various kinds of brakes. All the leading firms are fitting free wheels, some of their own construction, others of the Morrow and other types, but the majority will supply any make that may be required.

The Referee cycles, known throughout the world as being the machines with the "triple head," have introduced a new frame. From the accompanying illustration it would seem as if the rider occupies a very unsupported position, but the designer, Mr. G. L. Morris, claims that the rider feels less vibration on this than on one fitted with the usual back-stays. Needless to say, the frame is a strong one, and will rival the X frame which the Raleigh people exhibited last year and again put forward this, as being a stronger and less jarring design than the usual diamond pattern.

We have mentioned above the "triple head" of

the Referee cycle. As most of you are aware, the head of a bicycle is its weakest spot, and that the triple head consists of a rod from the handle-bar to the front fork-crown, or either side of the ordinary head. This triple head is now also made in one, known as the "Invisible" triple head.

Next to the head, the front fork-crown is the weakest point. A decided novelty and improvement is the Rudge Wedge Diamond fork-crown, which this company is fitting to all their cycles, and which is shown in Fig. 7. It is an excellent idea, and should prove very serviceable as well as popular.

Juvenile machines, very suitable for the younger members of our readers, are still well to the fore, the principal being the Junior Safety of the Swift Cycle Co., and an excellent six-guinea machine, fitted with Dunlop tyres, made by the Crescent Cycle Co.

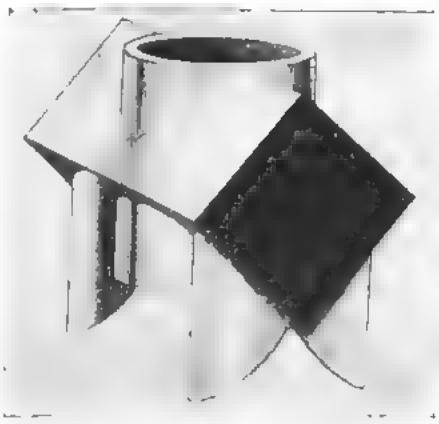


FIG. 7.—THE RUDGE WEDGE DIAMOND FORE-CROWN.

As last year, all the leading firms are supplying cheap machines for those who require them, and a list of a few of the most prominent is given at the foot of this article. Of course, at the prices mentioned, the first-class tyres, such as Dunlop, Palmer, or Fleuss, are not included, but other tyres, perhaps equally as good, are fitted instead. Of these latter, the Warwick may be recommended as really being, as the firm advertise, "a first-grade tyre at a second-grade price."

It is useless for us to enumerate at length the advantages of all the well-known cycles—they are even too well known—but we give below a list of them. There is one machine, however, made by one of the first-class makers, which is being sold at the ridiculously low price of eight guineas, and we cannot refrain from giving an illustration of it. The machines are fitted with Scott's or A.B. tyres, brake and mudguards. We refer to the Raglan Roadster, No. 20, which is quite an innovation.

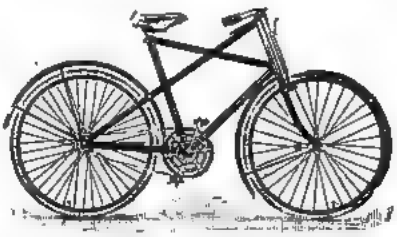


FIG. 6.—THE REFEREE DOUBLE CROSS FRAME

All cycle manufacturers now sell their cycles on the "payment by instalment" principle, one or two guineas extra being charged for the accommodation, full particulars of which can be obtained upon application to the various companies.

For the benefit of our girl readers, many of whom will read this article, we may add that all the above remarks apply to their type of machine, as well as to those of their brothers.

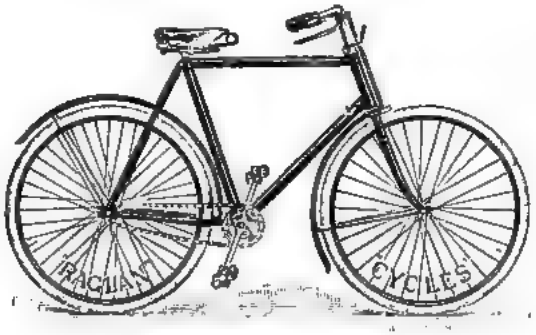


FIG. 8.—THE 1900 RAGLAN.

RELIABLE MACHINES AT CHEAP RATES.

Name	Manufacturer	Price (net) £	s.	d.
Meteor	Rover Cycle Co.	10	10	0
Meteor-Rover	" " "	12	12	0
Standard	Rudge-Whitworth	10	10	0
Gamspede	Gamage, Ltd.	10	10	0
Junior Safety	Swift Cycle Co.	8	0	0
Roadster No. 20 and 19	Raglan Cycle Co.	8	8	0
Special Popular	New Hudson Cycle Co.	8	10	0
Standard	" " " "	9	10	0
Honesty	John Piggott " "	9	0	0
Ilixum	Gamage, Ltd.	7	15	0
B.S.A.	Edward Grove, 272-4, Edgware Rd.	10	10	0

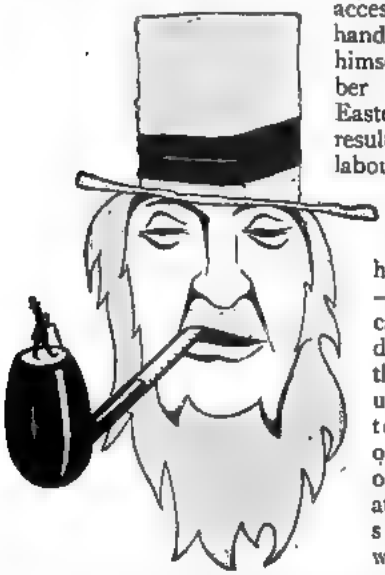
This latter is a most reliable machine, made throughout of the famous B.S.A. fittings, fitted with Dunlop tyres

EGG-ODDITIES

AND HOW BOYS CAN MAKE THEM AT HOME

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON.

MOST of you are familiar with the coloured egg duly inscribed with some Easter message which is exchanged between one friend and another at this season of the year, yet few of us have discovered that this humble adjunct to the breakfast table offers exceptional material for the ready manufacture of some quaint and curious "egg oddities." These egg curios, moreover, are easily fashioned, and will in no way tax the resources of the average boy, who with the aid of a few accessories always to hand, can provide himself with a number of presentable Easter gifts as the result of an evening's labour.



WHO SAID "BOSS"?—A FUNNY OLD MAN WHO LIVES IN AFRICA, WHERE THE DIAMONDS COME FROM.

Having provided ourselves with a dozen hard-boiled eggs—selecting them carefully with a due regard to their subsequent use—we are able to commence operations at once. Let us attack our first subject—one with whose facial curiosities we are all familiar. Select a large elongated egg and immerse in a solution of red ink and water to obtain the necessary flesh tint. When dry, proceed to pencil in the eyes, mouth, nose, etc., afterwards drawing over the lines with Indian ink. A top hat is soon fashioned from a piece of stiff paper coloured black, unless, indeed, you insist on reality in all things, when in this case a piece of old felt will lend itself admirably for this purpose. The brim might be made of a circle of cardboard suitably coloured, and with a sufficiently large opening in the centre to allow of its being firmly glued to the egg. The hair is manufactured from a piece of grey wadding fixed into position with glue. Give the edges of the wadding a few twists between the fingertips, which will impart the requisite look of nature to the scrubby growth of our subject. Draw on a card a pipe as shown, colour to suit your fancy, glue the stem upon the mouth, and one egg oddity stands to our credit.

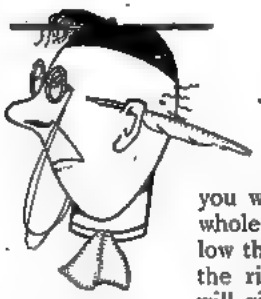
GRAVE—

"Grave" and "Gay" are soon made; these eggs must be used in their natural whiteness. The skeleton head explains itself, care being taken to ensure a judicious application of Indian ink to obtain the necessary effect. The clown's face should be carefully indicated with ink as before explained, marking here and there in red paint or ink those mystical signs with which all clowns from time immemorable have adorned their countenances. A hat is soon fashioned from white paper twisted into a cone, while the paper collar may be fashioned from

—AND GAY!

a piece of gaily-coloured stuff or paper as fancy dictates. Glue all accessories firmly to the egg.

The school-master calls for an effort on our part, as there are several objects to attach to the egg. Colour the egg with the red ink solution, duly marking in the mouth and eyes. Our illustration shows the profile only, but you will, of course, cover the whole surface of the egg. Allow the mouth to be placed on the right of the egg, as this will give the face a laughable expression. The ears must be cut from stiff paper or card and fixed on with glue, care being taken to allow the lobes and tops to project in a natural manner. His "square" is fashioned from a piece of dark cardboard, the tassel being composed of a few strands of black cotton glued into position. The spectacles may be made of wire with two strands of cotton attached. Cut from cork a nose of more or less generous proportions, and attach with glue, paint with Chinese white, colouring subsequently with red ink to match the face tint. Glue one or two horse-hairs at the back of the head where shown, and fix upon the ear a tiny quill pen made from a pigeon's feather. Obtain a strip of card and fashion into a tube; this will form neck and egg-stand in one. Hollow the sides to allow the egg to fit, and colour to match the face. A piece of white paper will soon make a tie, which completes the whole.



QUITE A FAMILIAR OBJECT.

THE YOKEL: "FEW CARN'T TAKE A ROISE OUT O'-OI!"

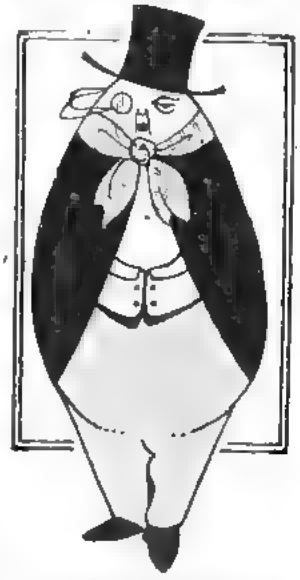
Treat the yokel in a similar manner, adding nose and ears. His neck calls for the same attention, while a piece of linen or canvas folded around his neck will do duty for a smock. Procure a piece of tow and saturate in black ink; when dry, this will form his hair. Twist the ends as before described, and the necessary uncouth appearance is arrived at.

The gentleman in khâki will no doubt find favour everywhere. A helmet may be made from light brown paper, adding a piece of khâki-coloured muslin around the helmet base. Ears should be fashioned and cut from paper and glued into position, while the neck is again made as before described. Perhaps a helpful sister will make the portion of his jacket shown—glue this lining into position. His ample moustache can be made from tow or coloured cotton wool as desired.

THE GENTLEMAN IN KHAKI ORDERED SOUTH.

THE DUNCE: "FUNNY BUT I ALWAYS FEEL TIRED."

The dunce calls for no special help—other than mental—beyond the fact that the collar is cut from white card. The bow may be made from a scrap of ribbon easily procurable from your sister's work-box.



"FEARFULLY CHILLY WEATHAH FOR EASTER, DONCHA-KNOW."

The "feahful fellah" next seen requires careful preparation. His hat is soon made from paper; cut an eye-glass from white card and affix into position, not forgetting the strands of cotton. You can either indicate in ink the ample scarf he wears round his neck, or affix a

miniature real article. The coat should be indicated by Indian ink, marking in also the waistcoat with the same fluid. We are not taxing the resources of the average boy in asking him to make a miniature pair of trousers which, when completed, should be filled with sawdust.

Lastly, "Ye Olde Fag Egge" (*vide* "Editorial"), which can be put together on the same principle as those mentioned previously. The scant, though honourable, locks may be made from grey wadding, while the skull cap may be either fashioned from black material or indicated in Indian ink. The small piece of collar is of paper, while the old-fashioned black cravat may be fashioned from a piece of black cloth.

SOME NEW GENDER RHYMES.

By A. Williams.

Common are to every Form,
Times of trouble and of storm,
When the pupils' work is slack,
And the master's brow is black—
Boys who never know their "Rep";
Boys who always sleep in "Prep";
Boys whose hunger finds relief,
Covered by a handkerchief;
Boys who, feigning work, are wrapped in
Tales and stories in The Captain;
Boys who steal each other's nibs;
Boys despising cribs and fibs
(Model boys); and boys whose bane
Is the anguish-causing cane.

Boys who practise scales in "A"
On pianos every day,
With their instruments would we,
Locked in a dry attic see.

Feminine are maidens who,
Rightly ask their brothers to
Treat them gently, not display
Want of kindness; so we say—
If true manliness inspire us,
Pleasing them should never tire us.
Boys who practise chivalry,
Really masculine we see.

Many rifles end in "er"—
Snider, Mauser, Mannlicher—
The Uitlander has sworn that he,
By *smooth* Boers won't rifled be.

Zulus, with their assegais,
Are brave, but barbarous allies:
Though our power they'd increase,
Rather neutrals reckon these.

To their fellows give offence,
Boys whose snoring is intense:
If fractious as an ass, yet try 'em
With pills of soap (you needn't buy 'em);
Add a muscular reply,
If their snoring they deny.
Bid 'em rest—but bid 'em keep
Their mouths in order while they sleep.

Boys, remember, answers rude,
Keep *you* long in servitude.
Master's human—hence the lines,
He to you for cheek assigns.

Classic scribes by boys we find,
To the genus Beast assigned:
Euclid, Æsop, Homer, Hero-
Dotus, P. Vergilius Maro,
Ovid, Æschylus, besides
Xenophon and Euripides,
(This is awful rhyme, I know),
Julius Cæsar, Cicero,
Juvenal; and add to these
Thicksides (or Thucydides).

Chiefly masculine we view—
Sometimes played by ladies too—
Football: but the sight's a shocker,
When our sisters take to "Socker."

Boerish endings, one and all,
Fontein, spruit, dorp, burg, and kraal:
Smith (Lady) is as English known,
Smith (Harri) as a Free State town.

Many are the gifts we find,
To our fighting men consigned—
Things to smoke and things to eat,
Things to cover head and feet.
To give something all are keen,
From the pauper to the Queen:
And the lad who in Natal is,
Will rejoice to hear his Sal is
Sure of succour, should his life
Help to pay the bill of strife.
Captain readers should be willing,
For the Fund to spare a shilling.

SPECIAL PAGES.

Contributed by Readers

By way of encouraging the artistic department I am awarding One Year's Subscription to THE CAPTAIN this month to REUBEN COHEN, 21, Wellington Street, Stockton-on-Tees (aged seventeen), for his drawings of "Miss Barugh" and "Mr. Beauchamp." This competitor had two very smart little pictures in last month. Of other contributions, I congratulate Owen Parry on the swing and lilt of his "Song of a Song," but I advise him to cultivate *matter* as well as *manner*; K. G. Finlay sends a neat parody on Kipling, and Carrington Clarke weighs in with "The Absent-minded School-boy," of which I like the sentiment, though some of the lines tax poetic license to the utmost. I also publish some puzzles, jokelets, etc. As will be seen below, I was simply bombarded with war poems. The majority displayed a fine spirit of patriotism, but very little skill in verse-writing.

A Song of a Song.

I carolled a lay,
A tuneful lay,
A lay so sweet and pretty,
That all the birds
Who heard my words
Were moved to trill my ditty.

I sang a song,
A stirring song,
A song of Cambria's glory;
Then all the birds
Did cease their words,
The more to enjoy my story.

I chanted a hymn,
A solemn hymn,
A hymn so full of pity,
That all the birds
Deplored my words,
And one and all did quit me.

OWEN PARRY.

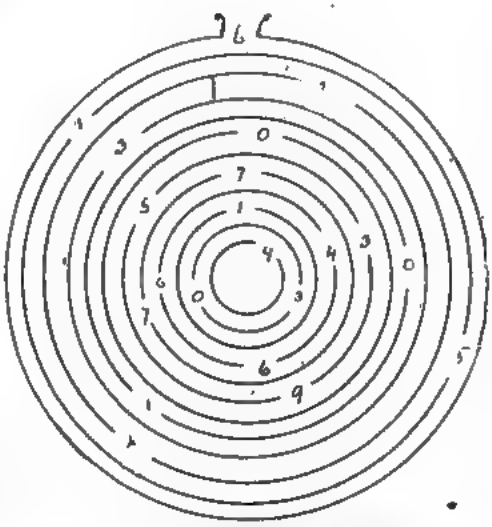
Another Music-hall Verse.

(With profound apologies to Mr. Kipling.)

When you're sick of the Australians, and disgusted with the draws
That we find have been occurring oft of late,
Will you kindly spare a moment to investigate the cause
Of the test matches' most lamentable fate?
O, ye batsmen, if ye would not try to "poke" or play out time,
But would bat with freedom, energy, and dash,
You would greatly please the writer of this humble little rhyme,
And would give the public value for their cash.

Off drive! On drive! Drive clean over the ropes!
(Sixty runs being scored an hour, and the batsmen fresh and fit!)
That's the thing spectators like (it cheers them and raises their hopes),
So open your shoulders for cricket's sake, and hit! hit! hit!

K. G. FINLAY.



TO GET TO THE CENTRE COUNTING FORTY.
By Wm. G. Attwell.

Find the Number.

Mr. A. wanted to marry Mr. B.'s daughter, and Mr. B. said he might if he answered him the following:—

A man had a certain number of apples. He gave half of what he had and half an apple to his brother, and when he had given those away he gave half of the remainder and half an apple to his sister. He still had some left, and of these he gave half the number he had and half an apple to his father. When he had given these away he had two apples left for himself. Now he did not *divide* any apples! What number had he at first?

T. H. DENNIS.

A Sharp Eye for Business.

Paddy (entering small grocer's shop): "Hoo mooch fer the oranges, mate?"

Shop Assistant (smartly): "Two for three ha'-pence."

Paddy: "And hoo mooch fer wan?"

Shop Assistant: "A penny."

Paddy (slyly, laying down a halfpenny): "Sure then, an' Oi'll have the other wan."

A. E. OLLEY.

MR. BEAUCHAMP.

There was a school-teacher named Beauchamp,
Who'd pupils, but never could teauchamp.
When he asked "what's a noun?"
They all ran back to town,
Though oft on his knees he'd be seauchamp.

(N.B.—Beauchamp=Beecham.)

The Absent-minded School-boy.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

When you've whacked your little genius, when you've taught him all you know,
When you've seen him safe through Oxford with B.A.,
Will you kindly pay attention to the boy that's rather slow,
Yet to you may be a credit some fine day?

He's an absent-minded school-boy, and his weaknesses aren't few,
But you have to take the fellow as you find him,
For although you aren't his pater, yet the job for you to do—
Is to help the boy the genius left behind him.

Cook's son, duke's son, son of a hooded don,
Son of the irate vestryman, from all you have their pay,
Each of them doing his level best for their first-born only son,
Patiently help the backward boy, I say, say, say!

There are boys I know by hundreds, far too proud to ask a man
For the help which he is always glad to proffer,
For his masters they were boys themselves, whose backs had many a tan,
And they like to look at all he has to offer.
He's an absent-minded josser, and his people know it all,
For he's anything but swotting in his school-time,
So the job for all his masters if they do not want to fall,
Is to help the boy the genius left behind him.

Froggie's job, dou's job, job of a doctor bold,
Job of a board school master, a job for every day,
Work up, work up, the genii, they're your glory when you're old,
But patiently help the backward boy, I say, say, say!

CARRINGTON CLARKE.

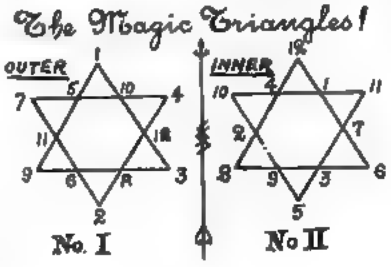
A Russian Puzzle.

Place the figures 1 to 12 in the 12 positions shown (formed by a double triangle) so that (No. 1) the figures placed in positions—

1 2 4 5	11 12 2 3
5 6 8 9	3 4 6 7
9 10 12 1	7 8 10 11

and the *outer points*, 1 3 5 7 9 11, shall total alike. This would seem impossible, but behold: By adding up the figures along each side of the triangle and also the six outer points, the total is 26 in each case.

No. 2.—The result is the same, only the six *inner points* are required to equal 26. This requires an entirely different arrangement. Not only this, but, as now arranged, all the small triangles opposite are equal.—R. HAROLD ROYLE.



R. HAROLD ROYLE.

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

Margaret Thompson.—"Our Alphabet" is lacking in fire and fancy. Don't apologise for the ribbon. I don't mind that, but I do object to *pins*.

J. W. Joseph.—You are right about your joke being a "vile" one. "Seize-on-a-bull" for "seasonable" fairly bears away the Banbury cake for bad-joke-facture.

Tommy Budd.—I should advise you to stop writing poetry. Try a little amateur trench-digging in your garden instead.

O. H.—No; not good enough. What price Worcestershire's chances for the championship this year?

MISS BARUGH.

'Tis said that an old maid named Barugh,
Has got for a pet a freak carugh;
Which, wherever she goes,
She leads by the nose,
But of rumours one can't believe harugh.

(N.B.—Barugh is pronounced Barf.)

Clifford Francis.—Why refer to yourself as "a favour-seeking reader"? "You sends your poem and you takes your chance." The poem you send this time is a mournful effort for a boy of fifteen. What business have you to be writing about "a woman so fair"? See advice to Mr. Thomas Budd.

T. C. Judson.—Again your familiar handwriting, my constant contributor! I believe you are still in Etons, and here you are talking about the "dreamy waltz"! Do "Dolphins" waltz, then?

Richard Hicks.—Three spelling mistakes.

Tom Bridgman.—You are one of the right sort, but your contribution hardly comes under the same label.

JUNIOR NEW SCHOOL, BEDFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.
Sent in by Norman Southern.

M. Glaton.—You seem to have scribbled down just what came into your head without troubling to re-write it, prune it, improve it, or round it off in a workmanlike way. That is how an essay should be treated. Anything that's worth doing is worth doing well.

K. M. F.—Your photos are too dark to reproduce.

Ernest Law.—The idea is good, but the execution is very deficient.

Henry Wilson.—I can't congratulate you on "Winner to be Sold."

Second Mate.—I have replied to you under "Old Fag."

Gwen Griffiths.—Fair; try again, and take more time over it.

G. A. McC.—Fairly well written, but a very hackneyed subject. I am constantly receiving tales about boys who were thought to be "mollycoddles," but proved themselves to be otherwise by committing some particularly heroic acts of heroism.

War Poems (no space to criticise in detail.)—**Roy Dalziel** ("Modder River"), **R. C. Tharp** ("Spion Kop"), **J. G. Dunton** ("Britain's Call to Arms"), **A. E. L.** ("The Tusky Boer"), **Percy Dicks** ("Our Defenders"), **Fred Williams** ("God Bless Our Soldier Boys"), **Queenie George** ("Fighting, Fighting"), **L. Raimes** "The Battle of Elandslaagte"), **Harold Cudmore** ("How Britons Die"), **G. J. Walker** ("The Answer of the Colonies"), **Gerald Jones** ("The Captain's Dream"), **Harold Hughes** ("The Transvaal War"), **D. C. Langley** ("At the Cape"), **B. L. Rees** ("Old Kruger"), **W. Kersley Holmes** ("Ordered to the Front"), **J. E. Robinson** ("Talana Hill"), **Harold Thomson** ("Buller Had a Little Flag"), **A. Barnshaw** ("The Publican and the War").

M. H. Lemmon, A. Browning, R. H. Southern, T. Crew, C. C. Boutwood, A. K. Reid, James G. McRae, H. F. Mohun, T. R. Edridge, "C. G. C. K.," Ivor Daniels, Joan Sterling, J. H. Forrester, E. Prabl, A. W. Davson, "M. M. S. L.," D. G. Barnsley, Marion Hackman, Guy Centaro, Henry Penny, B. H. Lawton, and "Tog" also sent contributions.

[N.B.—*Those who are not mentioned here will understand that their contributions arrived too late to be dealt with in this number.*]

A PHOTOGRAPHIC FREAK.

The curiosity here shown reaches us from "Boomer," Tasmania. Upon opening this young gentleman's communication a little heap of glass was *exposed* to our gaze. At first we were *positively* perplexed, but after spending a little time *fixing* the numerous pieces of glass together, our excitement began to *tone* down when "Boomer's" enclosure *developed* into a photographic *negative* in which were *portrayed* the *features* of a humorous-looking youth. Now what "Boomer" wants to know (for neither can he nor any other of the photographic *alumni* of the Friends' School, Hobart, understand it), is—why is it that the arms of his sitter can be seen through, when, to use his own words, "no motion was visible while the cap was off, and only one exposure was given," and so he thought he would *P.O.P.* us the question. From the limited *hypothesis* you put at our disposal, "Boomer," we can but conclude that your sitter has been fooling you—that is to say, when you turned your eyes off him to remove the cap he stretched his arms out, bringing them back to his side, however, before you faced him with the cap in your hand—hence they can be seen through. That, "Boomer," is the only explanation we can offer.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC FREAK.

"THE CAPTAIN" PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY HENRY E. DUDENEY ("SPHINX").

WHEN the Editor of the CAPTAIN told me that his readers had sampled some of my little puzzles, and had really "asked for more," it put me "all of a twist" with pleasure. The fact is that few things give me more enjoyment than propounding posers for the amusement of boys. I do not care whether they be young or old, so long as they be boys, for they are the best puzzlists in the world. I have found that, as a general rule, boys take their puzzles in the true spirit. Overgrown people often have a tendency to regard these things in too serious a light, but boys are enthusiastic, enter into the fun of the thing, like to play the game fairly, attack a puzzle on their own original lines, do not lose heart if they are beaten, and thoroughly appreciate their victory when they are successful. This is why I like writing for boys. But do not feel flattered, because later on I may have occasion to say something on the other side.

In presenting a series of puzzels to this magazine I know I am submitting my productions to very severe criticism. But I like it. So if at any time you think I have made a duffer of myself, just write and tell me so—it might do me good: certainly it will not do any harm. But always remember that the object aimed at is not the philanthropic distribution of prizes, but the amusement, and possibly enlightenment of the reader. The prizes are just a fillip to give additional interest—the mere gilt on the gingerbread—and I will here state the method on which they will be awarded. Where a puzzle or set of puzzles lends itself to degrees of merit, the prizes will be awarded for the best solutions. Where it is impossible to discriminate they will be given to the competitors whose solutions are first examined and found correct after the time for receiving letters has expired. My decision must always be accepted as final.

In our tour through the world of puzzledom we shall go by comparatively easy stages, snapping up all sorts of unconsidered trifles by the way. I may be giving you some very easy puzzles at first, but now and then I shall drop in a hard nut for the special delectation of boys with strong intellectual teeth. They will therefore be mixed in degrees of difficulty as well, perhaps, as in degrees of merit. Let us start, then, near the North Pole, and, before advancing any further, examine a simple little puzzle familiar to every Esquimaux child.

(1) **The Esquimaux Puzzle.**—Please look at the illustration at back of frontispiece, which shows an Esquimaux child in the act of trying to solve this elementary problem: Place a number in each of the nine divisions of the square so that they will add up to 15 in as many directions as possible. Every boy ought to know how to do this. If you are sure of the way at a glance, then try your hand at the following, and send in all three answers together.

(2) **A Boat-race Poser.**—The boating fraternity at Oxenbridge was a little perplexed recently. A crew of an "eight-oar" had to be chosen out of eleven men, five of whom could row on stroke side only, four on bow side only, and the remaining two on either side. How many different selections could be made?

(3) **Overheard in an Omnibus.** Ethel: "Was that your father, Maud?"

Maud: "No, that gentleman's mother was my mother's mother-in-law"

How was the gentleman related to Maud?

There will be three classes, and three prizes of 7s. each will be awarded to the senders of the best solutions, which should be addressed to "Sphinx," THE CAPTAIN Office, 12, Burleigh Street, Strand, W.C., and be received not later than April 12th.

For age limits see "Competitions for April," page 47.

The Four Princes Puzzle.—(This solution was crowded out last month.) The dimensions in yards (or any other measure) of the four territories staked out by the royal surveyor may have been these:—

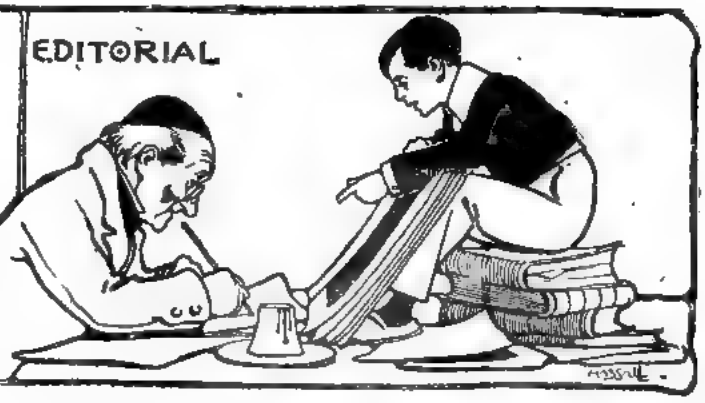
First Prince: 30,030; 163,800; 166,530.
Second Prince. 75,075; 65,520, 99,645.
Third Prince: 31,850; 154,440; 157,690.
Fourth Prince: 38,808, 126,750; 132,558.

If we multiply together the first two numbers in every case, and divide the product in half, we find that the area of every triangle is the same. Also, we shall find in every case that the square of the hypotenuse equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides, and thus prove that they are all right-angled triangles, in accordance with Euclid's forty-seventh proposition, that I referred to in the case of the "Bun Puzzle."

SEE BACK OF FRONTISPIECE FOR THE ESQUIMAUX PUZZLE.

THE OLD FAG

EDITORIAL



"Many Happy Returns of the Month!" This is the greeting which meets my eye on opening my morning letter-bag, for THE CAPTAIN "turns one" with this number. And with this birthday issue THE CAPTAIN intends to settle down into a regular stride. I know what you want, and so, ever remembering that majority which bulks so largely in my mind's eye, I intend to let you have what you want. Every dog shall have its day, and every feature its trial.

I would draw your attention, firstly, to the serials which two gentlemen bearing the same Christian name have written for you. Our authors have done their work well, and this you will grant as their stories progress. MR. WHISHAW, you may be interested to hear, was at school at Uppingham under the great Thring. Afterwards he went to Russia for some years, but did not care for living abroad, and started a career in England as a singer and composer. Some of his music, especially arrangements of Russian songs, is well known and constantly performed. About six years ago he took to writing, and won such success that he has stuck to it ever since. His best-known boys' books are, perhaps, "Boris the Bearhunter," "Harold the Norseman," "A Race for Life," "The White Witch," "Clutterbuck's Treasure," "The Emperor's Englishman," and he has written some excellent novels as well.

MR. FRED WHISHAW.
Author of "The Three Scouts."

Mr. Swainson, whose portrait, as well as Mr. Whishaw's, we reproduce in these pages, bi ls fair to prove a formidable rival to the late Talbot Baines Reed. The character of "Acton" is most cleverly drawn, and the public school "colour" in his story is admirably well "put on."

Secondly, pray turn to "THE CAPTAIN Puzzle Corner," conducted by the greatest puzzle-maker of our time, Monsieur "Sphinx"; already there's a "Chess Corner," so now there's a pair of them. Also, let all who hope to win a cup — Dewberry or otherwise — in athletic sports this spring note carefully Mr. C. B. Fry's workmanlike hints and tips.

Thirdly, don't you think it's time-saving not having to cut that coupon out? The whole field of competitions lies before you. Tread where you will, there is no "keep off the grass" age limit. In return, I hope each competitor will buy and keep his own copy of THE CAPTAIN, and take it in until his

bound volumes reach half-way across one side of his study or bedroom.

Other features there are, but these you know well. There are so many that occasionally one has to stand down for a month. Then you must exercise patience instead of writing fierce post-cards "demanding why" to an old gentleman who "bends his back and bows his head" in a constant endeavour to make as much of his space as possible

Poetry Page.—As there is a good deal of poetry in this number—of various kinds!—I am holding over the usual page of poetical selections.

And now, as I receive so many kind inquiries as to my health and general well-being, allow me to inform my multitude of correspondents, brave and fair, that my year of fagging has left me not a whit less willing-to-be-fagged than when I first took this editorial chair. Another grey hair or so, another wrinkle — but these marks would have come in any event. Therefore, correspondents brave and fair, I beg to assure you that the O. F. is still good for many more volumes-ful of fagging, and that he wishes every other O. F. had a burden to bear as pleasant as his.

Shoulder — *humps!*

FORWARD!

MR. FREDK. SWAINSON.
Author of "Aston's Feud."

I receive letters from all parts of the world. Recently, one day's post brought me communications from Montreal, Tasmania, the Cape, France, and Belgium. THE CAPTAIN seems to get about, he does. Below is a letter from a Belgian young gentleman—without any editorial correction. I can only say in reply that it is not "*comme il faut*" for a boy to write to a young lady unless he has her permission to do so.

Bruxelles, Belgique,
9 Février

DEAR SIR,—I have received THE CAPITAINE yesterday. It amused me much. I have seen in it one letter from France, and I also write letter from Belgium. I speak no very well englisch mais a little. I will ask you one question: In the england is it comme il faut for a boy to written à une miss before he her known very well? J'aime very well THE CAPITAINE.—Agreez, Sir, I am, your friend,

UN BELGE.

Dear Old Fag,—I am a colonial reader of THE CAPTAIN. I am a refugee from Newcastle, and I am "W. H. G.'s" brother. I could not have gone in for your Colonial Competition, as all my CAPTAINS are in Newcastle, in the hands of the Boers. The Boers are still in Newcastle, and it seems as if it will be some time before they "clear out." We see all the trains of troops go past here, and we get badges in exchange for fruit and books.—Hoping to see another Colonial Competition soon, yours sincerely,

A. S. GOODBRAND.
South Coast Junction,
Natal, S.A.,
January 25th, 1900.

An Old Cliftonian sends me a list of Old Cliftonians who are taking part in the war. The list totals up to *one hundred and sixty*, or thereabouts. I wonder if any other public school can show such a record!

Dear Sir,—My father tells me that the writer of the article on rifle-shooting, "The Art of Taking Aim," in the February number of your magazine, is totally wrong about the Swiss having been beaten at Wimbledon in 1860. If you will refer to Mr. W. W. Greener's book, page 723, you will find that the Swiss got very many of the long-range as well as the short-range prizes; thus they won the Duke of Cambridge's prize at 800 and 1,000 yards; three out of five of the prizes offered for long-range shooting by the R.N.A.; three out of five prizes contested at 300 yards; Mr. Coutts's prize for 1,000 yards; Lord Vernon's prize; the Duke of Wellington's prize. They made the top score at 500 yards. This they did notwithstanding that they shot with strange rifles, their own having been seized by the French authorities, and that they had never before shot

at longer ranges than 300 metres (328 yards), and in spite of a bad system of signalling which did not let them know *how* they were shooting. Mr. Greener adds that the Swiss won the cream of the prizes.—Yours faithfully,

H. Tom Baillie Grohman.

France informs me that certain friends of his declare that many letters purporting to come from girls are really sent to me by boys. I can only assure "France" that I have not been reading hundreds of letters every month from boys and girls without learning to distinguish between the handwriting and general tenor of such compositions. The two styles are quite distinct. Still, none of us are infallible, and I may occasionally have been misled. I should add that a girl frequently chooses a masculine *nom de plume* in preference to a feminine one.

A New Reader wants me to tell him how to get rid of an uncomfortable habit he has of blushing. All I can say is, that I advise "A New Reader" to overcome his bashfulness by mixing with other people as much as possible, and he should also endeavour to get rid of the absurd idea that other people are noticing his blushes. This is a grand mistake. Probably the folk he meets don't notice the additional colour in his face at all. "A. N. R." should find out whether his digestion is in good working order, as a bad digestion sometimes causes blushing.

School Football Secretaries are hereby requested to send in their results. Mention number of matches played, won, lost, drawn; points for, points against.

B. H. Nitram is very much puzzled by "Edwin Drood." The reason for his sore worry is, that when he got into the story, and began to see something of the plot, everything suddenly ended. I should have thought "B. H. Nitram," being such a lover of Dickens, would have known that Dickens was engaged on this novel at the time of his death, and left it unfinished. I believe Wilkie Collins, using the author's notes, completed it, but "B. H. Nitram" has probably got hold of a copy of "Edwin Drood" just as Dickens wrote it, and left it off. Hence his bewilderment.

My Dearest Old Fag,—You know, although you are a dear, I think it is exceedingly unkind of you to snub your poor correspondents so, but perhaps it is rather tempting! I wish you would tell all the girls (some of them who write to you and say they are ashamed—or seem to be—of being girls!) that *I* am not ashamed of being a girl, although I would much rather be a boy! You see, girls get so very sentimental at school about their friends! Of course, there are exceptions to every rule—there are some priggish boys and some sweet, jolly girls. I must say what I think, and I really think boys are the nicest on the whole. Just one more question before I close. Are your sympathies with the Boers, or with the British? In fact, are you, as they say now, "Boer or Briton"? I am a Boer; my sympathies are with the Boers — especially the leaders, and my sympathies are also with our dear British soldiers, who are all being killed so unmercifully.—Believe me, ever yours,

"Wynne."

(In reply to the above letter I need hardly say that I am entirely British in my sympathies. —O. F.)

Winchester Football. I am informed that from September to December Winchester plays a game of its own, neither "Soccer" nor "Rugger." From January to April it plays "Soccer," but never "Rugger." If only these big Public Schools would agree to play the same game, what a grand inter-school competition I could organise! Will some of them think it over and write either to me or Mr. Fry on the subject?

The last two lines of Mr. A. Williams clever "Gender Rhymes" run as follows:—

CAPTAIN readers should be willing,
For the Fund to spare a shilling

And I may add that Mr. Williams has forwarded to the Mansion House Fund all the "shillings" I sent him for his contributions. I hope my readers have done their duty by this most excellent fund.

Foreign and Colonial Readers' Competition.—I beg to inform all my foreign and colonial readers that three prizes of **10s. 6d.** each will be awarded to the senders of (1) Best Account of "A Personal Adventure," *or* (2) Best Photo taken by Myself Out-of-Doors, *or* (3) Best Drawing of Scenery in my Neighbourhood. All comps. to be in by *July 20th, 1900.*

Class I.	Age limit: None
Class II.	Age limit: Twenty-one.
Class III.	Age limit: Sixteen.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(Held over from March.)

Toddler.—I will see if I can arrange for an article on the subject of "Country Walks," or "Walking Tours."

G. McV.—I have taken due note of your various "wails," and am much obliged to you for being so outspoken. I will see what I can do with regard to your suggestions.

Basil E. P. Greig.—Any letter addressed to him, c/o The Editor, will be forwarded.

Joan of Arc says that "Fireplaces" and "Open Windows" are not very interesting things to draw for a competition, and will I think of something else?—I will.

Hostia.—I am very glad to hear from such an earnest supporter. The religious matter you mention is hardly one that I care to deal with.

Lil.—I like your handwriting: it is very clear and even, but not too much so. The staff thank you for your good wishes.

C. Beck.—You are what they call "game as a pebble." Mr. Gooch will answer your stamp query.

A. D.—(1) Write for catalogue to Educational Supply Co., Holborn, London. (2) Take a dose of fruit salts occasionally, and don't sleep with the clothes over your head.

Ajax wants to know whether "Ismay Thorn" is a man or woman.

A Canadian Kid.—As I have not read "Stalky & Co." I cannot give you my opinion of the book. From what I have heard I gather that "Stalky & Co." are not intended to be representative types of English school-boys.

An Old Reader.—Certainly; if the boy is a bad boy give him the stick.

Fair-play (who has two brothers at the front) severely criticises our article "A Boer's Account of Majuba," and refers us to the account of that disaster which may be found in General Butler's book.

The Probable Editor.—You may certainly print extracts from "When You Leave School" articles in your private magazine. Remember to acknowledge source of quotation.

Midshipman.—Buy "How to Get Into the Navy," price 1s., published by Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

Gwendolen and "**A Boy Reader.**"—In answer to your kind inquiries I beg to inform you that up to the time of going to press with this number there is still no Mrs. Old Fag.

R. F. Megginson.—I call myself "Old Fag" because I fag for my readers, don't I?

Geo. B. Thompson (Sydney).—(1) My dear chap, I don't forget you colonials, especially when I think of the splendid assistance your brave fellows are giving us in South Africa. Why don't you send something about Australia to the Special Page? (2) A good motto for your Boys' Brigade would be: "*Ne Desperandum*," a free translation of which is "Never say die!"

(April.)

Massa Johnson.—Dat is de most ridic'lus letter I hab receive by dis yer mail, "Massa Johnson"!

Lil.—If some Shrewsbury boy will send me a little essay on "A Shrewsbury Boy's Day," I shall be glad to use it. Tell your friend this.

Aubrey Cordes.—"Every dog shall have its day, and every feature its trial."

C. B. V.—Thanks for photo of Durham Grammar School, which I hope to use in due course.

Mag.—(1) I have read your letter with much interest, and am delighted to hear that you, although a married lady, take so much pleasure in all that The Captain contains. (2) Further "Greyhouse" tales will appear at intervals.

Sir Billy.—(1) Everything sent for the Special Pages must be absolutely original. (2) You ought to be able to get an excellent bat for the sum you mention.

Darling Bob.—Thank you for writing. Your final message I have placed in the "O. F.—Blushes, etc.," locker.

A Scotch Reader.—May you have a Merrie April, and a bright New May!

Incessant Reader, E. A. Smith.—(1) Any boy who smokes or drinks is an ass, because he thereby spoils his wind and impairs his constitution. (2) Send your stamp to Mr. Gooch. Don't forget envelope.

Geraldine.—"Charged," "pulled," etc., count as words of *one* syllable in poetry.

Herbert Vernon.—(1) I expect you will hear from him all in good time. The address is correct. (2) Not at present. (3) A slip. (4) "How to Become a Clergyman" will be the subject of a "When You Leave School" article in its turn.

Bones.—The anecdote is not original; indeed, my great-grandfather probably chuckled over it.

W. H. G. (Natal).—I print your brother's letter. I wish you both a happy and speedy return to your home at Newcastle.

Musician says she has taken in The Captain since he was one day old, and adds that her great ambition is to be a celebrated pianist. As she wishes to begin with an instruction book I advise her to write to Chappell & Co., Music Publishers, 50, New Bond Street, London, W., and ask for their list.

Elsie, who is a governess, tells me that she makes her Captain go a long way. When she and all the people in her house have read it, she despatches it to a friend "in a little village near, who posts it to another friend, living right the other side of England, who passes it on to yet another, who returns it" to Elsie. Well, now, this is all very well, but why can't each "friend" take it in, and save all these stamps in postage!

Yet One More of the Crew.—(1) The Captain is intended for the class that does not read the halfpenny trash you mention. (2) "An Old Boer" was merely a *nom de plume* used by a boy correspondent. My advice as to passage, etc., was a joke. This, I hope, will settle the squabble between your big brother and you. Make him give you a pair of gloves for being right.

Alpha.—(1) A most ungallant suggestion. Instead of grumbling, put your wits together, and see if you can't beat 'em. (2) It is a notable fact that clergymen's sons come to the front, not only as poets, but in almost every other phase of life. I think the reason is that they have to turn out

and use their brains at an age when richer men's sons are still drawing supplies from "pater."

Oldus Boyus.—We do not intend to let "Greyhouse" drop, I assure you.

B. Foster.—Personally I should not care to be attended by a lady doctor, and, as my lady friends all declare that they would not either, I fear that if lady doctors increased in number they would not grow fat on their fees. However, undoubtedly lady doctors are appreciated by certain members of their own sex, and so I will not say that they are altogether unnecessary people.

Would-be Soldier.—I think the "military tactics" competition you suggest would be rather too difficult for the majority of readers.

Nancy's great trouble is that she hasn't got any brothers, and do I know of any spare ones? I am sorry for "Nancy." I do not know of any spare brothers, or, should I not say, "brothers to spare?"

B. S. is at a Belgian girls' school, and sends me an interesting coloured postal card. Her brother, who is at school at Mona, says he is having lots of fights about the war. Bravo, brother! Stick up for the old country, and more power to your knuckles!

F. G. Leonard (Chatham).—I do not think a paper of that sort would succeed.

A Coin Collector (Wimbledon) wants to know how many readers would prefer to have "coin" instead of "stamp" articles.

L. E. B.—I like your honesty.

W. Hinds.—Mr. Fry has never rowed in the University Boat Race.

J. M. B. (Glasgow).—It was polite of you to put the young lady's skate right, and it was only natural that some conversation should follow, but I do not think you ought to renew your acquaintance with her, should you meet her again, without a proper introduction. Judging the episode entirely by your description of what took place, I do not think you need reproach yourself with having acted in an ungentlemanly manner.

Thomas Walker (Glasgow) is an early boy-bird. He gets his Captain at "half-past six a.m. on the 22nd of every month."

I Say So!—The little rhyme you are thinking of runs as follows:—

> Naughty little cuss words,
> Such as "dash!" and "blow!"
> Will lead you on to wuss words,
> And send you *down below*.

Fish sends the following lament: "Just before I started collecting stamps I had a valuable collection given to me. As I did not care an atom about stamps, I began to give them away. Recently, while studying my catalogue, I discovered to my horror that I had given away *over ten pounds' worth!*"—Poor "Fish"! How generous your friends must have thought you!

A. R. (Edinburgh) (1) wants to know how much a day two boys can do a cycling tour on. Will some reader who has had experience of this sort address a short essay to the Special Page, detailing expenses, etc.? (2) "A. R.'s" handwriting might be better, but it will do for a bank, I think. He should endeavour to improve it, however, before applying for a berth.

"Stella V." (Brighton).—All right. Tell your pretty friends to send along their portraits. But mind they *are* pretty. I am a particular old man, remember.

THE EGG WE WANT ALL OUR READERS TO MAKE AND SEND TO THEIR FRIENDS.

—Vide "Egg Oddities."

Howard Ross (Ottawa).—See "Editorial." I have arranged a comp. for you far-away folk.

Neptune (Blackpool).—(1) Yes, contributions for the Special Page *must* be original. (2) We send a large number of Captains to Blackpool every month so I presume we are pretty popular there. It is very kind of you to send your old Captains to the hospital.

Second Mate.—I thank you for your list of "Geographical Conundrums," and hope to be able to use a few of them some day.

F. W. K. says he liked the way Miss "Smite-Them-Hip-and-Thigh" expressed herself in a recent number of The Captain, but does not think she was quite right in her opinion. He thinks that girls begin their letters to me as they do because they are approaching the Editor of a boys' magazine on subjects that come mainly within a boy's sphere. His reason for thinking this is that if you ask a boy to do anything that can be done by a girl he replies: "I am not a girl," implying that he cannot do it so well—or, perhaps, not at all.

Anti-Krugerite.—Your selection of authors seems to be a very representative one.

A Reader (Denstone) suggests that it would be rather a good idea to publish some photographs of school chapels. I agree with him, and shall be glad to make up a page of this kind when I have sufficient photographs.

Third Former (Newcastle Grammar School) sends me a long letter, which contains evidence of the fact that he is a very attentive reader of The Captain. He encloses me one verse of a poem which he has written, and wants to know what I think of it. Well, it is a delicate task

criticising the work of poets, as they are such very touchy folk, and so all I will venture to say is that he might have chosen a more inspiring subject to moralise upon than "Another Drop of Gin." "Third Former" concludes by saying that the "metre, or whatever you call it, is very bad," and I will not be so rude as to disagree with him on that point.

Neophyte sends a poem about two boys who had a fierce dispute about their height, and were measuring themselves against a tree when a bull disturbed them. The ballad contains fifteen verses, and is accompanied by sketches. To be quite candid, I cannot congratulate "Neophyte" on his achievement.

S L.—Wear a leather wristlet. If serious, consult a doctor.

Ma Mie.—I think you had better send some drawings and essays (quite short ones) to the Special Pages. Your bright letter did not bore me in the least.

J. S. Storr.—If you want to buy a ribbon snake or lizard, write to Messrs. Green, Naturalists, Covent Garden, W.C.

Observer informs me that his school, the Godolphin School, Hammersmith, was founded in 1703 by Sir William Godolphin, of the Godolphins, an ancient Cornish family. I shall be glad to publish a photograph of the Godolphin School, if "Observer" will send one along.

Oriental seems to be a very ardent reader, for he has to travel sixteen or twenty miles by train in order to get THE CAPTAIN, except when a friend brings it to him. He gives me the cheering information that THE CAPTAIN occupies the pre-eminent place in the Limerick bookshops, and in the houses of all his chums.

F. Swinneton.—I have not any of those papers by me, and so I do not quite see how I can help you, willing as I am to give you all the assistance in my power. Are you quite sure that running a little paper of this kind is not waste of time that you could be devoting to a more profitable occupation?

B. L. Rees.—"Naval Gunnery," by Capt. G. H. Garbett, R.N., and "Mechanism of Men-of-War," by R. C. Oldknow, R.N., are two very good books on the various cannon, projectiles, etc., used in warfare. Their price is 5s. each, but they may be obtained of Messrs. A. & F. Denny, Booksellers' Row, Strand, W.C., at a discount of 25 per cent. There is a book just published, a translation from the Russian, which, although being somewhat of a political work, devotes several chapters to the various munitions of war. It is entitled "Is War Now Impossible?" The price is 6s.

Parvus.—Refuse emphatically to have anything more to do with him. You seem to have pluck and a sense of what is right, so I know you will not be afraid to act as I advise you. If you write again, send me your home address.

Old Boy.—Your suggestions are reasonable, but it is impossible just now to alter my present programme with regard to serials, etc.

H. M.—If, before you make your speech, you preface your remarks by saying: "The following line of argument has been suggested to me by the Editor of THE CAPTAIN," I shall be happy to send you a few suggestions; but if you agree with me that in a debate of this kind each speaker's speech should come out of his own head—of course he may read up and *quote* his authorities—then, I think, I will leave you to play the game level with your opponents.

Q. M. P. K.—Send a stamped envelope.

H. A. F.—See the article on "Dumb-bell Exercises" in No. 4 (July, 1899).

R. W. G.—(1) "Signalling through Space without Wires" is the latest book on the wireless telegraphy. The author is Oliver J. Lodge, and the price is 5s. It may be obtained from the publishers: *The Electrician*, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C. (2) An excellent all-round electrical firm is the General Electrical Company, Ltd., 71, 78, & 92, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.

W. N.—Sorry no room for your puzzles, "W.N."

"Dorna Quixota," "Theodore," "Solitaire," J. Orchard, "J. L. P.," "Rambler" (Canada), Josie Paton, "Star of the North," Stanley Attwell, Jeannie Hart, "W. H. T.," "U.C.S. Boy," 'Einna," Ernest Law, "Flo," and "Hotspur," are thanked for kind letters, criticisms, and suggestions. Only lack of space prevents me from dealing with these in detail.

Several Answers held over.

THE OLD FAG.

THE KIND OF BAT TO BUY.

A BOY should have a bat of exactly the right size and weight, and so should a man. There is no proper standard of graduated sizes at present, and so we propose to remedy this deficiency as far as possible by giving our readers all the information in our power regarding the bats they should buy. Mr. C. B. Fry has kindly promised to supervise this department.

Send us a letter containing stamped envelope, and state, in tabulated form, your (1) Height; (2) Age; (3) Weight; (4) Chest Measurement. Then we can tell you where to buy your bat, what size bat to get, and what price to give. Secretaries of school clubs should find this department very useful.

Mark letters, "Captain Bat," and address to the Editor in the usual way.

Results of February Competitions.

No. I.—Best Essay on "My Best Friend."

CLASS I. (Age limit, Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF 7s.: OWEN CHITTY, Suffolk House, London Road, Dover.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to NORA K. BROWNE, 118, Christchurch Road, Tulse Hill, S.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Hettie Ormiston, Arthur O. Mals, Percy W. Holton.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s.: ACHILLES VAN SWAE, 39, Quay de la Station, Antwerp.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: BELFRAGE GILBERTSON, *Courier* Office, Bathgate, N.B.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Ellen P. Claydon, Helen K. Watts, Joan Thomas.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: STEWART LENTON ELAXLEY, 40, Watkin Terrace, Northampton.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: AMY NEWTON, 5, Kew Bridge Terrace, Brentford.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Harrison Weighill, M. Duke, Nellie P. C. Alexander, Frederick Goode, Dorothy B. Morris, Richard Care.

No. II.—Chess Problem. (*Vide* "CAPTAIN Chess Corner," p. 30.)

No. III.—Best Drawing of "Tommy Atkins."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-five.)

WINNER OF BOX OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTS: CLAUDE D. J'ANSON, 52, Holland Road, Kensington, W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: P. W. Gerhard, R. N. Pocock, J. G. Morton, B. M. Anderson, D. M. Strath, H. Holliday, Winifred Attwell, H. Kershaw.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF BOX OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTS: HAROLD UTTLEY, "Schofield," Victoria Park, Hirkstall, Leeds.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: MADELINE MATHER, "Oakhurst," Cheltenham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Fred Holmes, F. C. Meredith, D. M. Read, F. E. Hodge, A. J. Judd, Katherine A. Chignell, L. A. Chaplin, C. E. Hall, H. Paske, F. Baron, J. Morell, J. M. Napper, Constance E. Stone, J. W. Oldroyd, E. E. Forbes, Winifred M. Parish, J. W. Chapple, F. Livingstone, W. W. London, A. T. Davis.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF BOX OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTS: W. B. MONTGOMERIE, 2, Granby Place, Hillhead, Glasgow.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: W. P. CLOUGH, 6, Rosebank Crescent, Woodsley Road, Leeds.

HONOURABLE MENTION: M. Stelling, J. B. Kelly, F. H. Timings, P. Grant, J. Nicholson, K. Perry, L. Smith, C. A. James, G. Ricketts, T. B. L. Westerdale, Charles Dixon, D. C. Bolton, Lilian Westerdale, Edith M. Little, R. H. Cudbird, Alice Whelpton, S. H. Stamp, C. Walford.

No. IV.—Best "War Map."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty.)

WINNER OF 7s. FRANCIS E. F. CRISP, 8, Ravenscroft Park, Barnet, Herts.

HONOURABLE MENTION: T. A. Watson, R. E. Caron, A. W. Cleaver, Hilda Gilling, E. M. Burrow, John Gray, A. N. Ruddock, J. F. Harris, A. C. Legard.

CLASS II. (Age limit: Sixteen.)

WINNER OF 7s.: FRANK H. GREW, 3, Dolman Road, Aston, Birmingham.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Thomas Clark, C. D. Kay, M. Newman, Eleanor G. Smith, G. M. Chapman, P. J. Cooper, B. J. Crafer, F. Heyes, H. Kingscote, J. S. Potts, G. W. Hawkins, H. D. Millar, Bessie Smith, R. N. Woodall, A. O. Cosens, R. L. E. Downer, Mary Child, A. L. Snow, A. J. Jarrett, G. McVoy, S. J. Smith.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Twelve.)

WINNER OF 7s. DUNCAN CARMICHAEL, 31, Hampstead Road, N.W.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. White, Charlie G. S. Laidlaw, A. H. Smith, A. Kingscote.

No. V.—Best "Letter to the Old Fag."

CLASS I. (Age limit: Twenty-one.)

WINNER OF 5s.: HUMPHREY PROSSER, 18, Greenfield, Cwmpare, Rhondda, S. Wales.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: HETTIE ORMISTON, 145, Brynhyfryd, Swansea.

HONOURABLE MENTION: W. T. Normall-Gordon, Louis H. Smith, Kathleen de Havilland.

CLASS II. (Age limit, Eighteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: DOROTHY OWEN, "Oakdene," Hillcrest Road, West Hill, Sydenham, S.E.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: JAMES BROOKS, Victoria House, Grenville Street, Stockport.

HONOURABLE MENTION: N. Douglas, John B. Edgar, Nellie Alexander, Walter O. Jones.

CLASS III. (Age limit: Fifteen.)

WINNER OF 5s.: MAUDE LUSH, 18, Waldeck Road, Ealing.

A CONSOLATION PRIZE has been awarded to: A. PENLEY ABRAHAM, 15, New Bridge Street, Blackfriars, E.C.

HONOURABLE MENTION: B. Evan Jones, Margaret Thompson, Gabriel Bevan.

No. VI.—Best "Valentine Verse to Tommy Atkins."

Open to Everybody.

WINNER OF £1 1s., W. GYDE, The Barracks, Warley, Essex.

CONSOLATION PRIZES have been awarded to: MRS. PHILIP, 83, Lancaster Gate, W.; and KATHLEEN WILSON, 7, Downe Terrace, Warrenpoint, Ireland.

HONOURABLE MENTION: Dorothy N. Boulton, M. Duncan, William Taylor, G. Browne, J. Urquhart, John H. Smith, Cecil A. Wonham, H. A. Dawson.

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